



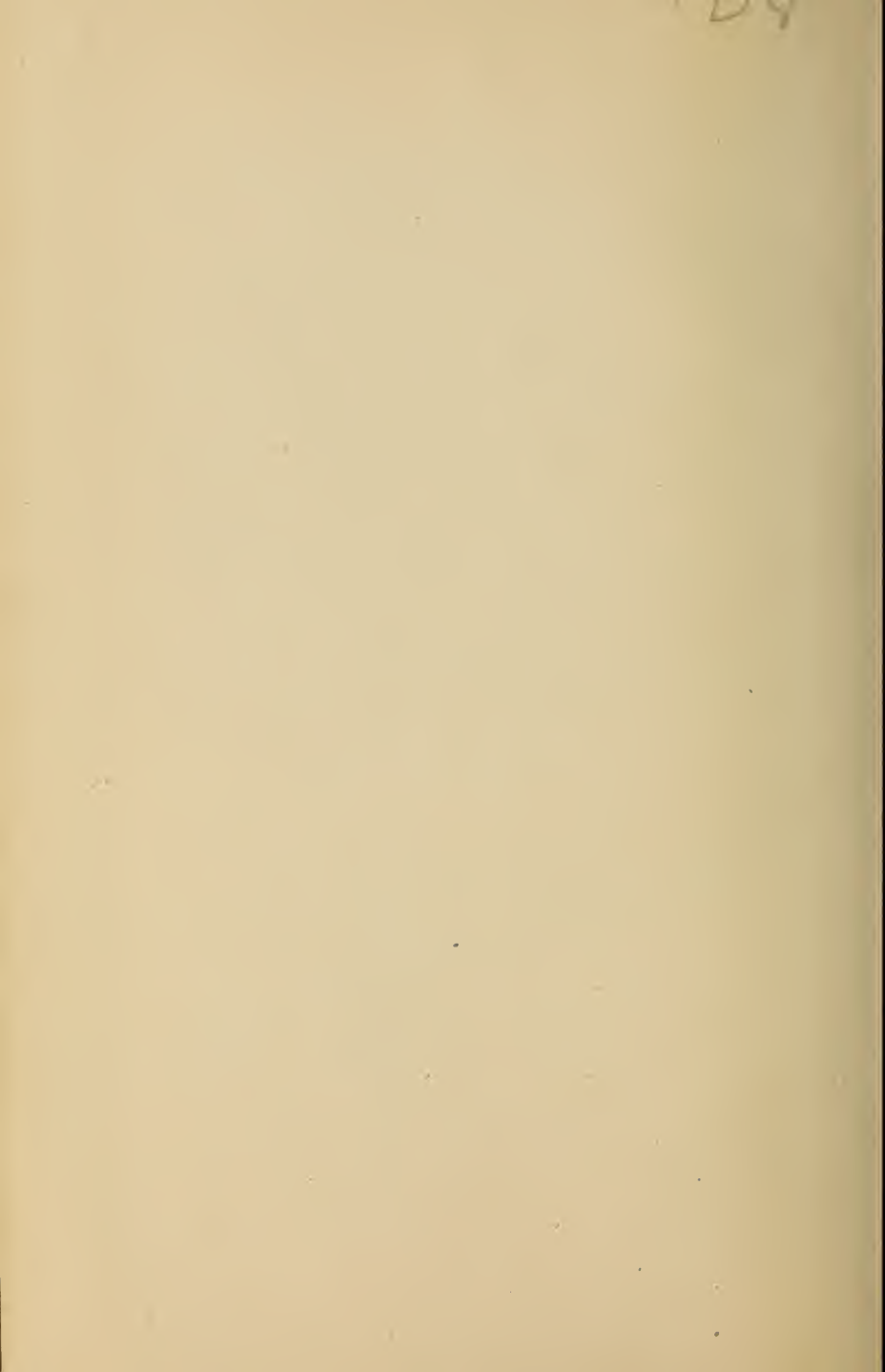
Division

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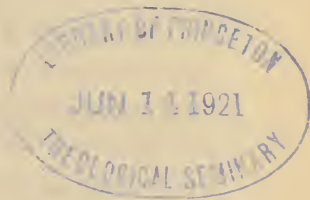


Joy and Praise



A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

By WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
and J. H. FILLMORE.



PRICE—Single copies by mail, postpaid, 35 Cents.

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This book is issued in one style of binding only—cloth, as you see it.



FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 ELM STREET,
CINCINNATI, O.

41-43 BIBLE HOUSE,
NEW YORK.

These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,
How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,
With the voice of JOY AND PRAISE, a multitude keeping holyday."

—PSALM 42: 4.

PREFACE

This book is prepared especially for Sunday-schools. It may be used successfully, however, in other religious services. The name indicates its character—JOY rings from every note and the spirit of PRAISE pervades every hymn. It is hoped that its music will create in the Sunday-school an atmosphere of happiness and enthusiasm.

The editors have made the music of "Joy and Praise" as beautiful and attractive as possible. They believe that committees who may have the book in hand for examination will agree with them that the educative and developing influences of good words are to be placed above the merely pleasurable sensations of the music. They therefore invite critical attention to the words of the songs as well as the music, for, after all, the life of a song depends upon the merit of its words.

Attention is called to the "Orders of Service," "Responsive Readings" and the "Topical Index" at the back of the book. These will be helpful to those who use them.

We send forth "Joy and Praise" in the hope that, in the judgment of the people, it will prove to be worthy, in all respects, of the beautiful name it bears.

THE EDITORS.

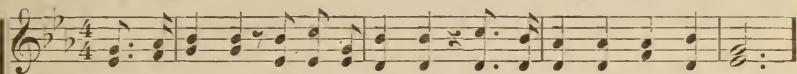
JOY AND PRAISE

1

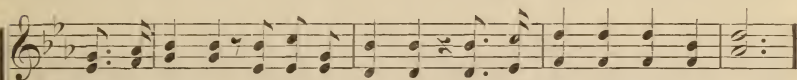
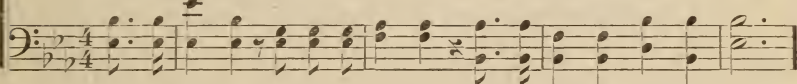
Search the Scriptures.

MRS. F. A. BRECK.

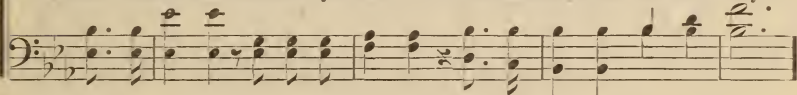
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



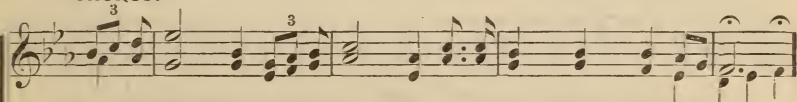
1. Search the Scriptures—oh, heed the message God has giv'n to sin - ful man,
2. Search the Scriptures—for God is in them, Speaking peace in storm and strife,
3. Search the Scriptures—therein is healing—There is cure for ev - 'ry smart,
4. Search the Scriptures—oh, read and ponder, Let them guide thee day by day,



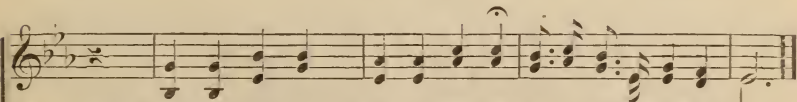
There He tells us of our Re-deem - er, And His great re-demp-tion plan.
 Lov - ing sin - ners—He seeks to win them Un - to ev - er - last - ing life.
 God is call - ing, His love re - veal - ing: "Son, to - day give Me thine heart."
 And restore thee whene'rye wand - er From "the strait and nar - row way."



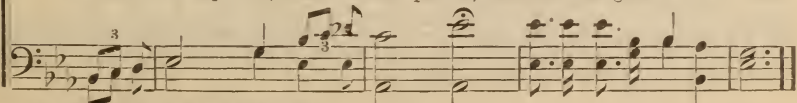
CHORUS.



Search the Scriptures—Jesus loved them—Follow in the path He trod,
 Search the Scriptures—Jesus loved them—Fol - low in the path He trod,

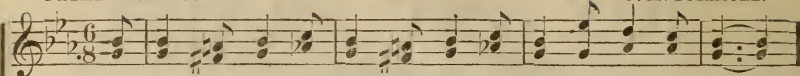


Search the Scriptures, search the Scriptures, True and changeless Word of God.
 Search the Scriptures, search the Scriptures, True and changeless Word of God.

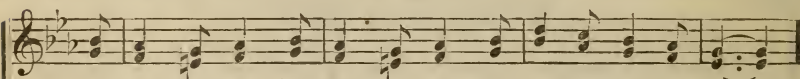
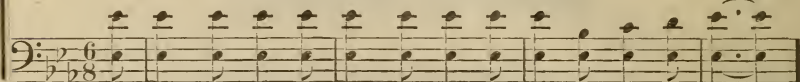


PALMER HARTSOUGH.

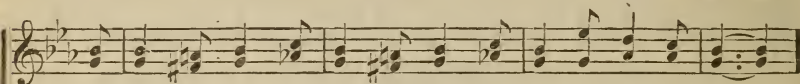
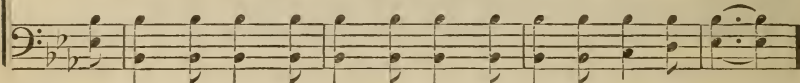
J. H. FILLMORE.



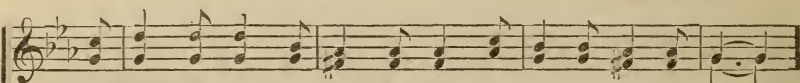
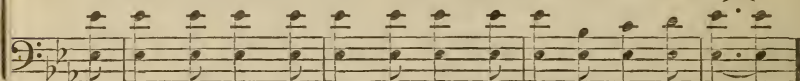
1. Oh, praise the Lord, oh, praise the Lord, Let songs of joy re - sound;
 2. Oh, praise the Lord, oh, praise the Lord, Ye people of His choice;



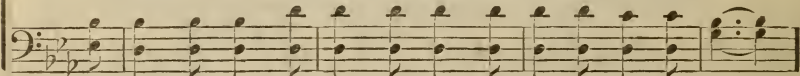
In strain so light let all u - nite The whole cre-a-tion round;
 Oh, speak His fame, exalt His name, And in His courts re-joice;



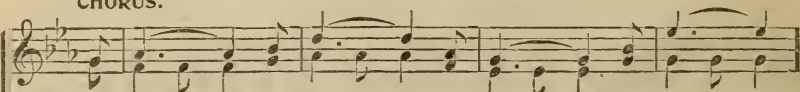
His pow'r is known, His goodness shown O'er all this earthly ball;
 He is the Lord, the One a-dored, His throne is fixed a - bove;



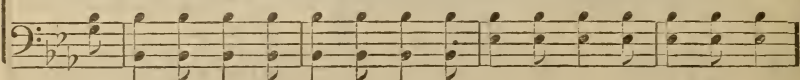
His ten - der care is ev - 'rywhere, His kindness o-ver all.
 Yet at thy gates He constant waits, O Zi - on of His love.



CHORUS.



Ex - alt..... His name;.... His pow'r.... pro - claim;
 Ex - alt His name, ex - alt His name; His pow'r proclaim, His pow'r proclaim;



O Praise the Lord.

His won - ders know, . . . His good - ness show . . .
His wonders know, His wonders know, His goodness show, His goodness show,

And may His righteous word By ev'ry land be heard; The Holy One, the

After 2d verse. Slower.

Bless - ed One, The might-y Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

3 Doubt Not His Word.

FANNY J. CROSBY,

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hast thou a tri - al, Heavy to bear? Whisper it softly, Breathe it in prayer.
2. Art thou discouraged, Weary, oppressed? Hast thou a sorrow Deep in thy breast?
3. Art thou in darkness Lōnging for light? Soon will the morning Banish the night.
4. Come in thy weakness, Come in thy grief, Faith in His promise Bringeth relief.

CHORUS.

Rit.

Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He will sustain thee, Doubt not His word.

A Joyful Song.

JNO. S. B. MONSELL.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your
 2. For strength to those who on Him wait, His truth to prove, His
 3. Joys ev - er-more that dai - ly move Round those that love His

voices raise; Ev - er to Him our gifts belong, To Him our songs of
 will to do; Praise ye the Lord, for He is great, Trust in His name, for
 sweet em-ploy; Sing to our God, for He is love, Ex - alt His name, and

CHORUS.

love and praise. Sing, oh, sing to the Lord a joy - ful
 it is true.
 sing for joy. Sing to the Lord, oh, sing to the Lord a

song, Sing to the Lord a joyful song; Oh, sing, oh,
 joy - ful song, Oh, sing to the Lord, oh,

sing, a joyful song, a joyful song unto the Lord,
 sing to the Lord un-to the Lord.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The Lord is my rock, He's my fort-ress and de - liv - er - er,
 2. The Lord is my rock, He's my fort-ress and de - liv - er - er,
 3. The Lord is my rock, He's my fort-ress and de - liv - er - er,

He a - lone my stay shall be; He shelters from storm, and He
 Just and ho - ly are His ways; His mer - cy and grace, and His
 My de - light is in His name; I'll cling close to Him when the

saves me from the E - vil One, With His blood He ransomed me.
 righteousness and ex - cellence Fill my soul with love and praise.
 threat'ning waves en-compass me, And His bless-ed prom-ise claim.

CHORUS.

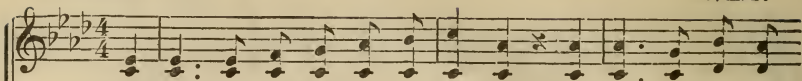
Praise Him, oh, praise Him, For He is worthy to be praised; Call up-
 Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Call up-

on Him, call upon Him, He is a - ble and willing to save.
 on Him to-day, call up-on Him to-day,

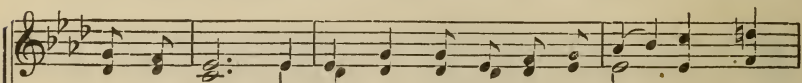
The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

W. H. BAGBY.

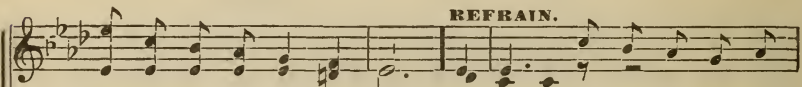
J. H. F.



1. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let earth be - fore Him
 2. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Be si - lent all and
 3. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Bow down be - fore His

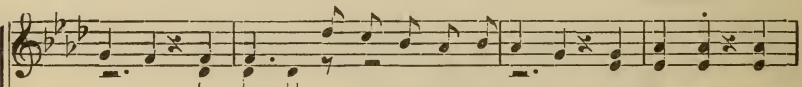


si - lence keep; In rev'rence bow, ye loft - y mount - ains, And
 hear His word; In god - ly fear at - tend and lis - ten, A
 maj - es - ty; Be si - lent in His aw - ful pres - ence, Whose

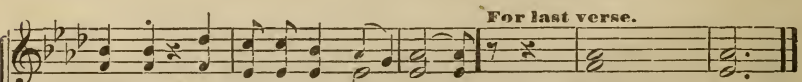


REFRAIN.

be thou still, O rest - less deep! The Lord is in His ho - ly
 message hear from Christ the Lord!
 glo - ry fills e - ter - ni - ty! Keep si - lence,



tem - ple, The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Keep si - lence, keep
 Keep si - lence,

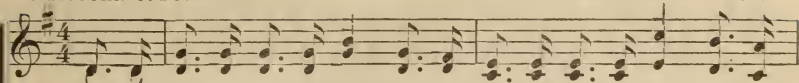


For last verse.

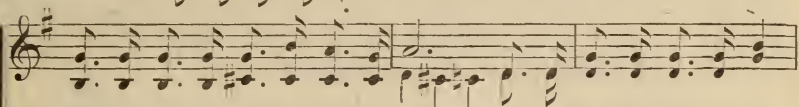
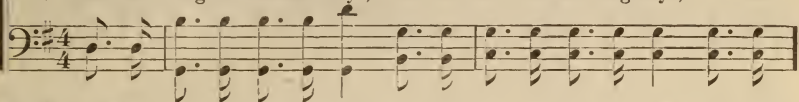
si - lence, Keep silence be - fore Him. A - men.
 The Lord is in His ho - ly temple.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

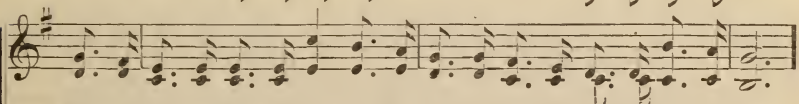
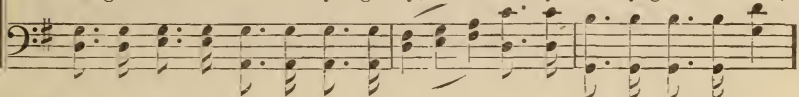
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



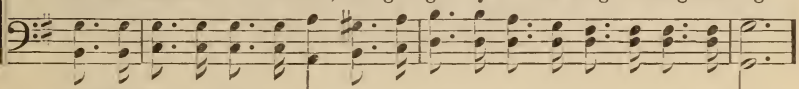
1. Let the harps of Zi - on ring, To the prais-es of our King, Who en-
2. Ma - ny man-sions are pre-pared, As the Sav-iour has declared For the
3. There we'll sing our sweetest lays, Thro' the nev - er end-ing days, As the



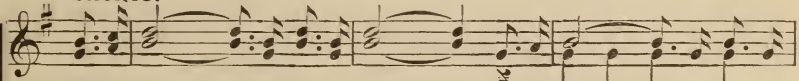
throned in glo - ry reigns in life a - bove; Chant the wor - thy ho - ly song,
 righteous ones who know their sins for-giv'n; They shall walk in garments white,
 a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty go by; Guilt - y man by grace restored,



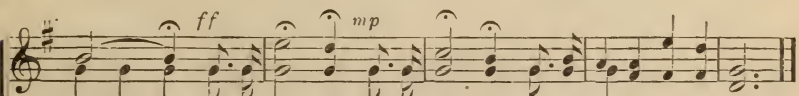
Which the ransomed ones prolong, In the blessed home of changeless joy and love.
 And be filled with pure delight, When they shine among the glo - ri - fied in heav'n.
 As the ransomed of the Lord, Will give glo - ry to our King who reigns on high.



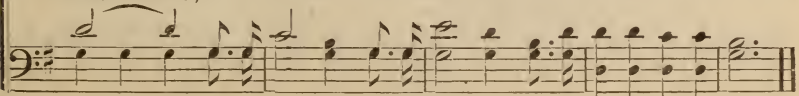
CHORUS.

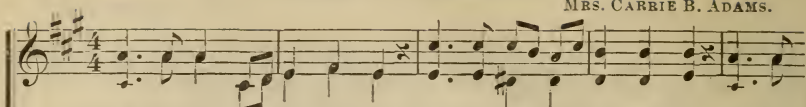


Hal-le - lu - jah ev - er - more, . . . Let it sound . . . from shore to
 Hal-le - lu - jah ev - er - more, Let it sound from

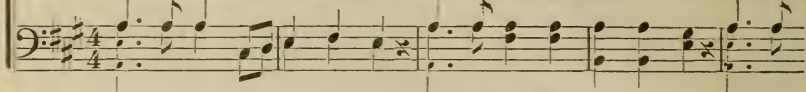
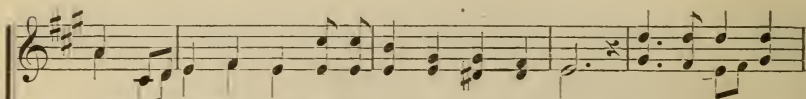


shore; . . . Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu-jah ev - er - more.
 shore to shore;

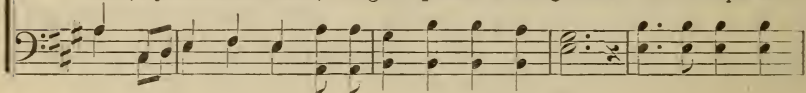
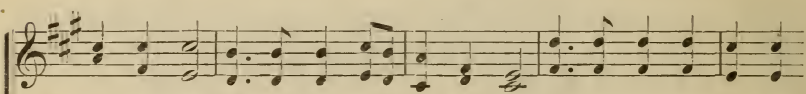





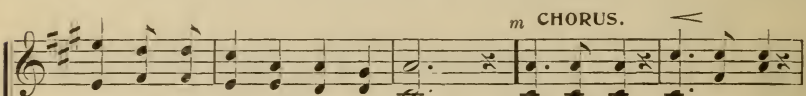
1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with hallelujahs rang, When Je-
 2. Saints below with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice, Learning

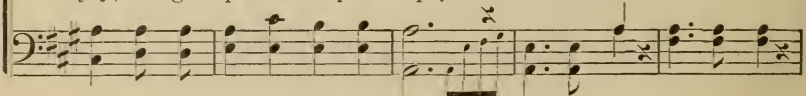
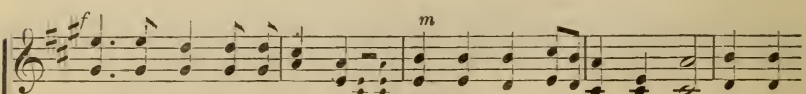
hovah's work be-gun, When He spake, and it was done. Songs of praise a-
 here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above. Borne upon the

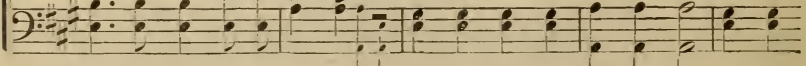
woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose when
 latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then, amidst eternal

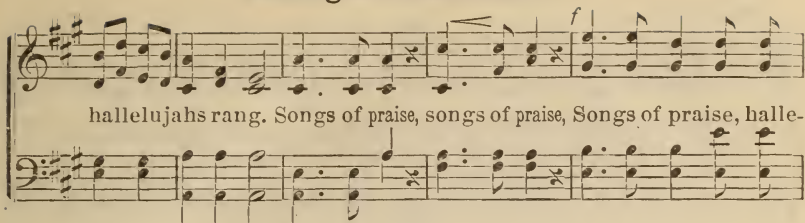
m CHORUS.
 He Cap-tive led cap-tiv - i - ty. Songs of praise! songs of praise!
 joy, Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

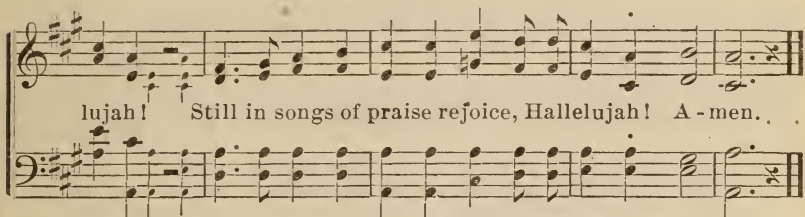
m
 Songs of praise, hallelu-jah! Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with



Songs of Praise.



hallelujahs rang. Songs of praise, songs of praise, Songs of praise, halle-



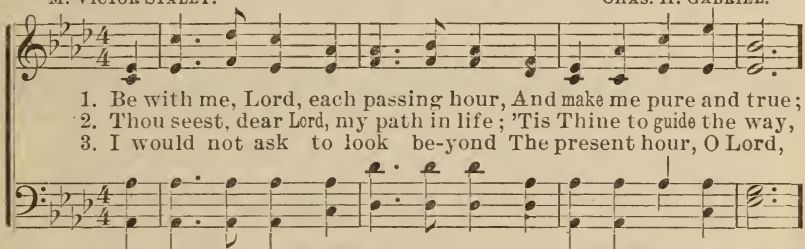
lujah! Still in songs of praise rejoice, Hallelujah! A-men.

9

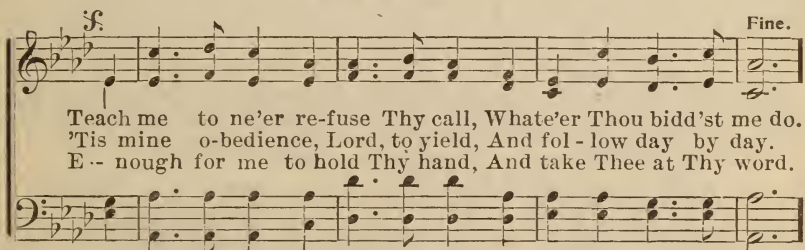
Teach Me to be True.

M. VICTOR STALEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

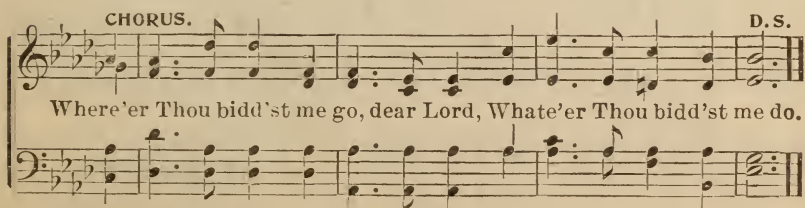


1. Be with me, Lord, each passing hour, And make me pure and true;
2. Thou seest, dear Lord, my path in life; 'Tis Thine to guide the way,
3. I would not ask to look be-yond The present hour, O Lord,



Teach me to ne'er re-fuse Thy call, Whate'er Thou bidd'st me do.
'Tis mine o-bedience, Lord, to yield, And fol-low day by day.
E-nough for me to hold Thy hand, And take Thee at Thy word.

D. S.—Make me o-be-dient to Thy will, And teach me to be true.

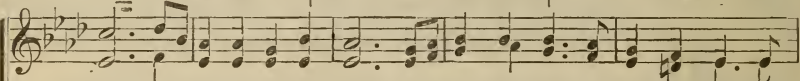
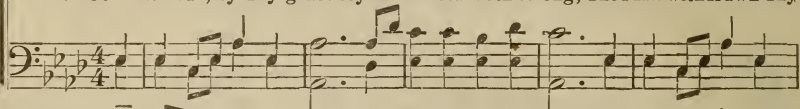


CHORUS. D. S.

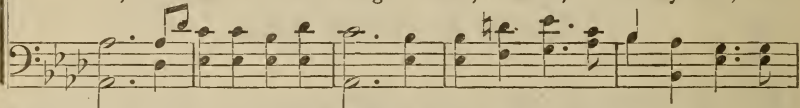
Where'er Thou bidd'st me go, dear Lord, Whate'er Thou bidd'st me do.



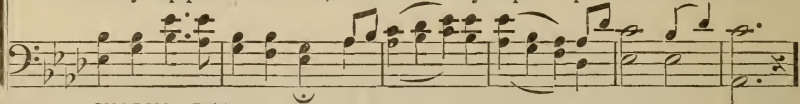
1. Lord, I will praise Thy name, For Thou hast set me free; Nor suffered foes to
2. Thou hast my soul re-stored, When I was near the grave; And from the pit, O
3. His an - ger soon is past, Life in His fa - vor lies; Weep-ing a night may
4. Je - ho - vah, by Thy grace My mountain standeth strong; Thou hast withdrawn Thy



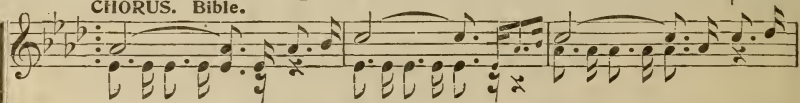
claim A tri-umph o - ver me. O Lord, my God, to Thee I cried, And
 Lord, A-live Thou didst me save. O ye His saints, sing to the Lord, With
 last, At morn shall joy a-rise: In my pros - per - i - ty se - cure, I
 face, And troubles round me throng. To Thee, O Lord, I raise my cries; To



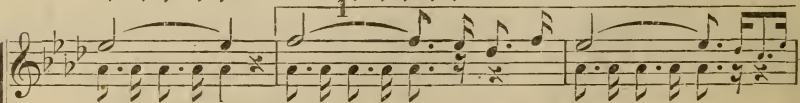
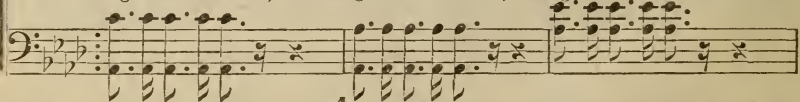
Thou hast health and strength supplied, And Thou hast health and strength sup-plied.
 thanks His ho-li-ness re-cord, With thanks His ho - li - ness re - cord.
 said, My peace shall still en-dure, I said,.... My peace.. shall still en - dure.
 God my sup-pli-ca-tions rise, To God.... my sup - pli - ca - tions rise.



CHORUS. Bible.



Sing..... un-to the Lord,..... Sing..... un-to the
 Sing un-to the Lord, Sing un-to the Lord, Sing un-to the Lord.



Lord,..... O..... ye saints of His,.....
 Sing un-to the Lord, O ye saints of His, O ye saints of His,



Sing Unto the Lord.

2

Sing un-to the Lord, And give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.

11 Serving the Lord With Gladness.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Choose ye the heav-en - ward way in youth, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness;
 2. Cast ye a - side all your doubts and fears, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness;
 3. Where ye are bid - den to la - bor, go, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness;
 4. Work till the sea - son of toil is past, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness;

Take for your guid-ance the word of truth, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness.
 With true en-deav - or fill life's fair years, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness.
 Seed for e - ter - ni - ty's har - vest sow, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness.
 Hear the sweet plaud-it, well done, at last, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness.

CHORUS.

Serv - - ing with glad - ness, Serv - - ing with glad-ness,
 Serv-ing the Lord, serv-ing the Lord, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness,

Bless-ed are they who trust and o - bey, Serv-ing the Lord with glad-ness.

Allegro con spirito.

1. O ho - ly day, O hap - py day, The best of all the week,
 2. How small the worth Of things of earth, To what we here be-hold,
 3. To search for truth, In days of youth, Be this our best em-ploy;

When glad we come, To Zi - on come, The ways of God to seek;
 Be - yond compare His precepts are, Sur-pass - ing gems and gold;
 To seek the light, To do the right, Be this our high - est joy;

While here we meet In union sweet, And hymn his praise di-vine,
 And here a - part The low-ly heart Its high-est rapt-ure feels,
 And so shall peace Her bounds increase As hap-py years roll on,

The King of love Looks from above, And makes his glo-ries shine.
 As in the Word Cre - ation's Lord His wondrous love re-veals.
 And joy shall be So full and free, As God's good will is done.

CHORUS.

O joy, joy, joy, 'Tis the murmur of the brooklet free,
 mur - mur of the brooklet free,

O Holy Day.

O joy, joy, joy, 'Tis the car-ol of the birds in glee;
car - ol of the birds in glee;

O joy, joy, joy, It is beaming in the glow-ing skies,
beam - ing in the glowing skies,

May repeat pp
O joy and love are ev-'ry-where, Let praise unto God a - rise.

13

O Gentle Saviour.

T. R. BIRKS.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. O gen - tle Sav - iour, from thy throne on high
2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide,
3. O lead us dai - ly with thine eye of love,

Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry.
In life, in death, our com - fort, strength and guide.
And bring us safe - ly to our home a - bove.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. A song is in my heart to-day, It gladdens ev-'ry hour;
 2. He's a - ble to preserve my soul, My trust is staid on Him;
 3. Oft in my weakness would I fall, But for His arms of love;
 4. Some day, thro' boundless grace alone, I'll reach the mansions fair;

'Tis praise to Him who guides my way, And keeps me by His pow'r.
 And when the clouds above me roll, His light is nev - er dim.
 He quick - ly answers ev - ry call With blessing from a - bove.
 A - mid the glories 'round the throne I'll sing His praises there.

CHORUS.* 1 Tim. 1: 17.

Much faster.

Now un-to the King e - ter - nal, im-mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the

on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry, be

hon - or and glo - ry for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men.

* This chorus may be sung before or after the Old Hundred Doxology.

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(16)

MARY SLATER.

L. F. JONES.

1. Marching on to Zi - on, raise your voice and sing; Un-to Christ the Sav-iour,
 2. Je - sus, who redeemed you with His precious blood, Calls you now to serv-ice
 3. Look-ing to the Sav-iour, at His word o - bey; March and nev-er fal - ter,

high - est prais-es bring; Trust His wondrous mer-cy, ev - 'ry promise praise,
 with the hosts of God; Bids you wear the ar - mor, press against the foe;
 you shall win the day; On - ward at His bid-ding, e - vil hosts de - fy;

CHORUS.

Tell abroad His wondrous love. March, steadily march with the hosts of God;
 He will lead as on you go.
 "Vic-to-ry," your bat-tle cry. March, march, march with the hosts of God,

March, stead-i-ly march, where the saints have trod; March, stead-i-ly march,
 March, march, march where the saints have trod; March, march,

glad - ly on your way to gain the vic - to - ry!
 Glad-ly on your way to gain the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry!

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to glad-den, When love shines in,
 2. How the world will glow with beau-ty, When love shines in,
 3. Dark-est sor - rows will grow brighter, When love shines in,

Ev - 'ry life that woe can sad - den, When love shines in.
 And the heart re - joice in du - ty, When love shines in.
 And the heav - iest bur - den light-er, When love shines in.

Love will teach us how to pray, Love will drive the gloom a-way,
 Tri - als may be sanc-ti - fied, And the soul in peace a-bide,
 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw Light to show us where to go;

CHORUS.

Turn our darkness in - to day, When love shines in. When love
 Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in. When
 O the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.

When love shines

shine in, ... When love shines in How the heart is
 love shines in, ...

in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.

turned to singing, When love shines in; When love shines in, . . . When
When love shines in; When love shines in,
When love shines in, when love shines in,

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in.
When love shines in,

17 Welcome Sunday Morning.

MRS. JESSE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O wel-come Sun-day morn-ing, A gift from God a - bove; }
It comes with heav-en's warn-ing, It comes with (*Omit.*) } heav-en's love.
2. A touch of ho - ly beau - ty It lays up - on the earth; }
Sweet tho'ts of love and du - ty In hu - man (*Omit.*) } hearts have birth.
3. From earth-ly toil and pleas-ure We glad - ly turn a - way, }
To take from God this treas-ure, This ho - ly, (*Omit.*) } hap - py day.

CHORUS.

The day comes back a - gain, The gift of God to men; }
The day when Je - sus rose Tri-umph-ant (*Omit.*) } o'er His foes.

Loyal Christian Soldiers.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Alla Marcia.

1. We are loy - al Christian soldiers 'neath the ban-ner of our Lord,
 2. We will shout the glad sal - va - tion purchased by our Saviour's blood,
 3. Ev - 'ry tri - al that he sends us, ev - 'ry cross he bids us bear,
 4. So where'er his ban - ner beck-ons we will fol - low all the way,

As we're march - - ing, stead-i - ly march - - ing,
 As we're marching, marching on, stead-i - ly marching, marching on,

For we fol - low where he leads us, and we trust his faith-ful word,
 Plead with tho'tless, careless sinners to be rec - oniled to God,
 Will be man - y times re - ward - ed in the pleasures we shall share,
 For it leads to heavenly glo - ries that shall nev - er fade a - way,

As we're marching, marching on, steady - ly on. (stead-i - ly on.)

CHORUS.

Marching on - ward, stead-i - ly on - ward, While his
 Marching onward, steadily on, marching onward, steadily on,

Loyal Christian Soldiers.

banner floats above us still our joyful song shall ring! We are loyal Christian soldiers, and we trust in Christ our King, As we're marching on, steadily on.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and march-like, with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

19

Praise Ye the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Bright hosts in worlds above, Praise ye the Lord, Mortals, who know His love,
 2. He marks the sparrow's fall, Praise ye the Lord, He holds this earthly ball,
 3. Thro' His abounding grace, Praise ye the Lord, Mortals shall see His face,
 4. Bright hosts in worlds above, Praise ye the Lord, Mortals, who know His love,

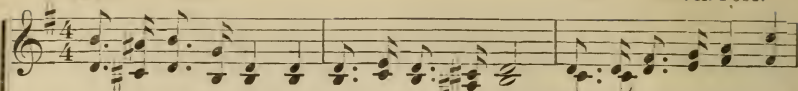
Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high-est
 Praise ye the Lord; Suns, in your blaz-ing round, Show forth His
 Praise ye the Lord; In white, at His right hand, Shall they un-
 Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high-est

strains to Him, O saint and ser - a - phim, Praise ye the Lord.
 truth profound, He placed your wondrous bound, Praise ye the Lord.
 numbered stand, A blest, re-deem-ed band, Praise ye the Lord.
 strains to Him, O saint and ser - a - phim, Praise ye the Lord.

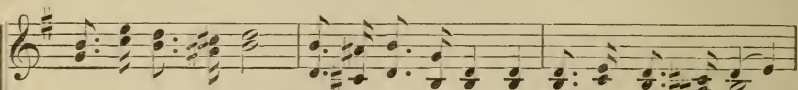
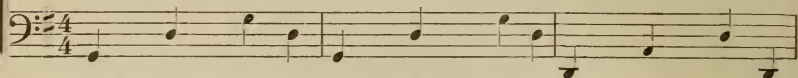
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and march-like, with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

PALMER HAERTSOUGH.

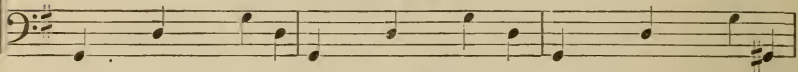
W. A. POST.



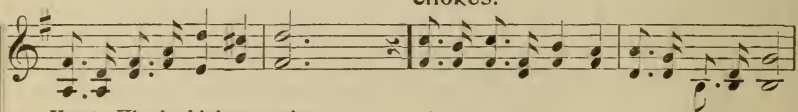
1. In the Sunday-school we're gathered once a-gain, Voi-ces all u-nite to
 2. Now assembled here be-fore the gra-cious Lord, May we meekly strive to
 3. From the busy week we come to seek His face, May the Ho-ly Spir-it



swell the joy-ful strain; Let the name of Je-sus be the glad refrain,
 learn His ho-ly word; May His gentle voice by ev-'ry one be heard;
 shed a-broad His grace; May His shining glo-ry fill the sa-cred place;

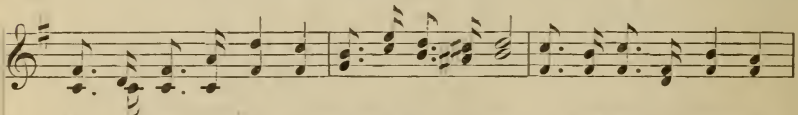
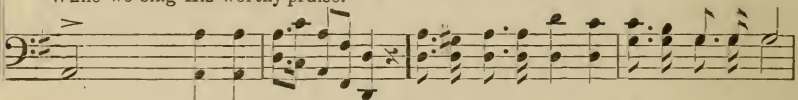


CHORUS.

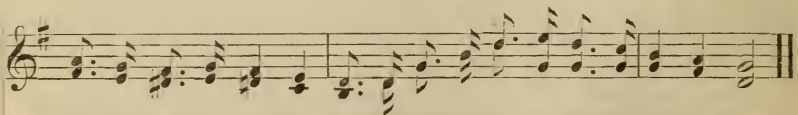
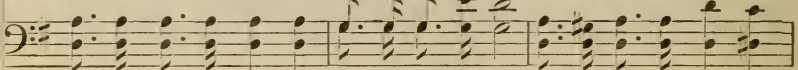


Un-to Him be highest praise.
 Ev'ry heart be filled with praise.
 While we sing His worthy praise.

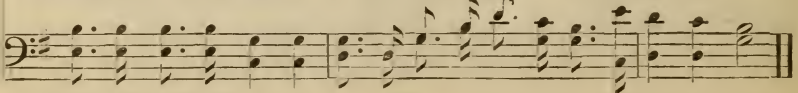
Un-to Him be glo-ry, un-to Him be praise;



Un-to Him who safe-ly guideth all our ways; To the King of heav-en,



Glo-ry now be giv-en, To the blessed Son be ev-er-last-ing praise.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lift up the grand old Book that has stood for a-ges past, And will
 2. Lift up the grand old Book; 'tis a light up - on the way, And a
 3. Lift up the grand old Book for the na-tions still a - far; 'Tis good

stand the same for ages still unknown; Tho' storms against it rage, it will
 lamp to guide our wand'ring feet aright; A blessed ray of hope that shall
 ti-dings for the sad and wea-ry soul; A balm for ev-'ry ill, and a

weather ev-'ry blast, 'Tis a message from the everlasting throne.
 brightly shine by day, And shall cheer the gloomy watches of the night.
 gain for ev-'ry loss, When our burdens at our Saviour's feet we roll.

CHORUS.

Lift it up, lift it up, Send it forth to ev'ry shore;...
 Lift it up, lift it up, to ev'ry shore;

Lift up the grand old Book that has stood for ages past, That shall stand for evermore.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

UNISON. Tempo di marcía.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Let the joy of Christ dwell with you Thro' the swiftly passing days,
2. Let the joy of Christ dwell with you, All a-bid-ing full and free,

Looking up to Him with gladness, Tune your lips to notes of praise.
Mak-ing life a song of triumph, Ringing out ex-ult-ant-ly.

In the sunshine of His presence Lay a-side your foolish fears,
More and more in Him a-bounding, Pressing on and up al-way,

Where the gath'ring clouds seem darkest, Lo! a rainbow bright ap-pears.
In your heart with grace still singing, Praise His blessed name for aye.

CHORUS.

Joy-ful-ly praise Him, joy-ful-ly praise Him, Sing un-
Joy-ful-ly praise, joy-ful-ly praise,

Joyfully Praise Him.

to the Lord with cheerful voice; Joyful-ly praise Him,
the Lord with cheerful voice; Joy-ful-ly praise,

joy-ful-ly praise Him, With a thankful heart in Him re-joice.
joy-ful-ly praise, thank-ful heart in Him re-joice.

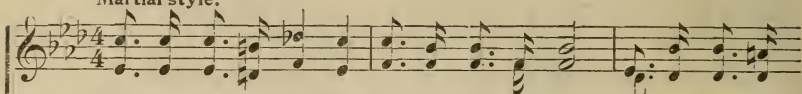
Joy-ful-ly praise Him, joy-ful-ly praise Him, Sing un-
Joy-ful-ly praise, joy-ful-ly praise,

to His name with sweet ac-cord; Worship the mighty Lord, high in
His name with sweet ac-cord;

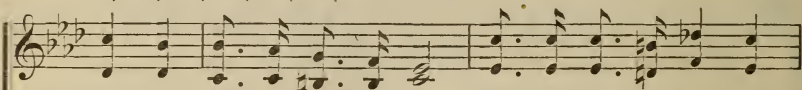
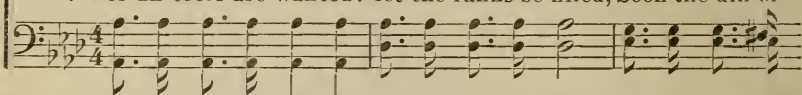
heav'n a-dored, Come with joy, praise Je-ho-vah King.
Je - ho - vah King.

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS.
 Martial style.

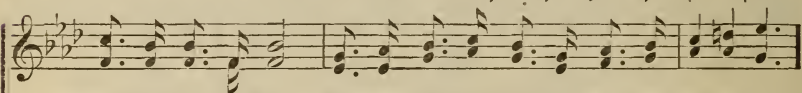
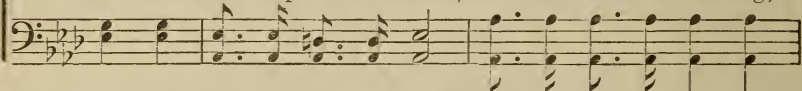
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



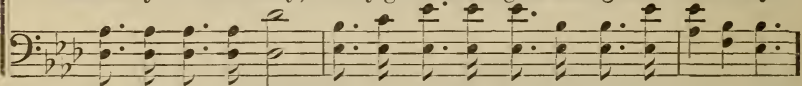
1. Vol-un-teers are wanted! hear the stirring call, O be swift to
2. Vol-un-teers are wanted! valiant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol-un-teers are wanted! on the bat-tle-plain Soldiers brave are
4. Vol-un-teers are wanted! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of



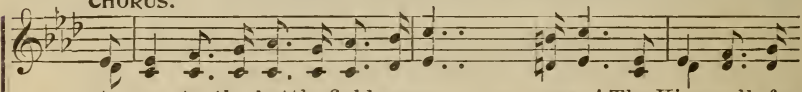
an - swer, comrades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
 broth-er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand-er,
 fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac-es
 bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift-ing,



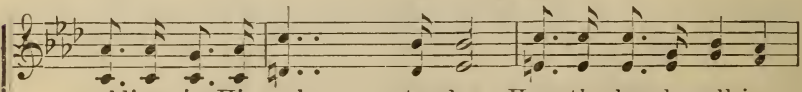
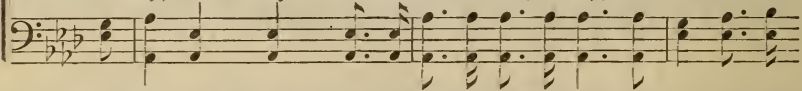
haste to march a-way, For the Lord is calling, "to the front to-day!"
 let us all o - bey When He gives the or - der, "to the front to-day!"
 in the deadly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to-day?
 soon they'll clear away, Glory gilds the heights along the front to-day.



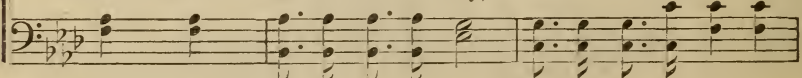
CHORUS.



A-way to the battle-field, away, away! The King calls for
 A-way, a - way to the bat-tle-field, a-way,



soldiers in His ranks to-day, Hear the bu-gle call-ing,
 sol - diers in His ranks to-day,



Volunteers to the Front!

in - to line be falling, Forth to the battle-field, a-way, a-way!

24 Conquer the World for Jesus.

MRS. F. A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "Conquer the world for Je - sus," Ev - er the Christian sings;
2. "Conquer the world for Je - sus," Ev - er His cause sus-tain;
3. "Conquer the world for Je - sus," He is the sinner's Friend;
4. "Conquer the world for Je - sus," Then shall be war no more;

He shall be Lord of na - tions, He shall be King of kings.
 Cap-tain of our sal - va - tion, Wor - thy is He to reign.
 Trusting His love to guide us, La - bor till life shall end.
 Then shall be peace and glad-ness, Reaching from shore to shore.

CHORUS.

"Con-quer the world for Je - sus," Crown Him the Lord of all;

"Con-quer the world for Je - sus," Ech - o the bat-tle call.

25 Are You Heeding Every Message?

T. M. T.

Moderato.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Are your hearts ev - er o - pen to the woo-ing of His love?
 2. Are your hearts ev - er puls-ing to the mu - sic of His love?
 3. Lay your bur-dens and your worries at the bless-ed Sav-iour's feet,

Are you melt-ed by the sweet-ness of His voice? As you
 Do you feel the in - spi-ra-tion of His pow'r? Are you
 Catch His spi-rit as you walk with Him each day; Heed the
 of His voice?

list-en, are you heed-ing ev'-ry mes-sage from a - bove? Are you
 shedding forth the gladness you receive from Him a - bove? Pointing
 qui - et, ten - der ac-cents of His plead-ings low and sweet, His the

CHORUS.
 read-y to re-ceive Him as your choice? O be - lieve Him!
 oth - ers to His good-ness ev'-ry hour?
 grace that leads us ev - er on the way.

as your choice? O believe Him!

O re - ceive Him! Trust His mer-cy, trust His love, and nev - er
 O re-ceive Him!

Are You Heeding Every Message?

fear; Don't neg - lect Him, don't re - ject Him,
 and nev - er fear; Don't neg - lect Him, don't re - ject Him,

He will fill your heart with all that is most dear.
 that is most dear.

26

The Lord is My Light.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

W. J. K.

1. When dark-ness sur-rounds me, And dan-gers af-fright, I turn my eyes
 2. When lost in the tem-pest Of sin's aw-ful night, He brought me sal-
 3. Temp-ta-tions may lure me To turn from the right; Their pow'r can-not
 4. In life's dai-ly war-fare He arms me with might, And gives me the

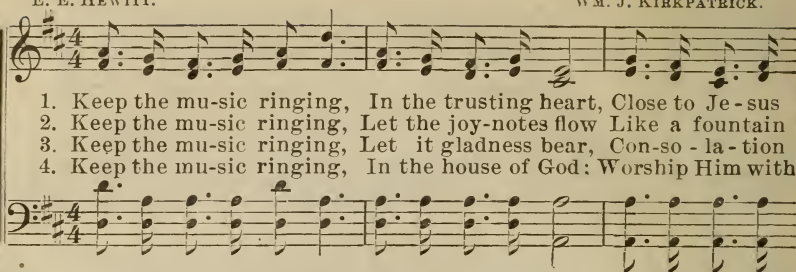
CHORUS.

heav'n-ward; The Lord is my Light.
 va - tion; The Lord is my Light. The Lord is my Light, He
 harm me; The Lord is my Light.
 vic - try; The Lord is my Light.


makes my way bright; My Sun and my Sav-iour, The Lord is my Light.

E. E. HEWITT.

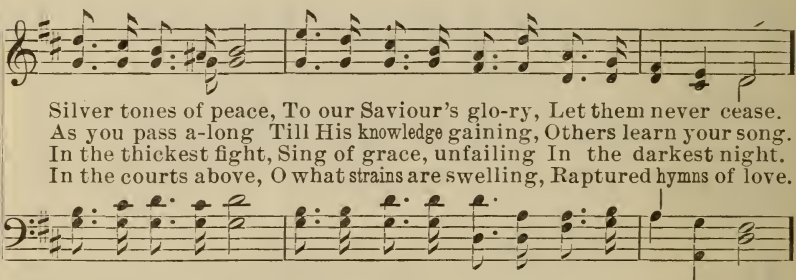
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, In the trust-ing heart, Close to Je-sus
 2. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, Let the joy-notes flow Like a fountain
 3. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, Let it glad-ness bear, Con-so-la-tion
 4. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, In the house of God: Worship Him with

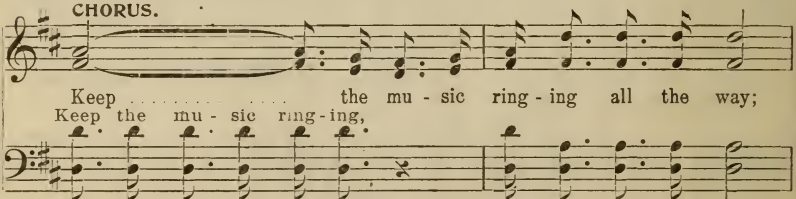


cl-ing-ing, Praise will ne'er depart. Chim-ing with life's sto-ry,
 spring-ing, Lit with heav'nly glow. Sing His love con-straining,
 bring-ing In a world of care. Sing of help a-vail-ing
 sing-ing, Tell His love a-broad! In His ho-ly dwell-ing,

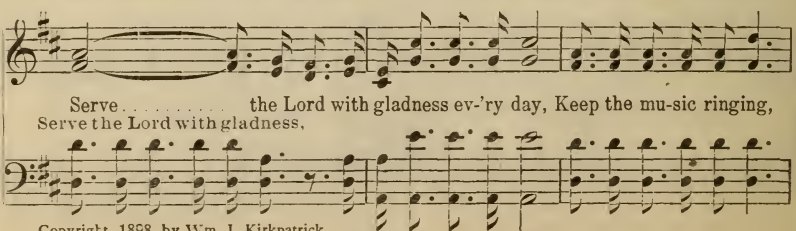


Silver tones of peace, To our Saviour's glo-ry, Let them never cease.
 As you pass a-long Till His knowledge gain-ing, Others learn your song.
 In the thickest fight, Sing of grace, un-fail-ing In the darkest night.
 In the courts above, O what strains are swelling, Raptured hymns of love.

CHORUS.

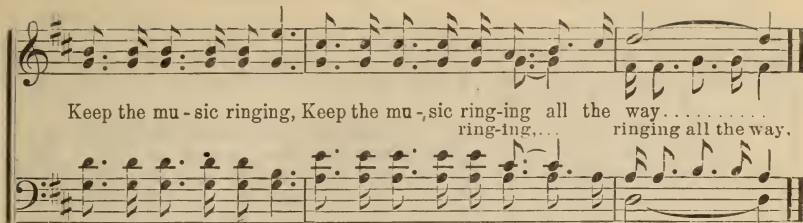


Keep the mu-sic ring-ing all the way;
 Keep the mu-sic ring-ing,



Serve the Lord with glad-ness ev'-ry day, Keep the mu-sic ring-ing,
 Serve the Lord with glad-ness,

Keep the Music Ringing.



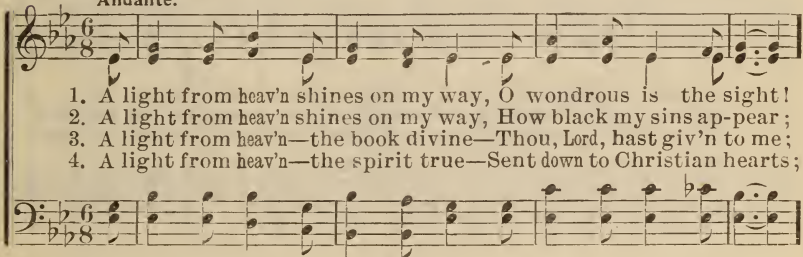
Keep the mu - sic ring-ing, Keep the mu - sic ring-ing all the way.....
ring-ing,.... ring-ing all the way.

28

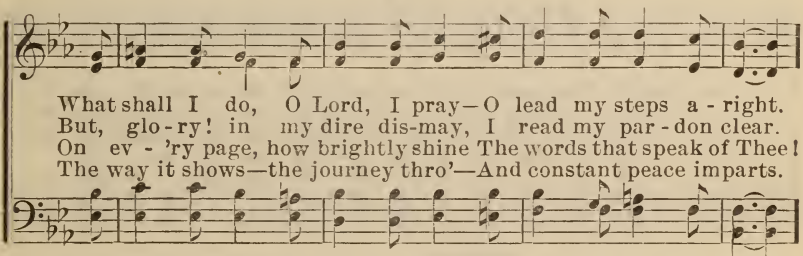
Follow the Light.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Andante.

J. H. FILLMORE.

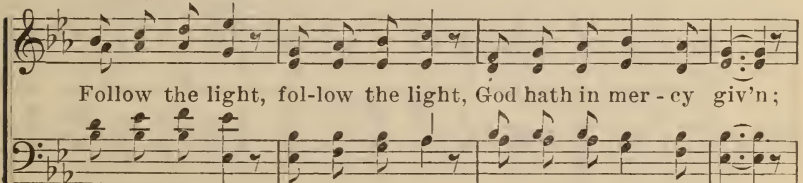


1. A light from heav'n shines on my way, O wondrous is the sight!
2. A light from heav'n shines on my way, How black my sins ap-pear;
3. A light from heav'n—the book divine—Thou, Lord, hast giv'n to me;
4. A light from heav'n—the spirit true—Sent down to Christian hearts;

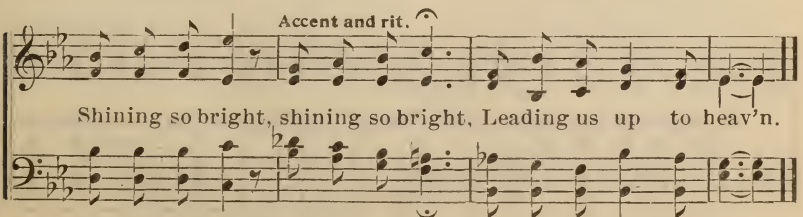


What shall I do, O Lord, I pray—O lead my steps a - right.
But, glo - ry! in my dire dis-may, I read my par - don clear.
On ev - 'ry page, how brightly shine The words that speak of Thee!
The way it shows—the journey thro'—And constant peace imparts.

CHORUS. Some faster.



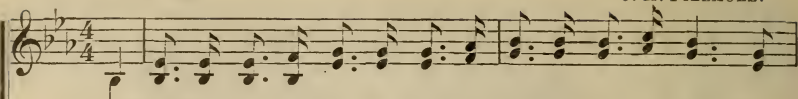
Follow the light, fol-low the light, God hath in mer - cy giv'n;



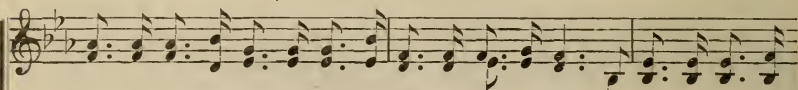
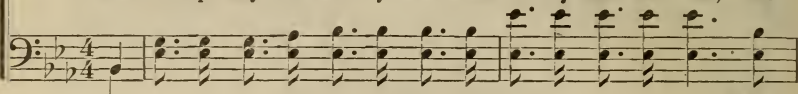
Shining so bright, shining so bright, Leading us up to heav'n.

GEO. O. WEBSTER

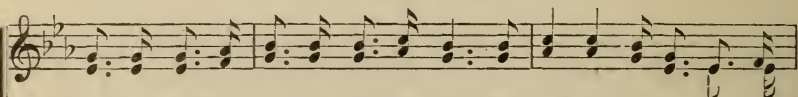
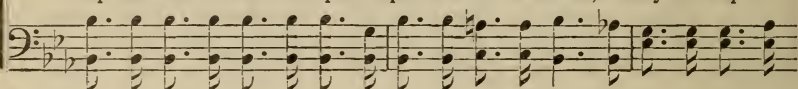
J. H. FILLMORE.



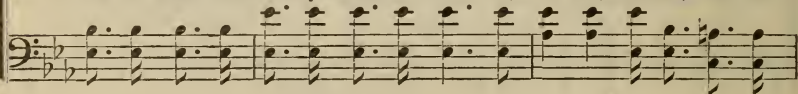
1. A con-flict now is rag-ing 'gainst the hosts of sin and night, The
2. The hosts of sin have gathered and the bat-tle may be long, But
3. The tri-umph day will sure-ly come when ev-'ry knee shall bow, The



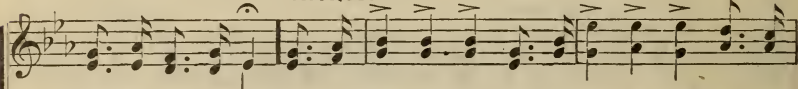
Cap-tain of Sal-va-tion leads the bann-er-ed hosts of light; The vic-to-ry is right must ev-er triumph in its strug-gle with the wrong; The day will surely Cap-tain then a crown will place upon each vic-tor's brow; To-day the Cap-tain



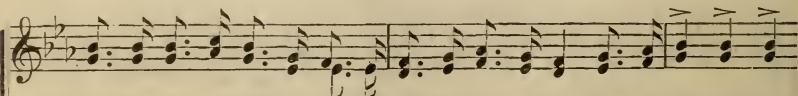
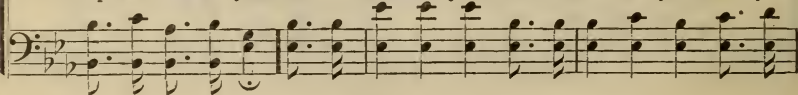
cer-tain for the cause of truth and right, But, tell me, brother, can the come when you will sing the vic-tor's song; But, tell me, brother, can the calls to arms—what will you answer now? Oh, tell me, brother, can the



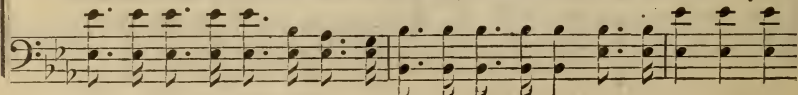
CHORUS.



Cap-tain count on you? Can He count on you? Can He count on you? Are you



num-bered with the cho-sen band of faith-ful, tried and true? Can He count on you?



Can He Count on You?

Can He count on you? Oh, tell me, brother, can the Captain count on you?

30

To Jesus I Belong.

BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. To Je - sus I be - long, He bought me with His love; And
 2. To Je - sus I be - long, And all I have is His; From
 3. To Je - sus I be - long, I give to Him my all; And
 4. To Je - sus I be - long, He leads me by the hand, And

ev - 'ry-thing I say or do Is known to Him a - bove.
 Him comes life and love and joy, 'Tis He a - lone that gives.
 I must live in read - i - ness To an - swer ev - 'ry call.
 when tempta - tions come to me, He helps me firm - ly stand.

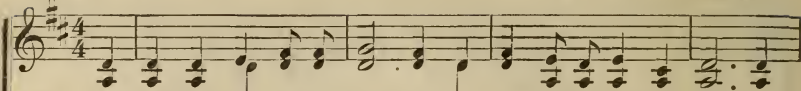
CHORUS.

To Je - sus I be - long, And I must loy - al be, For

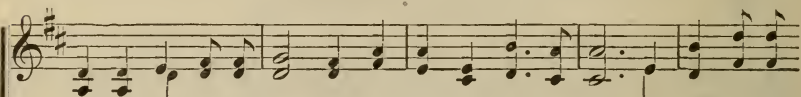
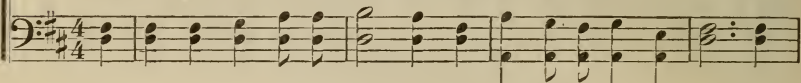
well I know be - yond the gates A crown is wait - ing me

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

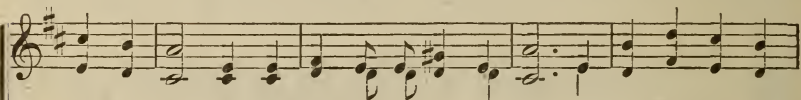
MRS. CARRIE B. ADAMS.



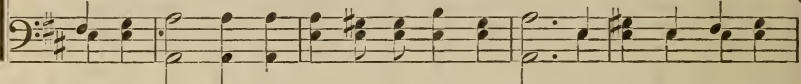
1. O come, O come, let us wor-ship, And praise Him, the Lord and King; O
 2. O come, O come, let us wor-ship, Fall hum - bly be-fore His throne; For



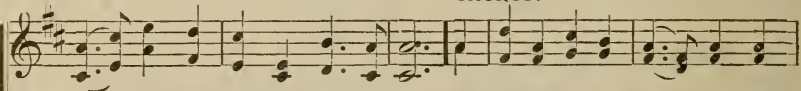
come with joy to His tem - ple, Your gifts of glad-ness bring; For this is the
 we are dust in His pres-ence, And He is God a - lone. The course of the



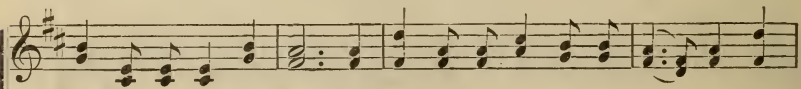
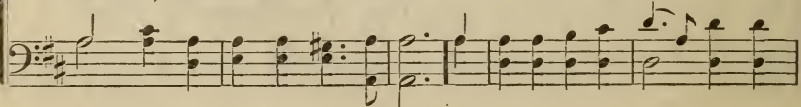
day most ho - ly, His peace rest-eth ev - 'ry-where; And now should rise be-
 worlds He hold-eth, He rul - eth the heav'ns a - bove, And yet for us He



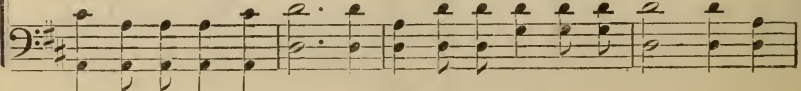
CHORUS.



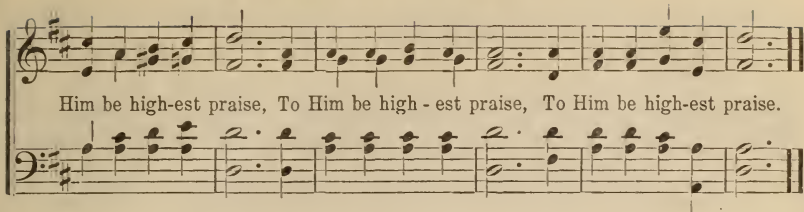
fore Him The in-cense sweet of pray'r. O come, O come and wor - ship, Your
 car - eth, The chil - dren of His love.



loud hal - le - lu - jahs raise; To Him who is King and Cre - a - tor, To



O Come, Let Us Worship.



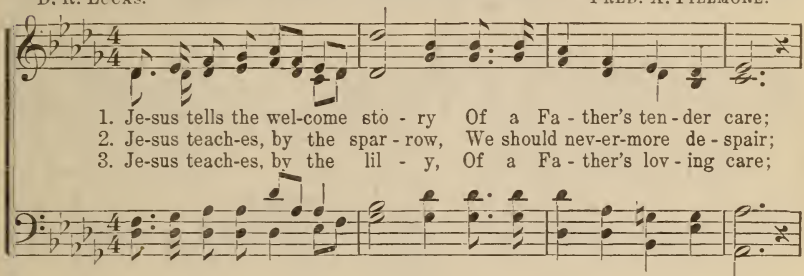
Him be high-est praise, To Him be high - est praise, To Him be high-est praise.

32

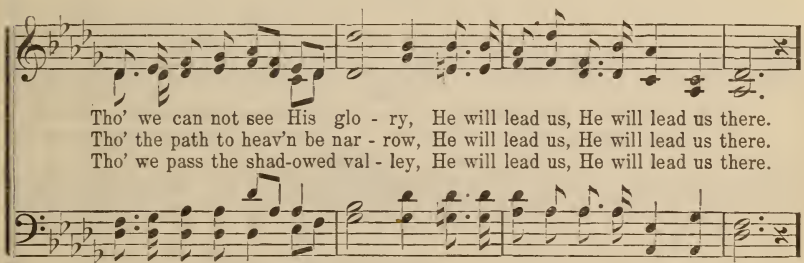
He Will Lead Us There.

D. R. LUCAS.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

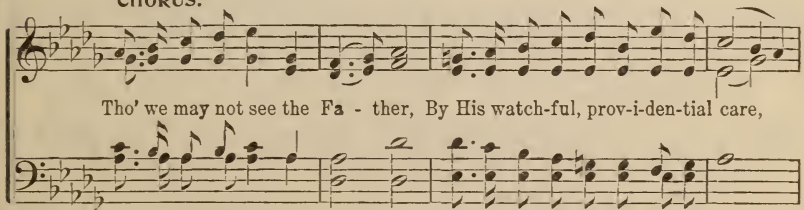


1. Je-sus tells the wel-come sto - ry Of a Fa - ther's ten - der care;
2. Je-sus teach-es, by the spar - row, We should nev - er - more de - spair;
3. Je-sus teach-es, by the lil - y, Of a Fa - ther's lov - ing care;

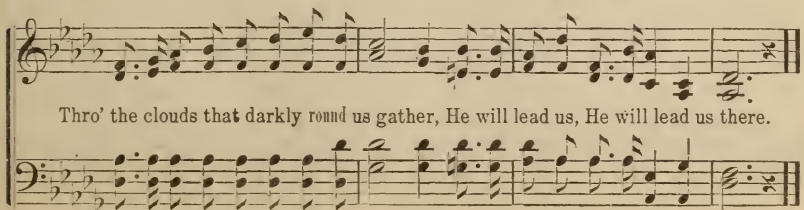


Tho' we can not see His glo - ry, He will lead us, He will lead us there.
 Tho' the path to heav'n be nar - row, He will lead us, He will lead us there.
 Tho' we pass the shad-owed val - ley, He will lead us, He will lead us there.

CHORUS.



Tho' we may not see the Fa - ther, By His watch-ful, prov-i-den-tial care,



Thro' the clouds that darkly round us gather, He will lead us, He will lead us there.

The Temple Hosanna.

Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

Hosanna in the highest. Matt. 21: 9.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Unison.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thro' all the temple ringing, Voices in sweet accord,— Children so
2. Now is thine hour of fa-vor, Now is thy triumph great; Zi - on, be-

loud are sing-ing Praises to Christ the Lord. O'er all the tu-mult
hold! thy Sav-iour Cometh in hum-ble state; Rul-ers in pride dis-

ris-ing, O'er all the wond'ring throng, Children, in strain surprising,
own him, Spurning the lowly One, Children with joy enthrone him,

CHORUS, in harmony.

Pour fourth their wondrous song. Sing, sing your loft-y prais - es,
Je - sus, the roy-al Son. Sing, O sing your loft-y prais-es,

Shout, shout your glad ho-san - na! This is the Lord's Appointed,
Shout, O shout your glad ho-san-na! He, Ap - point - ed,

The Temple Hosanna.

Je - sus, the Son of Da - vid; Give, O ye peo - ple, room!
Son of Da - vid; Give, ye peo - ple, room, ho-san-na!

Praise ye the Lord's A - noint - ed, Hail ye the great Mes-
Praise, O praise the Lord's Anointed, Hail, O hail the

si - ah, Make straight the path-way; sing! For thy
great Mes - si - ah,

King has come! Sing, for thy King has come!
for thy King has come!

34

Jesus, my Saviour.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. ROSEGRANS.

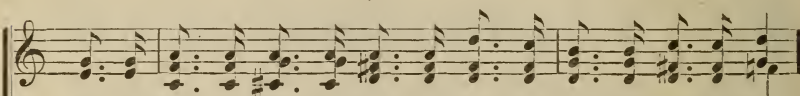
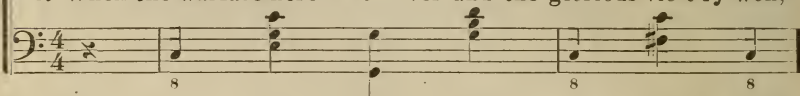
1. Jesus, my Saviour, I would be thy child, Ever obedient, Gentle, sweet and mild.
2. Like little Samuel, Watching in the night, "Speak, Lord, I hear thee, Thou art my delight."
3. Something for Jesus, Doing day by day - Thus am I climbing Up the heav'nly way.

M. H. M.

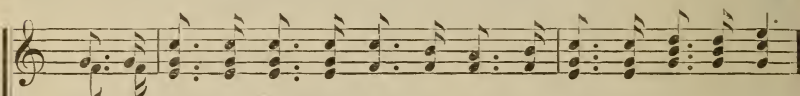
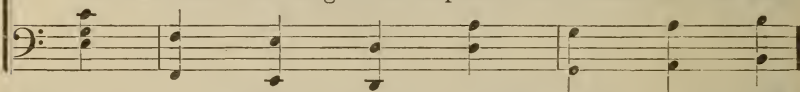
MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.



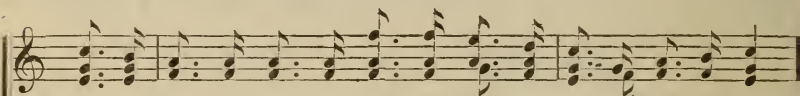
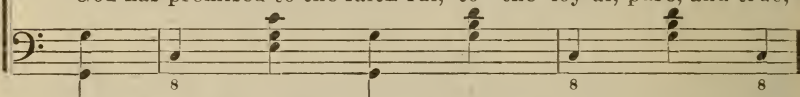
1. Marching on beneath the ban-ner of the Lord of hosts to-day,
2. In the serv-ice of the Mas-ter there is naught to dread or fear,
3. When the warfare here is o - ver and the glorious vic-t'ry won,



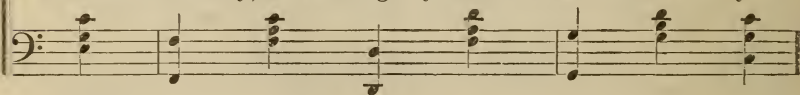
Lo, a band of faith-ful sol-diers pressing on-ward to the fray!
 For our Leader goes be-fore us, and in all the strife is near.
 We shall shout our songs of triumph and receive the blest "Well done."



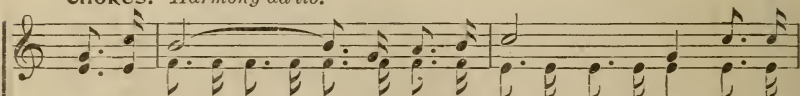
They are fighting un-der or-ders of the mighty King of kings,
 Come, and join our noble ar-my, 'neath the banner bravely stand,
 God has promised to the faith-ful, to the loy-al, pure, and true,



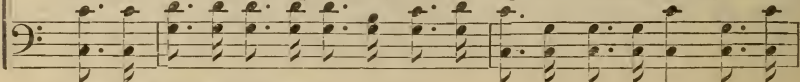
Going forth un-to the conflict, how their song of triumph rings!
 With a will-ing hand and serv-ice go ye forth at His command.
 Palms of vic't'ry, crowns of glory—will He have a crown for you?



CHORUS. *Harmony ad lib.*



We are sol - - - diers of King Je - - - sus, He's our
 We are soldiers of King Je - sus, He's our Cap-tain brave and strong; We are



Beneath the Banner.

Cap - - - tain brave and strong; We are march - - -
soldiers of King Jesus, He's our Captain brave and strong, We are marching forth to

- - ing forth to con - - quer All the hosts. of sin and
conquer All the hosts of sin and wrong; We are marching forth to conquer All the

wrong; We are sol - diers of King Je - sus, He's our
hosts of sin and wrong; We are sol-diers of King Je - sus,

Cap - tain brave and strong, . . . And the victo-ry is sure, For God's
He's our Cap - tain brave and strong,

promis - es endure, We shall sing the conqueror's song over yon - der.

H. R. TRICKETT.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On what are you build - ing, my broth - er, Your hopes of a
 2. On one or the oth - er, my broth - er, You are build - ing your
 3. Your Sav - iour has warned you, my broth - er, O, I pray you give

heav - en - ly home? Is it loose, shift - ing sand, or the firm, sol - id rock,
 hopes day by day; You are risk - ing your soul on the works that you do,
 heed to His voice; There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand,

CHORUS.

You are trust - ing for a - ges to come?
 Will the dark wa - ters sweep you a - way? Hear - ing and do - ing, we
 Heed His words, broth - er, make them your choice.

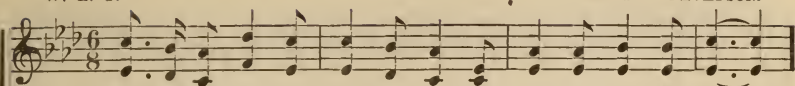
build on the rock; Hear - ing a - lone, we build on the sand, Both will be tried

by the storm and the flood, On - ly the rock the tri - al will stand!

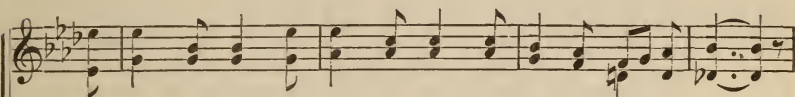
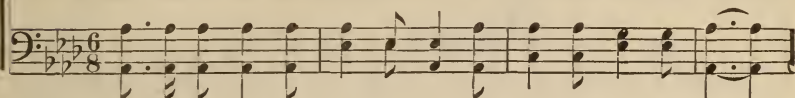
37 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

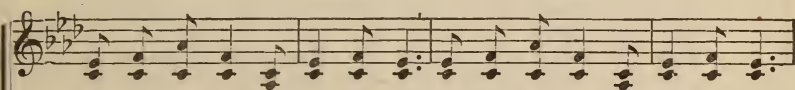
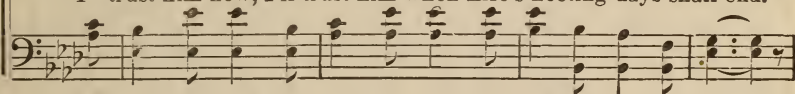
WILL L. THOMPSON.



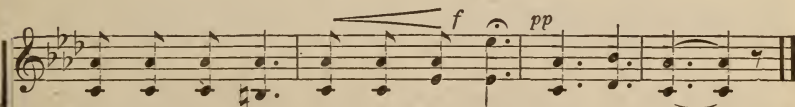
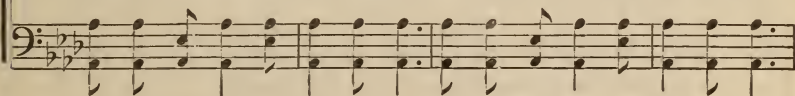
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, Without him I would fall.
I go to him for blessings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O how could I this friend de-ny, When he's so true to me?
I trust him now, I'll trust him when Life's fleeting days shall end.



When I am sad, to him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's golden grain;
Fol - low - ing him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;

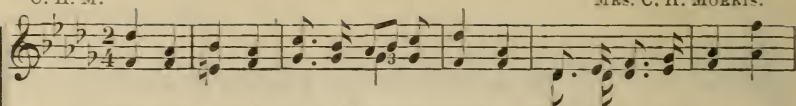


When I am sad, he makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

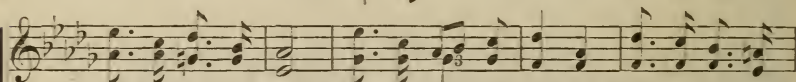
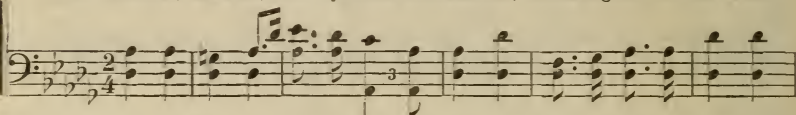


C. H. M.

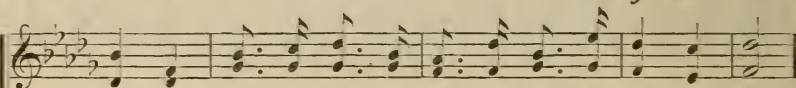
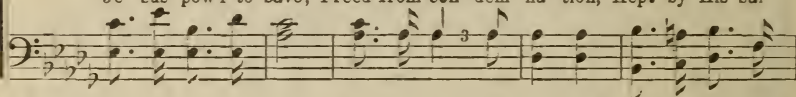
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



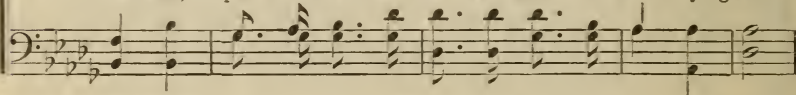
1. Want-ed, want-ed, loy - al hearts are want-ed, Faith-ful in the serv - ice
2. Want-ed, want-ed, tongues of fire are want-ed, Con - se - crat - ed lips with
3. Want-ed, want-ed, help - ing hands are want-ed, Will - ing hands to la - bor
4. Want-ed, want-ed, ho - ly lives are want-ed, Show - ing un - to sin - ners



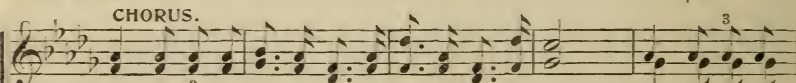
of our Lord and King; Hearts with true love burn - ing, Hearts o'er sin - ners
 Pen - te - cost a - flame; Free to tell the sto - ry Of His pow'r and
 a - ny time or where; Fields with har - vest bend - ing, God His reap - ers
 Je - sus' pow'r to save; Freed from con - dem - na - tion, Kept by His sal -



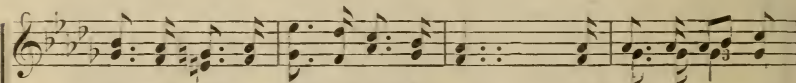
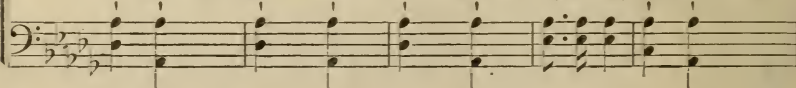
yearn - ing, Seek - ing ev - er - more the lost ones back to bring.
 glo - ry, Glad to go a full sal - va - tion to pro - claim.
 send - ing, Who will go the pre - cious gold - en sheaves to bear?
 va - tion, Spent in serv - ice here the lives He free - ly gave.



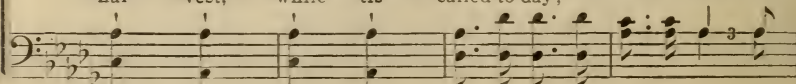
CHORUS.



Out in - to the har - vest field, and la - bor while you may; Out in - to the
 In the har - vest la - bor while you may; In the



har - vest field, work while 'tis called to - day; Ye loy - al hearts and
 har - vest, while 'tis called to - day;



Wanted.

true, and la-b'rrers not a few, Want-ed, want-ed, the Lord hath need of you.

39

Long Ago in Old Judea.

MRS. M. J. BITTLE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Long a-go, in old Ju-de-a, By the shores of Gal-i-lee,
2. Now no more, in old Ju-de-a, Je-sus walk-eth by the sea:
3. O-ver there, beyond death's billows, Eyes of faith can plain-ly see

Je-sus spake un-to the fish-ers: "Leave your nets and follow me,"
 But He call-eth, ev-er call-eth: "Who will come and follow me?"
 The bright mansions where He promised All His followers should be.

Still there comes the bless-ed sto-ry, Peal-ing thro' the a-ges dim:
 Come to Je-sus—time may tar-nish Many a dream of beau-ty fair;
 Let us heed the gos-pel sto-ry, Peal-ing thro' the a-ges dim:

Who of you will leave your pleasures, Take your cross, and follow Him?
 What He of-fers fad-eth nev-er—Life e-ter-nal o-ver there.
 "Je-sus loves you! died to save you! Give up all, and fol-low Him."

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ring, ye bells of joy, sal - va - tion's pre - cious sto - ry, Tell the
 2. We will glad - ly spread love's mighty proe - la - ma - tion, May our
 3. Lead us, bless - ed Lord, in paths of truth and beau - ty, May each

grace that flows from ev - er - last - ing love; Send to all the world the
 lives repeat the message we have heard; While our hearts receive a
 pass - ing day, new proofs of mercy bring: Help us of - fer Thee, our

ti - dings of His glo - ry, While the light of life is streaming
 full - er rev - e - la - tion Of our Saviour's love, un - fold - ed
 gifts of love and du - ty, Help us give ourselves to Thee, our

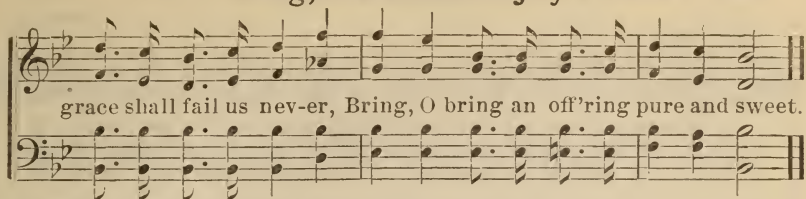
CHORUS. Voices in Unison.

from a - bove.
 in His word. Joy, all joy, for Je - sus lives for - ev - er;
 Lord and King.

Harmony.

Come, O come and wor - ship at His feet; Joy, all joy, His

Ring, Ye Bells of Joy.



grace shall fail us nev-er, Bring, O bring an off'ring pure and sweet.

41 We are Cradled in His Love.

BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE.

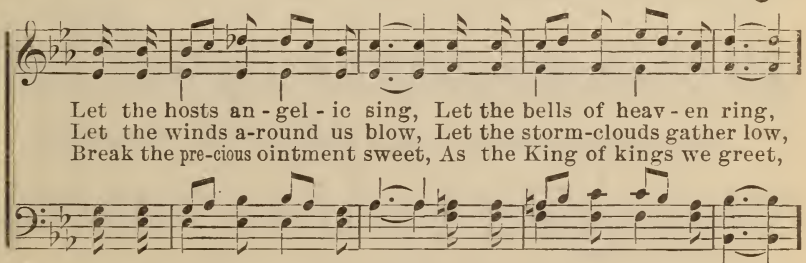
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



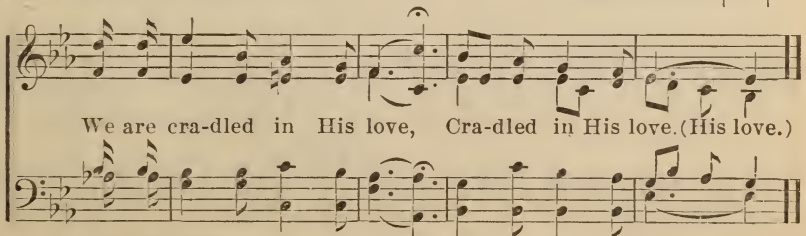
1. We are cra-dled in His love, Cra-dled in His love, (His love,)
2. We are cra-dled in His love, Cra-dled in His love, (His love,)
3. We are cra-dled in His love, Cra-dled in His love, (His love,)



As the Christ-child from a-bove, Cra-dled in His love. (His love.)
As the Christ-child from a-bove, Cra-dled in His love. (His love.)
As the Christ-child from a-bove, Cra-dled in His love. (His love.)



Let the hosts an-gel-ic sing, Let the bells of heav-en ring,
Let the winds a-round us blow, Let the storm-clouds gather low,
Break the pre-cious ointment sweet, As the King of kings we greet,

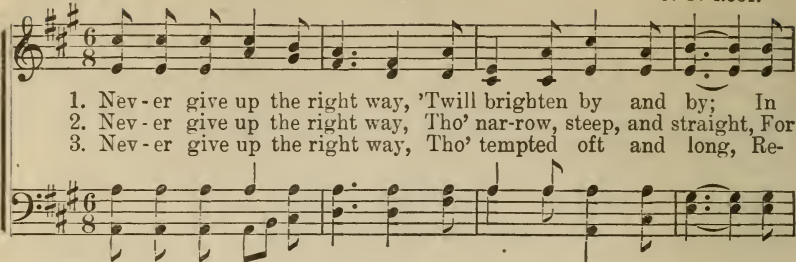


We are cra-dled in His love, Cra-dled in His love. (His love.)

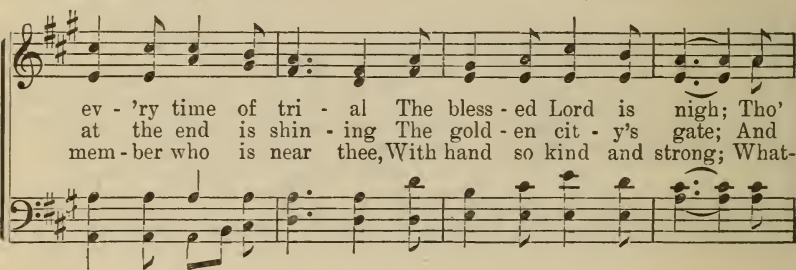
42 Never Give Up the Right Way.

G. F. R.

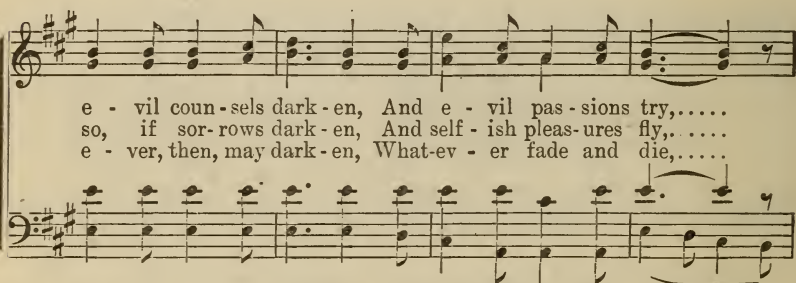
G. F. Root.



1. Nev-er give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by; In
 2. Nev-er give up the right way, Tho' nar-row, steep, and straight, For
 3. Nev-er give up the right way, Tho' tempted oft and long, Re-

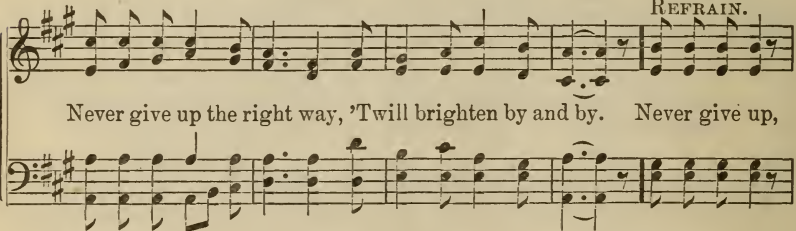


ev - 'ry time of tri - al The bless - ed Lord is nigh; Tho'
 at the end is shin - ing The gold - en cit - y's gate; And
 mem - ber who is near thee, With hand so kind and strong; What-

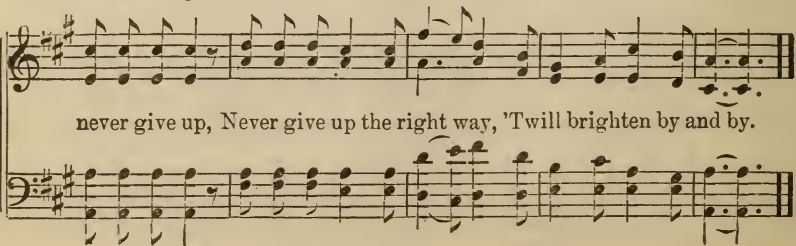


e - vil coun-sels dark-en, And e - vil pas-sions try,.....
 so, if sor-rows dark-en, And self - ish pleas-ures fly,.....
 e - ver, then, may dark-en, What-ev - er fade and die,.....

REFRAIN.



Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by. Never give up,



never give up, Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Sunday morning, happy day! Hear our voices ring-ing; We are
 2. Thro' the daily walks of life, We'll be in our plac-es, Do-ing
 3. We will help along life's way, Shirking du-ty nev-er; We will

here to do our part In the pray'r and singing. This shall ev-er
 what we find to do, With bright happy fac-es. By some word or
 aid the Master's cause, Be-ing will-ing ev-er. There's a time to

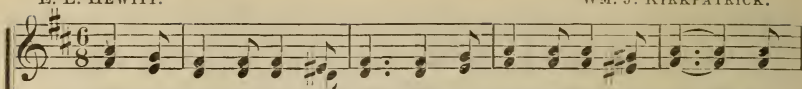
be our aim, When we meet to-gether, To be here, and here on time,
 deed, too late, We may loose a broth-er, We will ev-er be on time,
 work and play, There's a time for singing; We'll be prompt in all we do,

REFRAIN.
 Rain or sun-ny weath-er.
 Thus to help an-oth-er. B e, be, o n, on, t i m e,
 This our mot-to ring-ing:

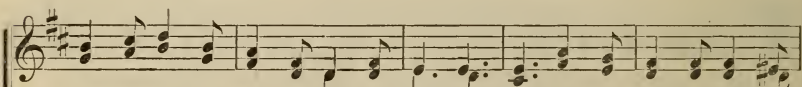
Inst.
 time, on time; B e, be, o n, on, t i m e, time.

E. E. HEWITT.

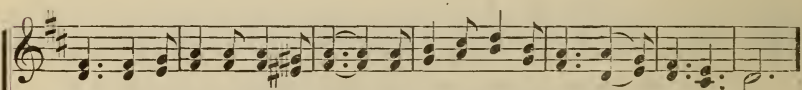
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Trust-ing Je - sus as I go, He will walk with me be - low, The
 2. Serv-ing Je - sus as I go, Paths of du - ty He will show, In
 3. Prais-ing Je - sus as I go, All my heart with love a - glow, He

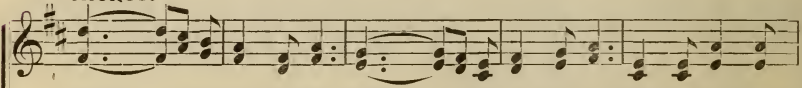


arms of His pro - tect-ing care a - round me throw; Strengthened by His spirit's
 hap - py fel - low-ship with Him whose grace I know; Burdens shared with Him are
 brings me to the pastures green where mercies flow; Sweeter songs to Him shall

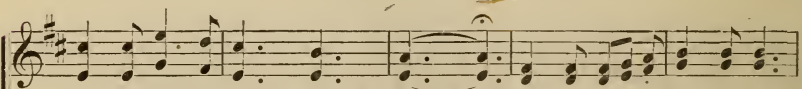


power, For the needs of ev'ry hour, Led on thro' sun and shower, O blessed trust!
 light, Let me labor with my might, His harvest-fields are white, O blessed toil!
 ring, While to Him my all I bring, My ev - er-liv-ing King; O blessed praise!

CHORUS.

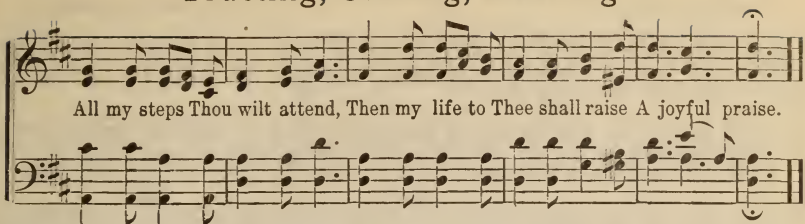


Trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Serv - ing all the way, Faith and works shall
 Trusting, trusting serving, serving



lift a - bove, Sweet songs of love; . . . Je - sus, Je-sus, precious Friend,
 Sweet songs, sweet songs of love;

Trusting, Serving, Praising.

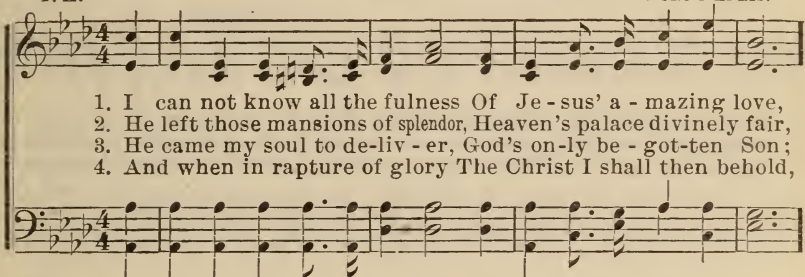


45

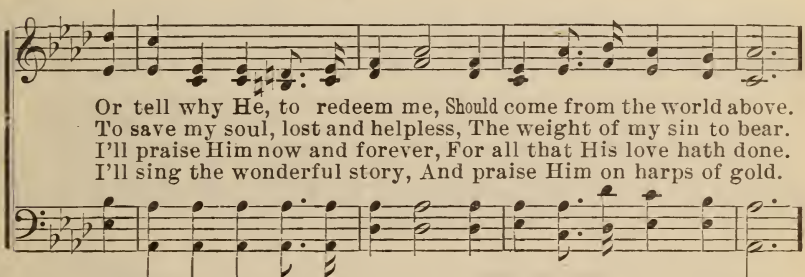
How Marvelous!

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

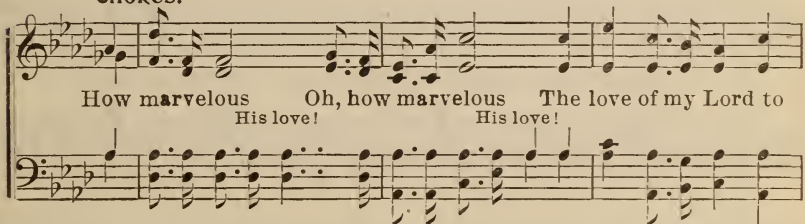


1. I can not know all the fulness Of Je-sus' a - mazing love,
2. He left those mansions of splendor, Heaven's palace divinely fair,
3. He came my soul to de-liv - er, God's on - ly be - got - ten Son;
4. And when in rapture of glory The Christ I shall then behold,

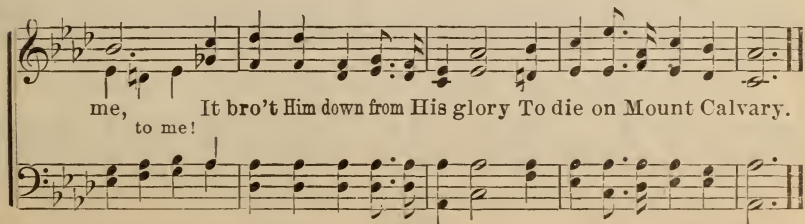


Or tell why He, to redeem me, Should come from the world above.
To save my soul, lost and helpless, The weight of my sin to bear.
I'll praise Him now and forever, For all that His love hath done.
I'll sing the wonderful story, And praise Him on harps of gold.

CHORUS.



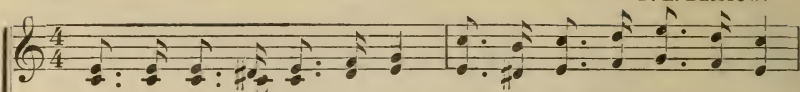
How marvelous Oh, how marvelous The love of my Lord to
His love! His love! His love!



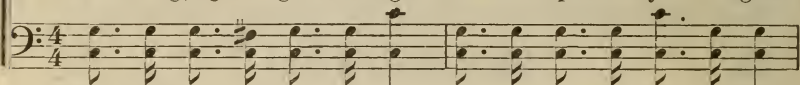
me, It bro't Him down from His glory To die on Mount Calvary.
to me!

F. L. B.

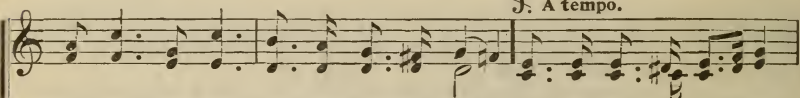
F. L. BRISTOW.



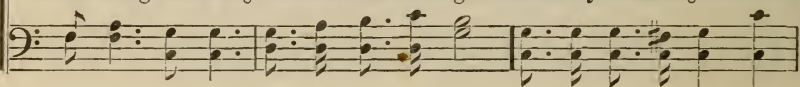
1. Wea - ry of the Mas - ter's fight? Sleep - ing all the day and night?
2. Strag - gling from the Lord's command? Seeking pleasures of the land?
3. Murm'ring, fight - ing for the right? Heav - en's por - tals just in sight?



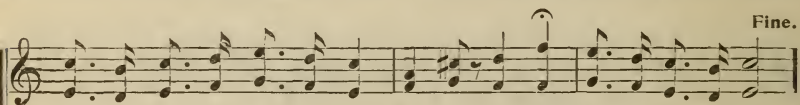
♩ A tempo.



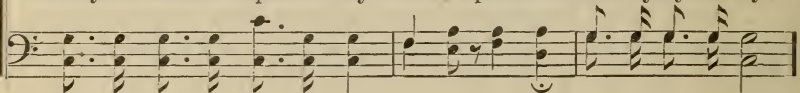
Sleeping! sleeping! Dangers lurking nigh! *Up! ye wea - ry sol - diers!*
 Strag - gling! wand'ring! Tempters round thee lie! *Ral - ly! strag - gling soldiers!*
 Murm'ring! murm'ring! With a dole - ful sigh! *Rouse! ye murm'ring soldiers!*



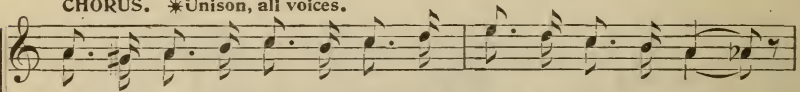
Fine.



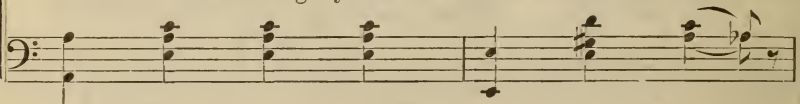
Hear your val - iant Cap - tain's cry! Fall in! press on! Vic - t'ry by and by!
Hear your valiant Captain's cry! Fall in! press on! Vict'ry by and by!
Hear your valiant Captain's cry! Fall in! press on! Vict'ry by and by!



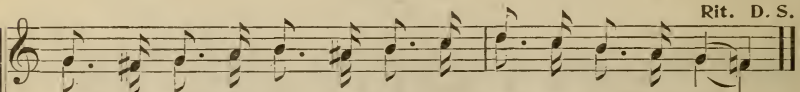
CHORUS. *Unison, all voices.



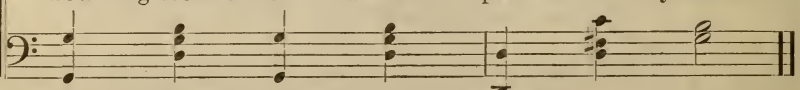
Sa - tan comes with mighty hosts And des - o - lates the land!



Rit. D. S.



Sow - ing seeds of sor - row and de - spair on ev - 'ry hand!



*The unison may be divided between sections of the school.

MRS. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Arm for the bat - tle, Sol - diers of right! Send the word
 2. Read-y for bat - tle, Sol - diers all stand! Nev - er fail,
 3. On to the bat - tle, On - ward to win! God and right

of our Lord Down the left and right. Arm for the bat - tle!
 nev-er quail, Wait your Lord's command, Read-y for bat - tle!
 give the might O'er the hosts of sin. On to the bat - tle!

Tri-umph we see; March-ing to vic - to-ry— To vic - to-ry.
D. S. Shout, shout the vic - to-ry! The vic - to-ry!

CHORUS.

On-ward, one and all, Shouting the vic-to-ry; Forward, heed the call that

D. S.

leads to vic - to-ry. Je - sus is lead-ing on, Faith-ful is He.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. To the front a-way, in the gospel war, With the cross of Christ
 2. Down the bat-tle-line pass the word along, Let your faith be firm
 3. Out and out for God and for hol - i - ness, We will keep in rank
 4. Till in ev - 'ry land is our flag unfurled, Till the en - e - my

go - ing on before; 'Mid the fire and smoke, and the canon's roar, We'll
 and your courage strong; Tho' the foe be fierce and the fight be long, We'll
 and the bat-tle press; With the gospel ar - mor of righteousness We'll
 from his throne is hurled; Preaching full salva - tion to all the world, We'll

CHORUS.

shoulder to shoulder stand. We are out to-day on the fir - ing line,
 vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

For the truth and right we will boldly fight; We are out to-day on the
 vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

fir - ing line, A vic - torious, loy - al band; See our banners wave,
 vic - to - ry! See our ban - ners wave,

On the Firing Line.

hear the bugles blow, Sounding out o'er sea and land; In un-
 hear the bu - gles blow, o'er sea and land; In un-

broken line on to vict'ry go, And shoulder to shoulder stand.
 brok-en line on to vic-t'ry go,

49 God Will Take Care of Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

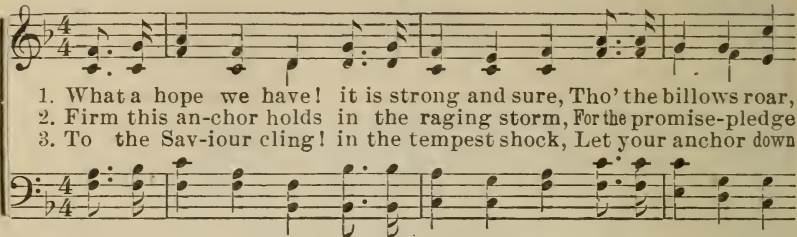
1. God will take care of me; Here will I rest, Trust-ing His
 2. God will take care of me, Hush-ing my fear; When dan-gers
 3. God will take care of me, Hold-ing the helm; Storms that may

prom-ise true, Safe on His breast. Change-ful may be my lot,
 'round I see, His voice I hear; Then let my soul be brave,
 sweep the sea Will not o'er-whelm. Soon, ev-'ry bil-low pass'd,

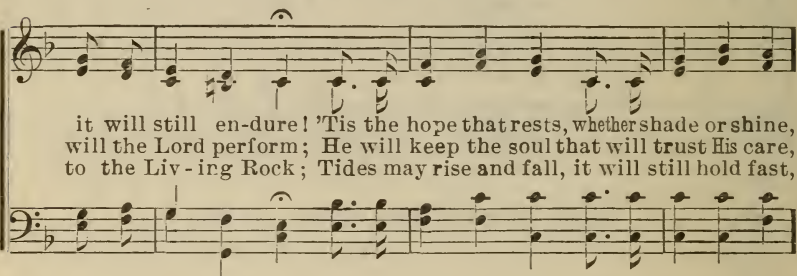
His mercy changeth not; No child of His for-got, In Je-sus blest.
 High tho' the wind and wave, Greater His pow'r to save, Tenderly near.
 I shall my anchor cast, Safe, safe at home at last, In joy's bright realm.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Alt.

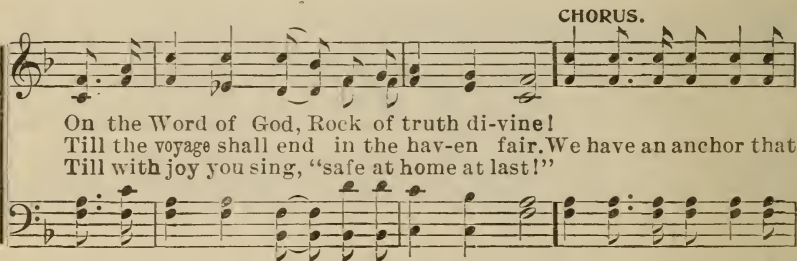
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



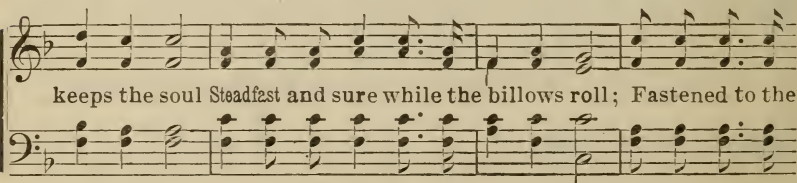
1. What a hope we have! it is strong and sure, Tho' the billows roar,
 2. Firm this an-chor holds in the raging storm, For the promise-pledge
 3. To the Sav-iour cling! in the tempest shock, Let your anchor down



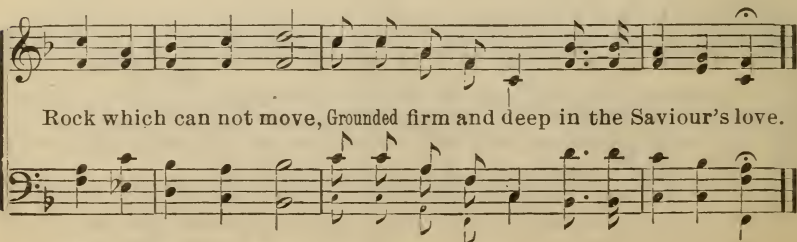
it will still en-dure! 'Tis the hope that rests, whether shade or shine,
 will the Lord perform; He will keep the soul that will trust His care,
 to the Liv-ing Rock; Tides may rise and fall, it will still hold fast,



CHORUS.
 On the Word of God, Rock of truth di-vine!
 Till the voyage shall end in the hav-en fair. We have an anchor that
 Till with joy you sing, "safe at home at last!"



keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll; Fastened to the



Rock which can not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

J. T. LATTI.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. A-long life's rugged, thorny way, Keep praying, toiling on;
 2. All fears and gloomy doubts dis-card, Keep praying, toiling on;
 3. If griefs seem more than you can bear, Keep praying, toiling on;

There soon will dawn a brighter day, Keep praying, toiling on. The
 Faith nev - er fails of its re-ward, Keep praying, toiling on. Hold
 For pray-ing light-ens ev - 'ry care, Keep praying, toiling on. The

trials you have had are past; Bear patiently the ones thou hast; If
 firm and steadfast to the end; From duty do not swerve or bend; For
 Saviour has great sympathy For struggling mortals such as we; And

oth - ers come, they will not last, Keep praying, toil - ing on.
 help, on Him you can de-pend; Keep praying, toil - ing on.
 He will give us vic - to - ry—Keep praying, toil - ing on.

D. S. soon will dawn a bright-er day, Keep pray-ing, toil - ing on.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Keep pray - ing, toil - ing, Praying, toiling on; There
 Keep pray-ing, toil-ing, pray-ing, toil-ing,

KATHABINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Walk be - side me, O my Saviour, While life's morning sky is bright;
 2. When the noontide's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care,
 3. When the twilight shades descending, Warn my soul that night is near,

Grant me now Thy loving fav - or, Flood my path with heav'nly light.
 May Thy love, so pure and tender, All my heav - y burdens bear!
 With the hues of sun-set blending, Let the light of heav'n appear.

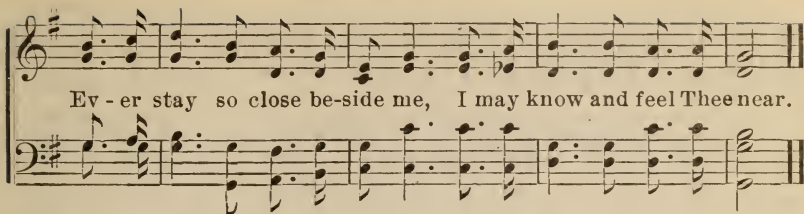
Whether good or ill be-tide me, Whether skies be dark or clear,
 In a wea - ry land, provide me Shelt'ring rock and cooling spring;
 Thro' the val-ley, Saviour, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come,

Ev - er stay so close be-side me, I may know and feel Thee near.
 When the tempest rages, hide me Un-der-neath Thy folded wing.
 Then bid an - gel voic-es wake me, Sweetly singing, "Wel-come home."

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Saviour, walk with me, Take a-way all anx-ious fear;

Walk Beside Me.



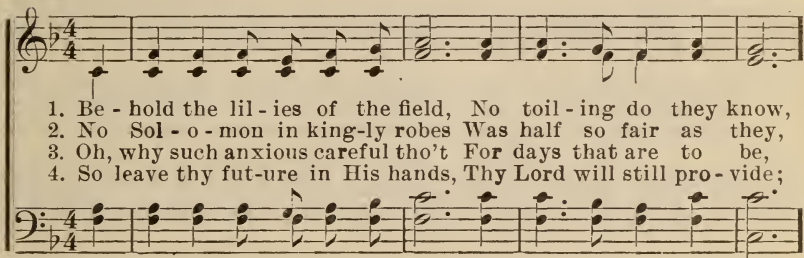
Ev - er stay so close be-side me, I may know and feel Thee near.

53

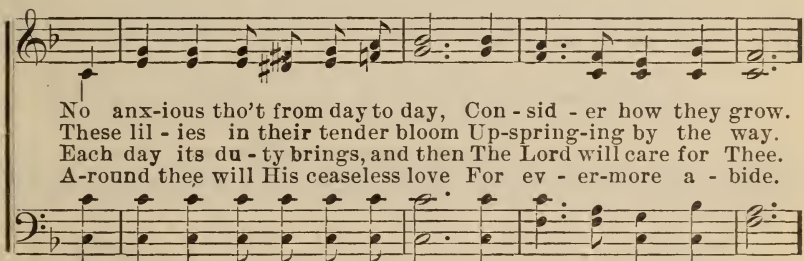
He Careth for the Lilies.

Mrs. A. L. DAVIDSON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

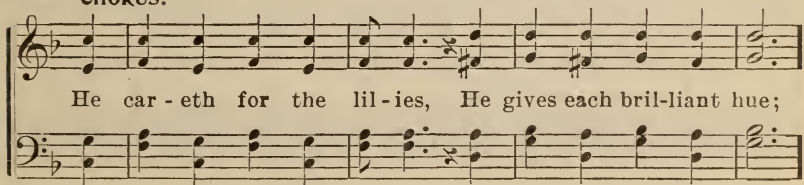


1. Be - hold the lil - ies of the field, No toil - ing do they know,
 2. No Sol - o - mon in king - ly robes Was half so fair as they,
 3. Oh, why such anxious careful tho't For days that are to be,
 4. So leave thy fu - ture in His hands, Thy Lord will still pro - vide;

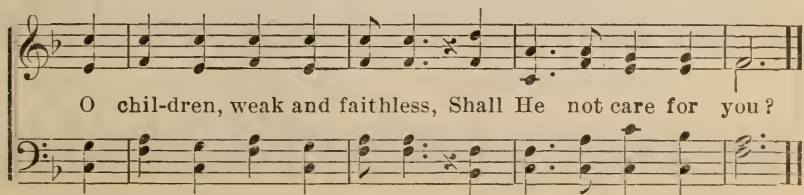


No anx - ious tho't from day to day, Con - sid - er how they grow.
 These lil - ies in their tender bloom Up - spring - ing by the way.
 Each day its du - ty brings, and then The Lord will care for Thee.
 A - round thee will His ceaseless love For ev - er - more a - bide.

CHORUS.



He car - eth for the lil - ies, He gives each bril - liant hue;

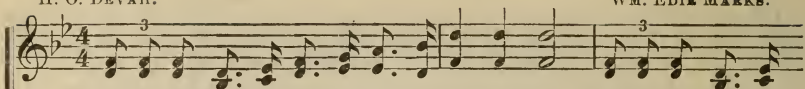


O chil - dren, weak and faithless, Shall He not care for you?

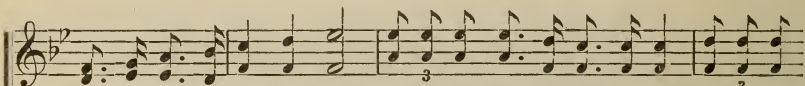
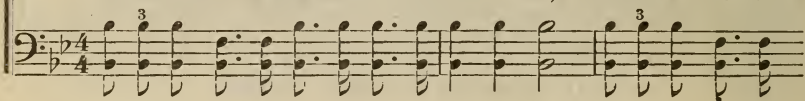
By permission.

H. O. DEVAH.

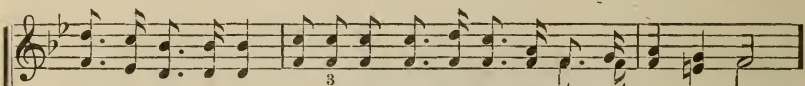
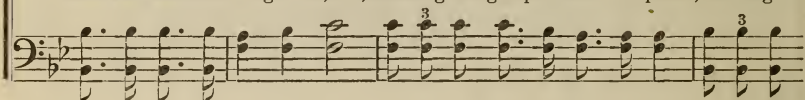
WM. EDIE MARKS.



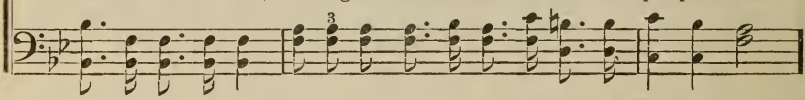
1. Je-sus has formed a bright and hap-py com-pa-ny, See, they are marching
 2. "As you would have the others do, so do to them," Precious the Mas-ter's
 3. Count me as one of those who love His will to do, Count me as one of



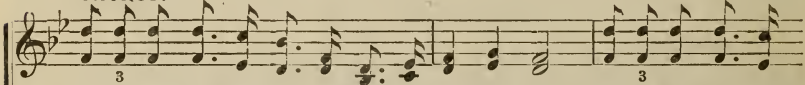
on-ward glad with Him to be, Striving to make the world more bright, Do-ing to
 say-ing shin-ing like a gem! Dai-ly I'll do my lit-tle part, Working for
 those who love their neighbors, too, Striving the gos-pel cheer to spread, Striving a-



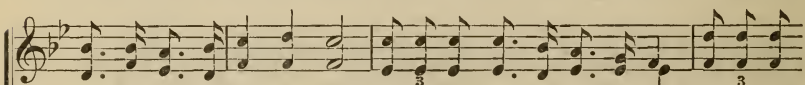
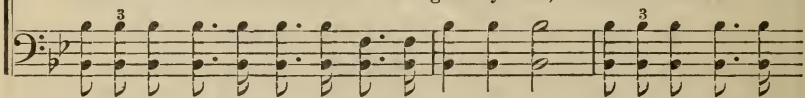
oth-ers what is right; One of His "Gold-en-Rul-ers" you may now count me!
 Him with will-ing heart, Helping to crown the world with love's bright di-a-dem.
 broad His love to shed, Striving to work for Him with heart and pur-pose true.



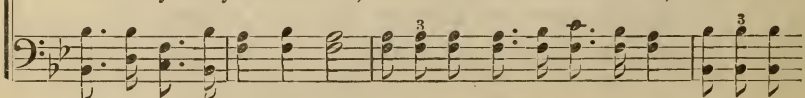
CHORUS.



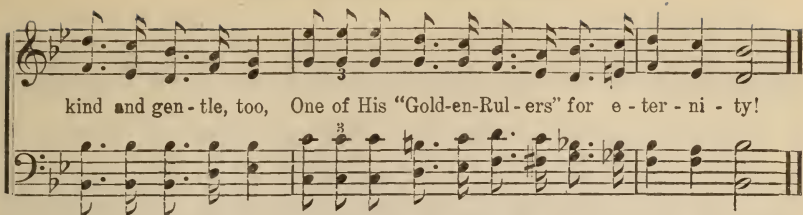
One of His "Gold-en-Rul-ers" I will glad-ly be, One of His "Gold-en-



Rul-ers" you may now count me, As I would have the oth-ers do, I will be



The Golden-Rulers.



kind and gen - tle, too, One of His "Gold-en-Rul - ers" for e - ter - ni - ty!

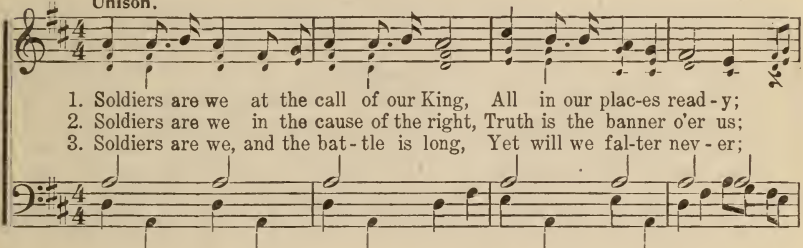
55

Soldiers Are We.

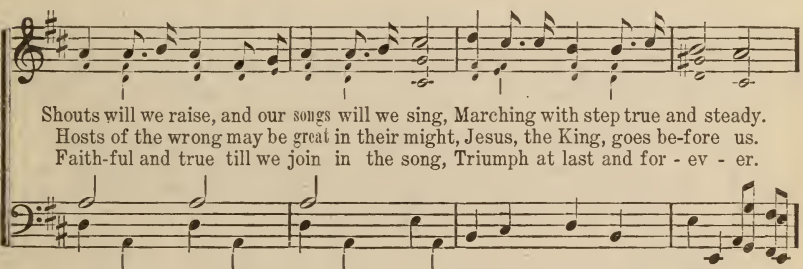
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Unison.

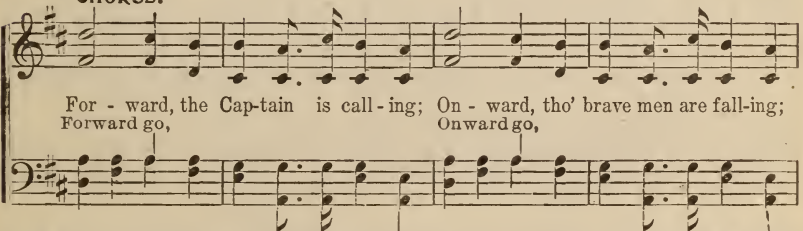


1. Soldiers are we at the call of our King, All in our plac-es read-y;
2. Soldiers are we in the cause of the right, Truth is the banner o'er us;
3. Soldiers are we, and the bat-tle is long, Yet will we fal-ter nev-er;

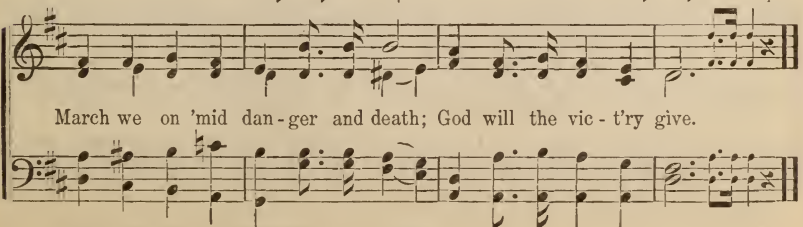


Shouts will we raise, and our songs will we sing, Marching with step true and steady.
Hosts of the wrong may be great in their might, Jesus, the King, goes be-fore us.
Faith-ful and true till we join in the song, Triumph at last and for - ev - er.

CHORUS.



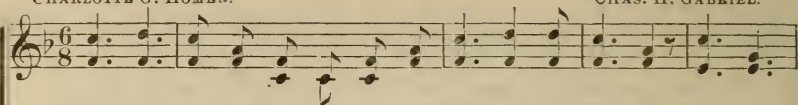
For - ward, the Cap-tain is call-ing; On - ward, tho' brave men are fall-ing;
Forward go, Onward go,



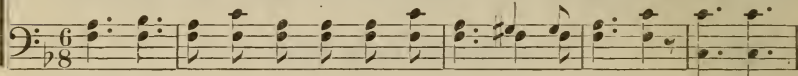
March we on 'mid dan-ger and death; God will the vic - t'ry give.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

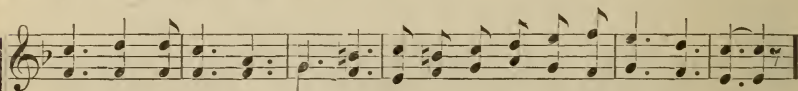
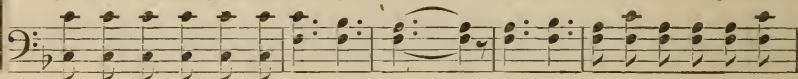
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



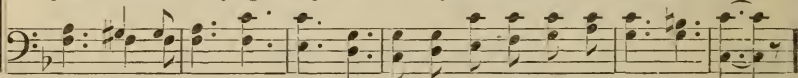
1. Loud ho - san - na we sing un - to Christ, our Re-deem - er! Ev - 'ry
2. Who can meas - ure the heights of His won - drous com - pas - sion, Or the
3. O Thou Shep - herd of Is - ra - el, Thee we will fol - low! Lead us,



morning but showeth a - new His worth! . . . Noon and evening more clearly re-
breath of His in - fin - ite, matchless love? . . . Who is a - ble to fathom the
guard us, and keep us from ev - 'ry snare, . . . Call us, when in - to dan - ger - ous

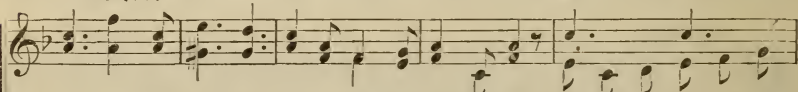


veal - ing His good - ness, For His glo - ry en - cir - cles and fills the earth!
depths of His mer - cy, Or the blessings He showers us from a - bove?
plac - es we're straying; Keep us in Thy be - nef - i - cent, watchful care.



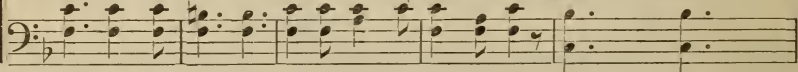
CHORUS.

We will

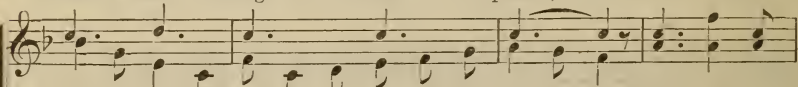


Joy - ful the cho - rus un - to Thee, our Shepherd King, Morning and evening our

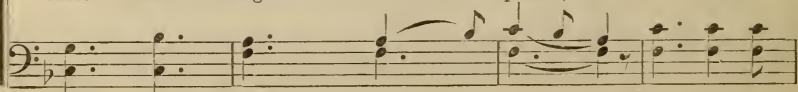
We will



raise in songs of praise;



voic - es raise A trib - ute of loy - al, un - end - ing praise; Earth with the
raise in songs of praise; . . .



Our Shepherd King.

beau - ty of Thy glorious name shall ring, For the won - ders of Thy ways.

57

Whiter than Snow.

M. E. DUNHAM.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Je - sus wash and cleanse, refine This poor sin - ful heart 'of mine;
2. Give me great - er love for Thee, More of will - ing - ness to be
3. Guide my feet each passing day, Safe - ly in the per - fect way,

Take all love of sin a - way, Teach me how to watch and pray.
Humble, teach - a - ble and mild, More the spir - it of a child.
'Till the welcome call is giv'n, Bid - ding me from earth to heav'n.

CHORUS.

To the cleansing fountain I'll go, Wash me, make me whiter than snow.

Rit.
Whiter than snow, whiter than snow, Wash me and make me whiter than snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the har-vest fields of life we are sow-ing, sow-ing; Let us
 2. As we la-bor for the Lord, we will ev-er, ev-er, Look to
 3. Seeds of kind-ness, truth and love we are sow-ing, sow-ing, Till the

scat-ter seeds of bless-ing, by the way; Then, in sun-shine or in rain,
 Him for grace, and tar-ry at His side; If we trust in Him a-lone,
 wil-der-ness shall blos-som as the rose; O what gold-en sheaves of joy

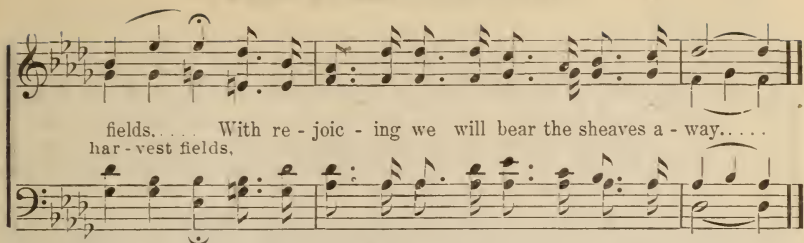
will be grow-ing, grow-ing, Grain to gar-ner for the Mas-ter's reap-ing day.
 He will nev-er, nev-er, Fail the souls that fol-low where His word shall guide.
 now are grow-ing, growing, For the day when He the har-vest crown be-stows!

CHORUS.

In the fields, . . . the har-vest fields, In the har-vest fields of life
 In the har-vest fields, in the har-vest fields,

We are sow-ing day by day; In the fields, . . . the har-vest
 In the har-vest fields, in the

In the Harvest Fields.



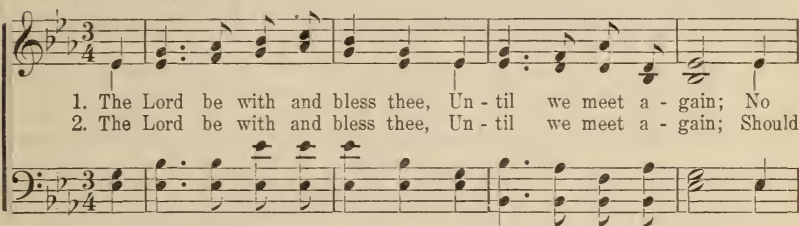
fields. . . . With re - joic - ing we will bear the sheaves a - way. . . .
har - vest fields,

59

Until We Meet Again.

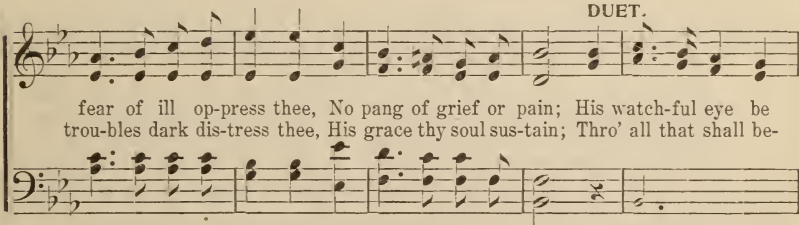
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

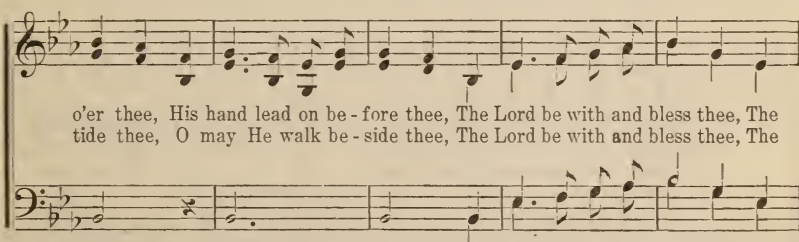


1. The Lord be with and bless thee, Un - til we meet a - gain; No
2. The Lord be with and bless thee, Un - til we meet a - gain; Should

DUET.

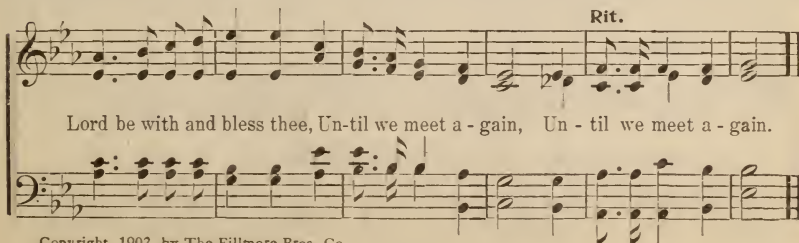


fear of ill op-press thee, No pang of grief or pain; His watch-ful eye be
trou-bles dark dis-tress thee, His grace thy soul sus-tain; Thro' all that shall be-

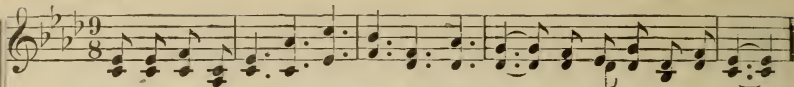


o'er thee, His hand lead on be - fore thee, The Lord be with and bless thee, The
tide thee, O may He walk be - side thee, The Lord be with and bless thee, The

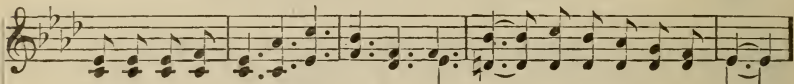
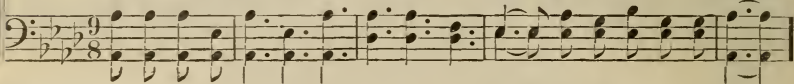
Rit.



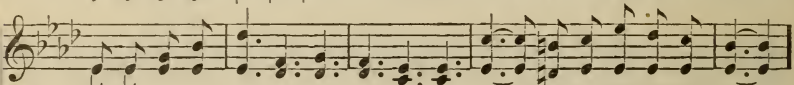
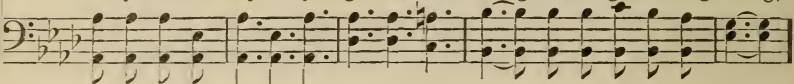
Lord be with and bless thee, Un - til we meet a - gain, Un - til we meet a - gain.



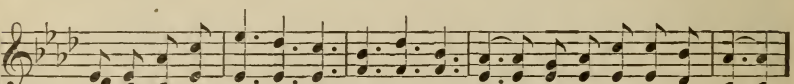
1. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The won - der - ful Sav - iour of men;
2. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The Shep - herd so true and so kind;
3. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The great - est and dear - est of Friends;
4. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The might - y and glo - ri - ous King;



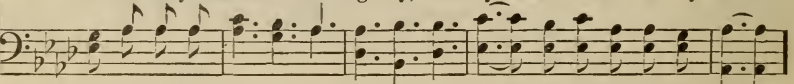
Tho' o - ver and o - ver you've told it, Yet tell it a - gain and a - gain;
 Who glad - ly re - signed all His glo - ry, The lost and the help - less to find;
 Who nev - er, no nev - er be - tray - eth The one who up - on Him de - pends;
 Who yon - der in maj - es - ty reign - eth, While an - gels their glad homage bring;



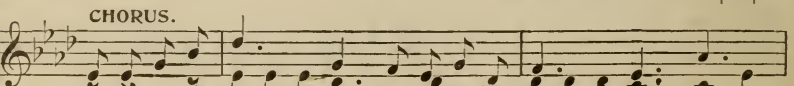
The world is so sad and so wea - ry, So bur - dened with sin - ning and care;
 O tell of the bright liv - ing pas - tures, Where gen - tly the still wa - ters glide;
 Tho' friendships of earth oft are severed, And but for a sea - son en - dure,
 O tell of the crowns He has prom - ised To those who will serve Him be - low,



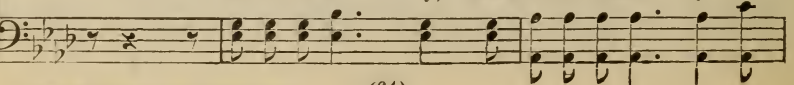
O tell of His ten - der com - pas - sion, Who came all earth's sorrows to bear.
 Where those who will fol - low His lead - ing, In safe - ty and peace may a - bide.
 His friend - ship is true and un - fail - ing, A - bid - ing, e - ter - nal and sure.
 And how they shall share in His glo - ry, While years of e - ter - ni - ty flow.



CHORUS.



O tell me the sto - ry, the beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Of
 Tell me the sto - ry, the won - der - ful sto - ry, Of



The Beautiful Story.

Je - sus, who came from a-bove; . . . O tell me the sto - ry, the
Je-sus, the Sav-iour, who came from a-bove, from a-bove; Tell me the sto-

Rall.
beau-ti-ful sto - ry, The won - der-ful sto-ry of love..
ry, the beau-ti-ful sto-ry, The won-der-ful sto - ry, the story of love.

61

My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL.

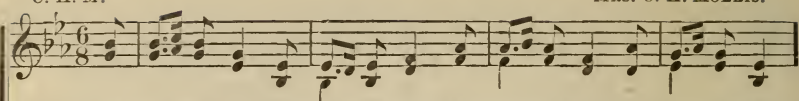
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skill'd to un-der-stand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take Him at His word in-deed: "Christ died for sin-ners," this I read;
3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sin-ful man to die,
4. And O! that He ful - fill'd may see The trav-ail of His soul in me,
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy - ing, let me bring My strength, my sol-ace from this spring,

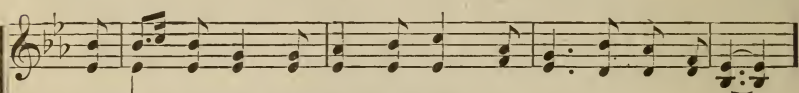
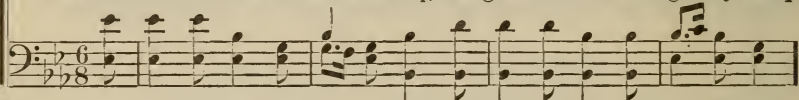
I on - ly know at His right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour!
For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav-iour!
You count it strange? so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!
And with His work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!
That He who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!

C. H. M.

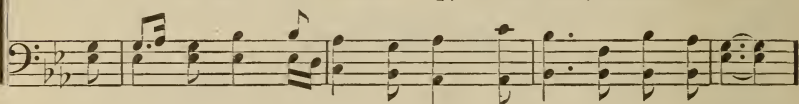
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



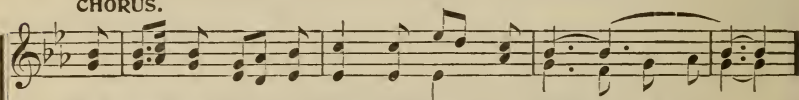
1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev'ry land beneath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. Where souls in sin and sadness droop, We go with Him and gladly stoop



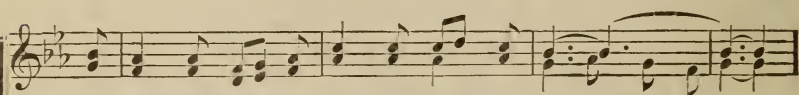
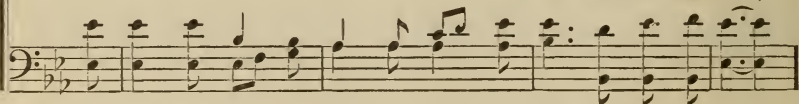
I from the brok-en law go free, Thro' love, wonderful love.
 Thro' Christ the "well be-lov-ed Son," This love, wonderful love.
 Turns sorrow's bit-ter in - to sweet, This love, wonderful love.
 To lift a fall - en broth-er up, Thro' love, wonderful love.



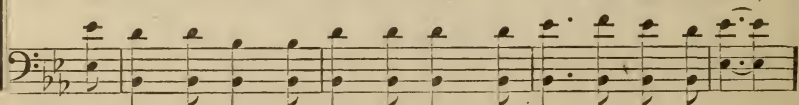
CHORUS.



The greatest thing in earth be-low, Is love,.....
 won-der - ful love,



The greatest thing the an-gels know, Is love,.....
 won-der - ful love,



The Greatest Thing is Love.

The greatest grace in God's own heart, Is love,.....
wonder-ful love,

In earth and sky, all things a-bove, Is love, won-der-ful love.

63

Spirit So Gentle.

MARY B. WINGATE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

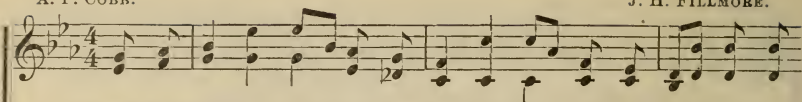
1. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so ten - der, Spir - it of
2. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so ho - ly, Spir - it of
3. Spir - it so gen - tle, Spir - it so low - ly, Spir - it of

pu - ri - ty, Spir - it of love, Fall on Thy wait - ing ones
ten - der - ness, Spir - it of grace, Fill us with thank - ful - ness
ho - li - ness, Spir - it of light, Show us the way of life,

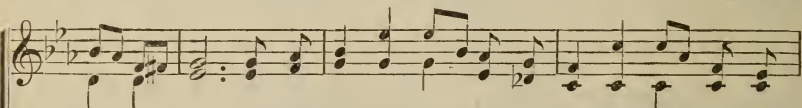
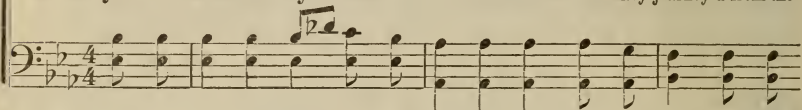
Now while we lin - ger, Fit us for service, the service of love.
Now for each fa - vor, O let the love of God rest on the place.
Down on us ev - er, Banish the darkness and give us the light.

A. P. COBB.

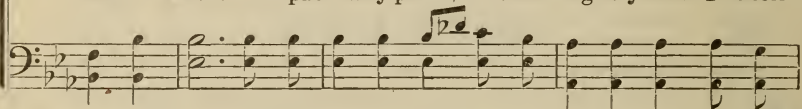
J. H. FILLMORE.



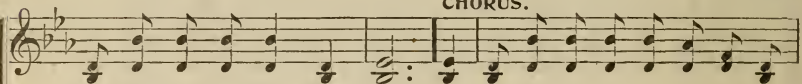
1. Do you know the song that the an - gels sang On that night in the
2. Do you know the song that the shepherds heard As they watch'd o'er their
3. Do you know the story that the wise men heard As they journey'd from the



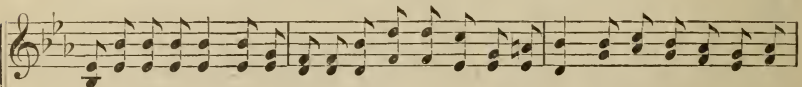
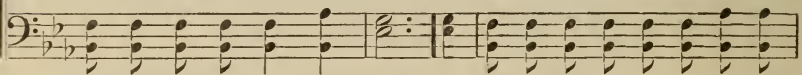
long a - go? When the heav'n's a-bove with their music rang, Till it
flocks by night? When the skies bent down, and their hearts were stirred By the
East a - far? O'er a path-way plain, for there nightly burned In their



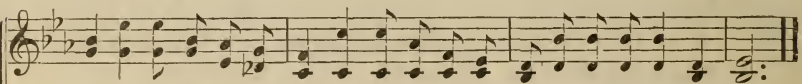
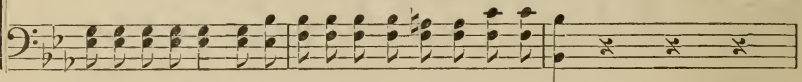
CHORUS.



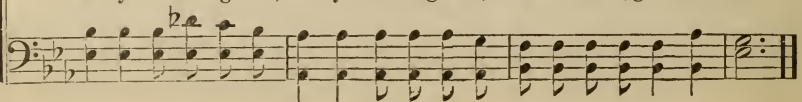
ech-oed in the earth be - low?
voi - ces of the an - gels bright? All glo-ry in the highest, Peace on
sight a glo-rious guid-ing star?



earth, good will to men, Glory in the highest, Peace, good will to men; Glory in the highest,



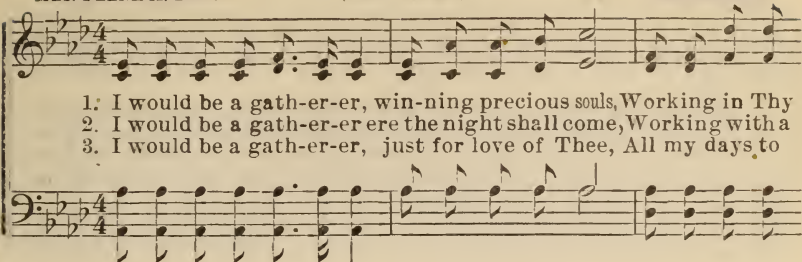
Glo-ry in the high-est, Glo-ry in the high-est, Peace on earth, good will to men.



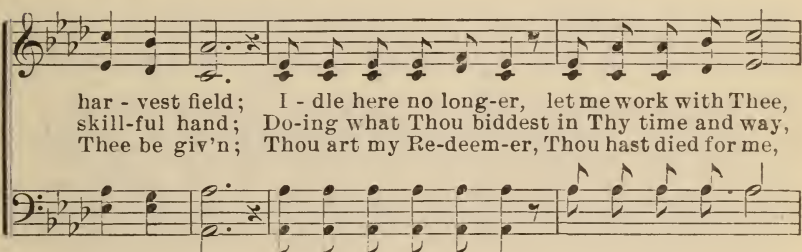
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

(Matt. 12: 30.)

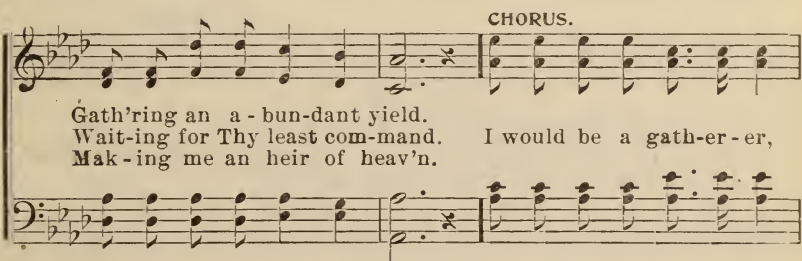
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I would be a gath-er-er, win-ning precious souls, Working in Thy
 2. I would be a gath-er-er ere the night shall come, Working with a
 3. I would be a gath-er-er, just for love of Thee, All my days to

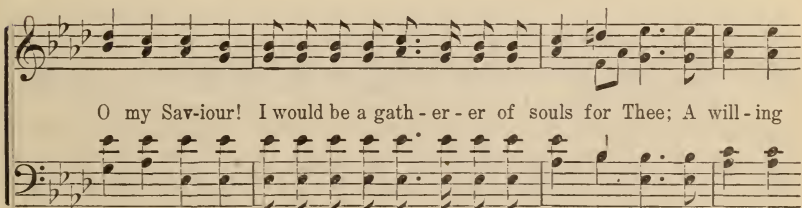


har - vest field; I - dle here no long-er, let me work with Thee,
 skill-ful hand; Do-ing what Thou biddest in Thy time and way,
 Thee be giv'n; Thou art my Re-deem-er, Thou hast died for me,

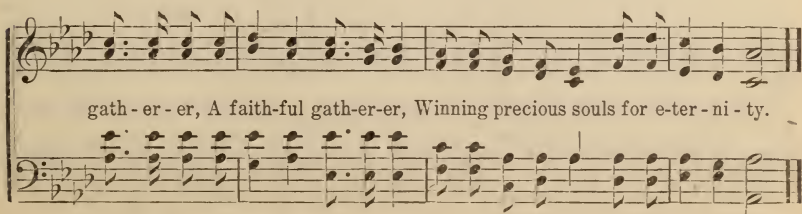


CHORUS.

Gath'ring an a - bun-dant yield.
 Wait-ing for Thy least com-mand. I would be a gath-er-er,
 Mak-ing me an heir of heav'n.



O my Sav-iour! I would be a gath-er-er of souls for Thee; A will-ing



gath-er-er, A faith-ful gath-er-er, Winning precious souls for e-ter-ni-ty.

Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a-bove, No gift so precious to
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a -
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir - it di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

Him as our love, Soft - ly He whis-pers wher-ev-er thou art,
 gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
 keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to im - part,

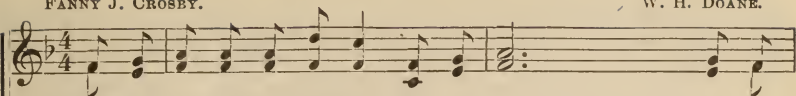
CHORUS.
 "Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart.
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
 Make full sur-ren-der and give me thy heart."

p
 Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark

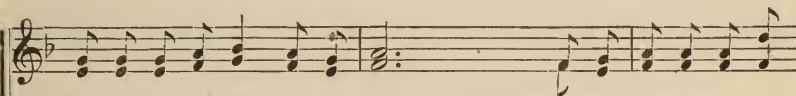
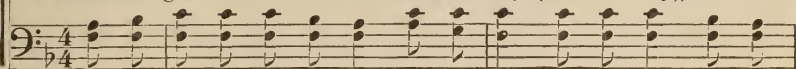
Rit.
 world He would draw thee a-part, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

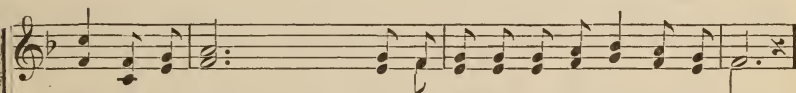
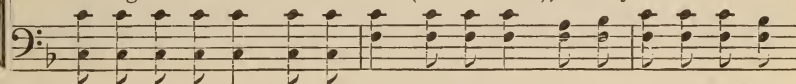
W. H. DOANE.



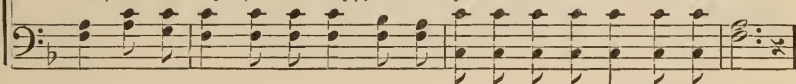
1. There's a gen-tle voice with-in calls a-way (calls a-way), 'Tis a
2. He has promised all my sins to for-give (to for-give), If I
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth (in my youth), And be
4. Still the gen-tle voice with-in calls a-way (calls a-way), And its



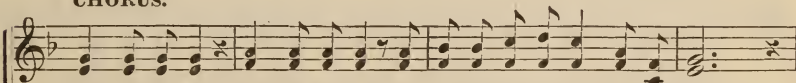
warning I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er); But my heart is melted
ask in sim-ple faith for his love (for his love); In his ho-ly word I
faith-ful to its cause till I die (till I die); If with cheerful step I
warning I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er); But my heart is melted



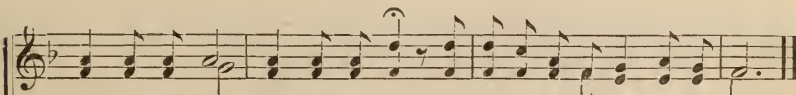
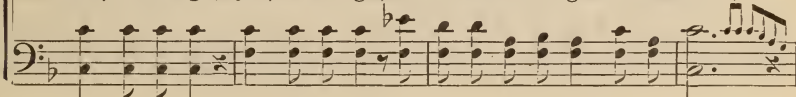
now, I o-bey (I o-bey); From my Saviour I will wander no more.
learn how to live (how to live), And to la-bor for his kingdom a-bove.
walk in the truth (in the truth), I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by.
now, I o-bey (I o-bey); From my Saviour I will wander no more.



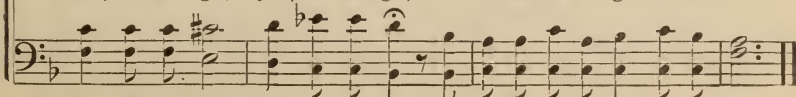
CHORUS.



Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;



Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.



Lovely River

P. H.

J. H. F.

Duet and Chorus.

1. Lovely, love-ly riv - er, On thy way so free, Murm'ring softly
 2. O that love-ly riv - er, With its crystal flood, Flow-ing free-ly
 3. To this love-ly riv - er We may gladly come, To its bow'rs of

ev - er Toward the boundless sea, Thou art sweetly telling In thy
 ev - er From the throne of God; On its pleasant borders Springs the
 blessing We may free-ly come; Of its leaves of healing We may

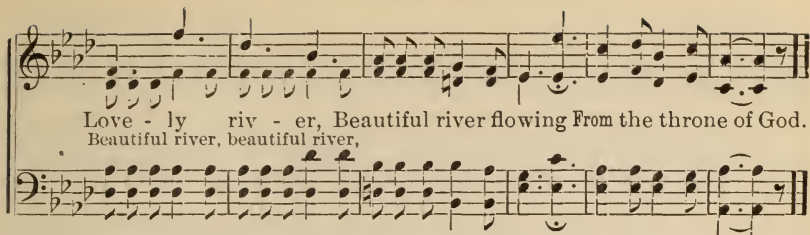
gen - tle song, Of the liv - ing wa-ters Flowing bright a - long.
 liv - ing green, There the tree immortal, With its fruits is seen.
 strength receive, Of its precious wa-ters We may drink and live.

CHORUS.

Love - ly riv - er, With its crystal flood, Bless - ings
 Beauti-ful river, lovely river, With its crystal flood, its flood, Blessings, abundant

ev - er, Bearing all a - broad, Love - ly riv - er,
 ev - er, ev - er, Bear-ing all abroad, abroad, Beauti - ful riv - er, beauti-ful riv - er.

Lovely River.



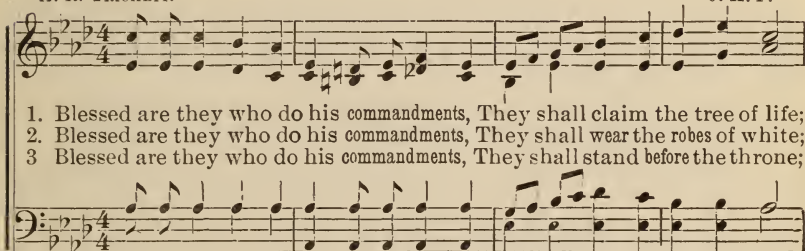
Love - ly riv - er, Beautiful river flowing From the throne of God.
Beautiful river, beautiful river,

69

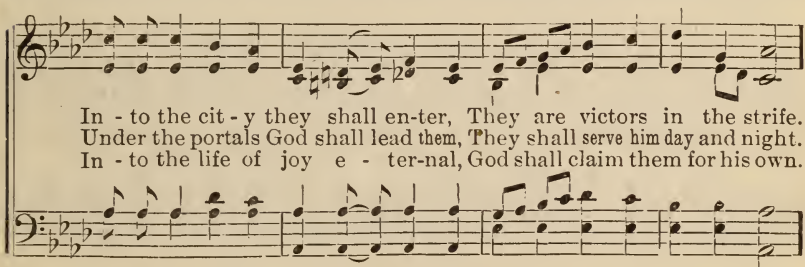
Blessed are They.

H. R. TRICKETT.

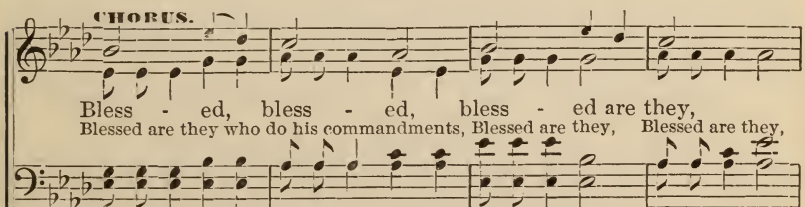
J. H. F.



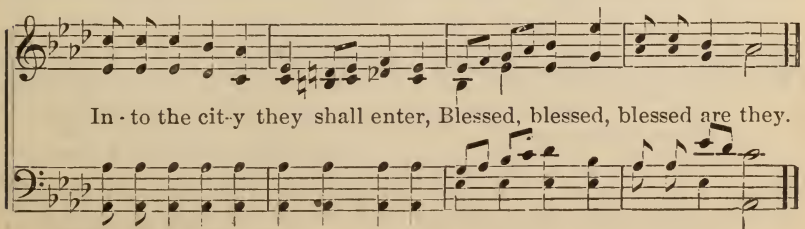
1. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall claim the tree of life;
2. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall wear the robes of white;
3. Blessed are they who do his commandments, They shall stand before the throne;



In - to the cit - y they shall en - ter, They are victors in the strife.
Under the portals God shall lead them, They shall serve him day and night.
In - to the life of joy e - ter - nal, God shall claim them for his own.



CHORUS.
Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they,
Blessed are they who do his commandments, Blessed are they, Blessed are they,



In - to the cit - y they shall enter, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

KATE ULMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In this world where sin is so ap-pall-ing, By the wayside souls are
 2. While the precious hours so swift are flying, While the souls of men in
 3. Hear the voice of Je-sus soft-ly say-ing: If ye love me, go, the
 4. Think what joy when on the golden landing, When beside our blessed

dai - ly fall-ing, To the help that you can give they're calling;
 sin are dy - ing, Do not say there is no use in try-ing;
 cost not weighing, True dis-ci-ples be, my word o - bey-ing;
 Lord we're standing, Safe at home with all the ransomed banding;

CHORUS.

Lend a hand, a helping hand. Lend a hand..... the wrongs to
 Lend a hand

right-en, Lend a hand..... the load to light-en; Lend a
 Lend a hand

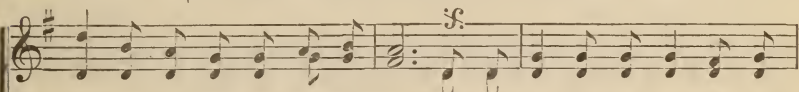
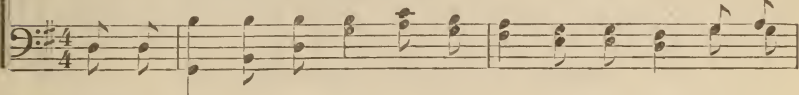
hand..... the world to brighten, Lend a hand, a helping hand.
 Lend a hand

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

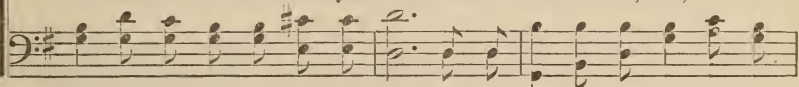
STANLEY GREENWOOD.



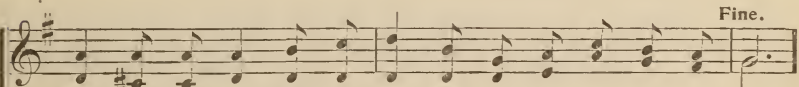
1. On this bright, hap-py day We will hast-en a-way To the
2. Here of Je-sus we read, He will guide, He will lead, May each
3. Here we're taught how to pray, How to walk in His way, And we



best place of all, the Sunday-school. And in al-ley or street We will
child learn to love the Sunday-school. You will find peace and joy, Oh, my
all learn to love the Sunday-school. Learn to love Jesus, too, As each

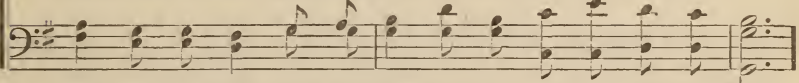


D. S.—We will stand for the right, As an



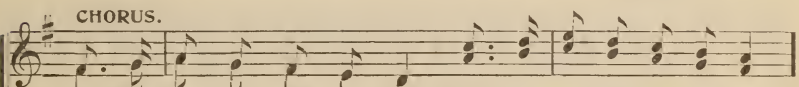
Fine.

ask all we meet, Will you come go with us to Sunday-school?
girl and my boy, If you come go with us to Sunday-school.
child ought to do, Will you come go with us to Sunday-school?

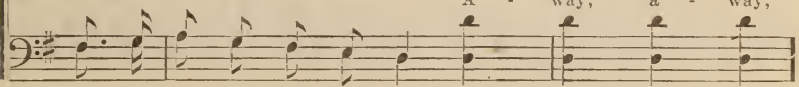


ar-my of might, That shall win boys and girls for Sunday-school.

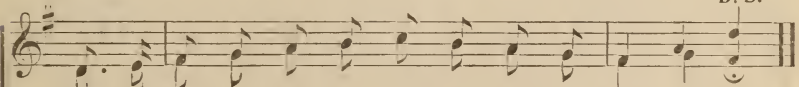
CHORUS.



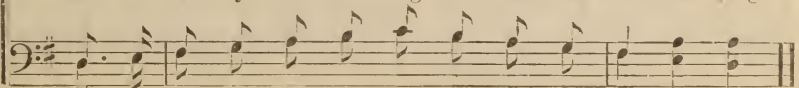
To the Sunday-school a-way, On this bright and happy day,
A-way, a-way,



D. S.

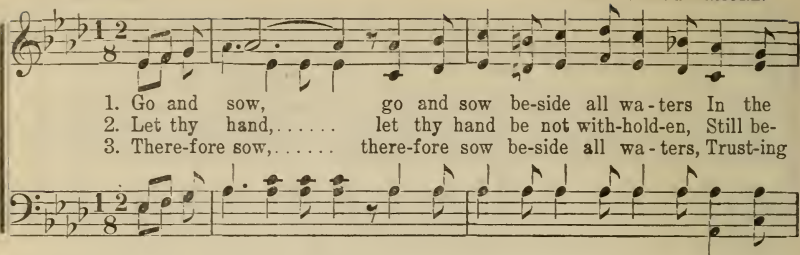


Here we stud-y and we sing Of Christ our Lord and King.

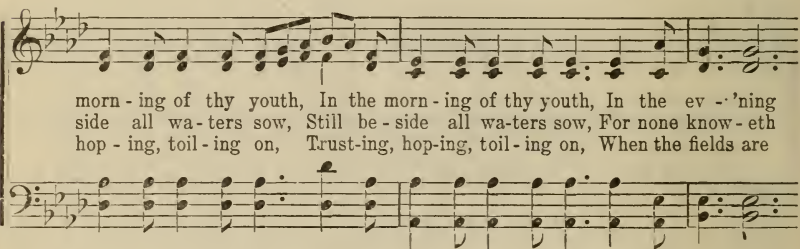


PHOEBE CAREY.

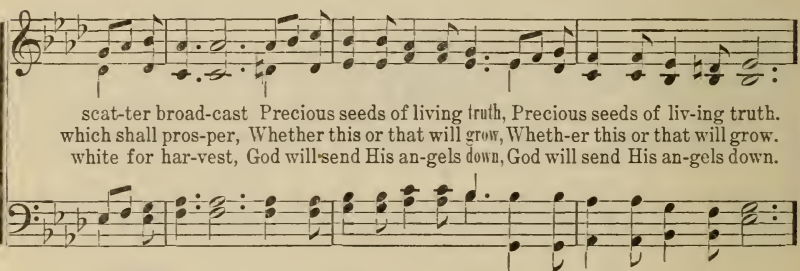
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Go and sow, go and sow be-side all wa-ters In the
 2. Let thy hand,..... let thy hand be not with-hold-en, Still be-
 3. There-fore sow,..... there-fore sow be-side all wa-ters, Trust-ing

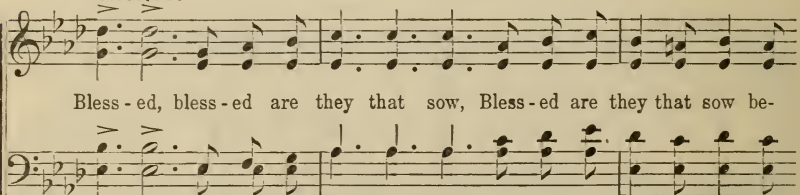


morn-ing of thy youth, In the morn-ing of thy youth, In the ev-'ning
 side all wa-ters sow, Still be-side all wa-ters sow, For none know-eth
 hop-ing, toil-ing on, Trust-ing, hop-ing, toil-ing on, When the fields are

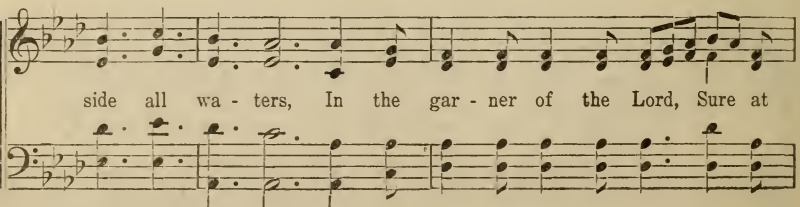


scat-ter broad-cast Precious seeds of living truth, Precious seeds of liv-ing truth.
 which shall pros-per, Whether this or that will grow, Wheth-er this or that will grow.
 white for har-vest, God will send His an-gels down, God will send His an-gels down.

CHORUS.



Bless-ed, bless-ed are they that sow, Bless-ed are they that sow be-



side all wa-ters, In the gar-ner of the Lord, Sure at

Beside All Waters.

last their great re-ward; Bless-ed are they that sow be-side all wa - ters.

73

For Me the Cross He Bore.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. For me the heav-y cross He bore, For me the cru-el thorn-crown wore;
 2. For me He bore the wound and sting, In Pi-late's hall, my Lord and King;
 3. He died for me, be this my song, Blood-bought, to Him I now be-long;

For me were pierced His hands, His side, For me the Prince of Glo-ry died.
 The mock - er - y, the scour-ing there, O love, dear love, how blest to share.
 For my trans-gres-sions He was slain, For me He rose, for me doth reign.

CHORUS.

For me, for me, O bless-ed thought, For me, for me, His blood hath bought
 me, O bless-ed thought, me, His blood hath bought,

From sin and death a ran-som free, O praise His name, He died for me.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Je - sus is mine for - ev - er, What can I ask be - side,
2. Je - sus is mine for - ev - er, Dear - er each day He grows;

On - ly the joy of walk - ing Close by His blessed side.
Hold - ing with Him com - mun - ion Sure - ly my cup o'er - flows.

Songs in the night He giv - eth, Won - der - ful peace di - vine,
Sometime in heav - en's glo - ry, Safe with the blood - washed throng,

O - ver my pathway, guiding me onward, Brightly His love doth shine.
Thro' endless a - ges joyful I'll praise Him, Singing redemption's song.

CHORUS. Unison.

Je - sus is mine for - ev - er, Joy - ful my heart doth sing,

Jesus is Mine Forever.

Prais-ing the love that saved me, Serv-ing my Lord and King.

Je - sus is mine for - ev - er, Liv - ing for Him is sweet, Re-

Harmony.

deemed thro' His Name, all His grace I'll proclaim, Bow rejoicing before His feet.

75

He Knows It All.

Anon.

STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. He knows the bitter, weary way, The endless striving day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows, O tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows it all, He knows it all.
The wounds the world has never seen, He knows it all, He knows it all.
We still can bear it, feel-ing this: He knows it all, He knows it all.

GEORGE O WEBSTER

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Praise God for His word, from its pa - ges di - vine Came the
 2. Praise God for His word, for the heav - en - ly light It is
 3. Praise God for His word, not a prom - ise shall fail, What-so-

light of His love to this poor heart of mine; I had
 send - ing a - far in - to sin's dark-some night; For the
 e'er may op - pose, still its truth will pre - vail; 'Tis the

wan - dered a - far in the by - ways of sin, When the light of His
 hope which it gives, where be - fore was de - spair, For the heav - en re -
 word of our God, and for - e'er must en - dure, Earth and heav - en may

CHORUS.

truth to my heart en - tered in.
 vealed, and the way lead - ing there. Praise God for His grace which its
 pass, but it stand - eth se - cure.

pa - ges un - fold, For the sto - ry of love which will

The Book of the Ages.

nev - er grow old; For the light on life's path-way which streams from its

pa-ges, Praise God for His word, bless-ed Book of the A - ges.

This musical score is for a two-part setting of a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line to the second line.

77

Let the Joybells Ring.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Let the joy-bells ring, Let the children sing, When the Sunday comes so bright;
2. Let the pray'r be said, Let the Word be read In the gen - tle tones of love;
3. Let the words of truth In the heart of youth, Like the seed of spring-time fall;

Let them trip a - long In a glad-some throng To the place of dear de-light.
Let the heart as - cend To our heav'n-ly Friend, To our Fa - ther, God a - bove.
Let the bless - ed rule Of the Sun-day-school Be the light and guide of all.

This musical score is for a two-part setting of a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line to the second line.

REFRAIN.

Repeat pp

Let the joy - bells ring, - Let the joy - bells ring.
Let the joy-bells ring, While here we sing, Let the joy - bells sweetly ring.

This musical score is for the refrain of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line to the second line.

Solo or Duet, for Soprano and Alto, or for Alto and Tenor.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When thy bur-den is too great to bear, When thy heart is o-ver-
 2. When temptation leads your feet astray, When your soul is full of
 3. When you pass beneath the chast'ning rod; When loved forms you lay be-

borne with care; When thy fut-ure frowns in dark de-spair, Oh,
 dread dis-may; When you do not e-ven dare to pray, Oh,
 neath the sod; When you seem for-sak-en by your God, Oh,

CHORUS.

list-en to the Sav-iour say: Ye who la-bor, heav-y
 Come, (oh,) come

la-den come, Lay your weary head up-on my breast; Take my
 learn of me, Come, come, learn of me; Come, (oh,)

yoke up-on you, learn of me, Come, and I will give you rest.
 come, learn of me, sweet rest.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
 2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
 3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du - ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod;
 4. And when I see the mo - ment near - ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With - in my clos - et door re - treat - ing, I love to be a - lone with God.
 God's perfect will there lies be - fore me, When I am thus a - lone with God.
 I see the King in all His beau - ty, While resting there a - lone with God.
 When time with me is dis - ap - pear - ing, I want to be a - lone with God.

CHORUS.

A - lone with God, the world for - bid - den, A - lone with
 A - lone with God,

God, O blest re - treat! A - lone with God, and
 Alone with God, Alone with God,

in Him hid - den, To hold with Him, com - mun - ion sweet.
 To hold with Him

W. A. OGDEN.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way-side, Scat-ter-ing
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter-ing
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubt-ing nev-er, Scat-ter-ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, free-ly sow - ing; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed,
 pre-cious seed, trust-ing ev - er; Sowing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way.
 trust-ing, know-ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en-deav - or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the
 Sow - ing in the ev - 'ning, (Omit.....
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

noon - tide; Sow-ing the precious seed by the way.....
 Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed, To the foun-tain of
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of

path that the Mas-ter has trod; With the balm 'of His coun-sel our
 Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our
 dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-

strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
 glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 alt-ed shall be, In the loud swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"

REFRAIN.

Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on,
 Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on,

Let us hope, let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.
 and trust, and pray,

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Scatter your man-y blessings to the ones you hold so dear, There may
 2. Scatter your man-y blessings to the need-y all a-round, Bur-dens
 3. Scatter your man-y blessings, how it light-ens up the heart, How in

be a sorrow that the heart alone may know; Scatter your many blessings,
 it will lighten that the suff'ring poor must bear; Scatter your many blessings
 o - ver-flow-ing tide the joy of God comes in; Scatter your many blessings,

for a friend is need-ing cheer, Price-less is the love that you may show.
 where the woes of life a-bound, O the joys that you will waken there.
 with the an-gels have a part, Making glad this desert world of sin.

CHORUS.

Scatter your bless - ings round, Scatter your bless - ings round;
 O scatter your blessings round, Scatter your blessings round;

Share with an-oth-er, cheer a broth-er, Kind-ly, gen - tly let them fall;
 Share, and cheer a broth-er,

Scatter Your Blessings.

Scatter your bless - ings round, Scatter your bless - ings round;
 O scatter your blessings round, Scatter your blessings round;

Beau-ti-ful blessings from the Fa-ther give to all.....
 Bless-ings from the Fa-ther give to all, give to all.

83

Thou Art My Shepherd.

M. E. THALHEIMER.

J. CRAMER.

1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car-ing for all my need, Thy lit-tle
 2. If Thou wilt guide me, Glad-ly I'll go with Thee; No harm can

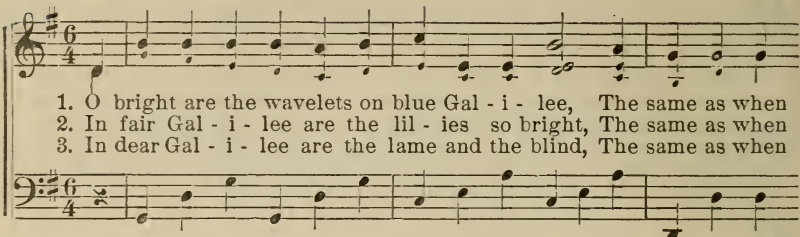
lamb to feed, Trusting Thee still. In the green pastures low,
 come to me, Hold-ing Thy hand. And soon my wea-ry feet,

Where living waters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
 Safe in the golden street, Where all who love Thee meet, Redeemed shall stand.

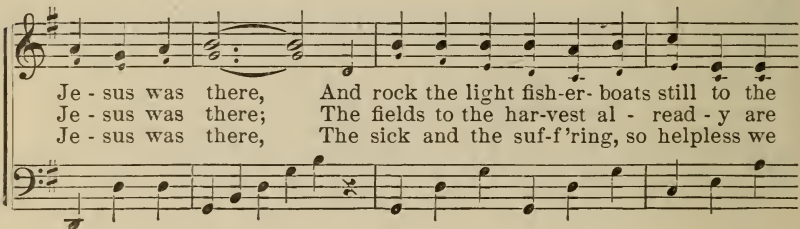
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Duet, or Solo, or Unison.

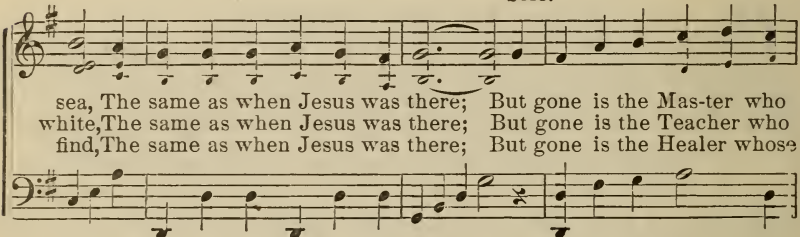


1. O bright are the wavelets on blue Gal - i - lee, The same as when
 2. In fair Gal - i - lee are the lil - ies so bright, The same as when
 3. In dear Gal - i - lee are the lame and the blind, The same as when



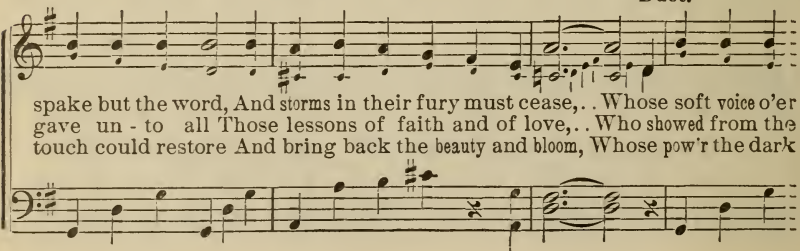
Je - sus was there, And rock the light fish - er - boats still to the
 Je - sus was there; The fields to the har - vest al - read - y are
 Je - sus was there, The sick and the suf - f'ring, so helpless we

Solo.

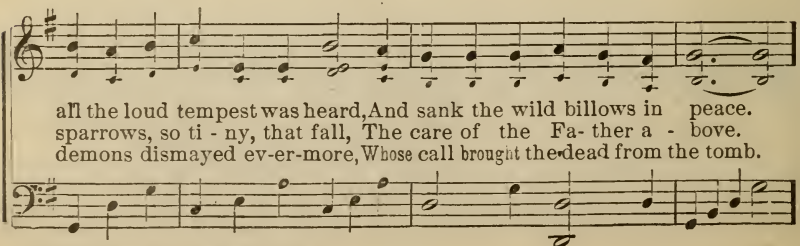


sea, The same as when Jesus was there; But gone is the Mas - ter who
 white, The same as when Jesus was there; But gone is the Teacher who
 find, The same as when Jesus was there; But gone is the Healer whose

Duet.



spake but the word, And storms in their fury must cease, . . . Whose soft voice o'er
 gave un - to all Those lessons of faith and of love, . . . Who showed from the
 touch could restore And bring back the beauty and bloom, Whose pow'r the dark



all the loud tempest was heard, And sank the wild billows in peace.
 sparrows, so ti - ny, that fall, The care of the Fa - ther a - bove.
 demons dismayed ev - er - more, Whose call brought the dead from the tomb.

When Jesus Was There.

CHORUS.

The chil-dren he took and gen-tly ca-ressed, When with us he
dwelt here be - low:..... The chil-dren so hap - py, the
chil - dren so blest Who lived in the dear long a - go....

85

Saviour, Teach Me.

JANE E. LEESON.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in thy grace;
4. Love in lov-ing finds em-ploy—In o - be - dience all her joy;
Sweet-er les - son can not be—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low thee—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from thee— Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that joy will be— Lov-ing him who first loved me.

1. I know that my Redeem-er liv - eth, And on the earth
 2. I know his promise nev-er fail - eth, The word he speaks,
 3. I know my mansion he pre-par - eth, That where he is

again shall stand; I know e - ternal life he giveth, That grace and
 it can not die; Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall
 there I may be; O wondrous tho't, for me he careth, And he at

CHORUS.

power . . are in his hand. { I know, I know . .
 see . . him ly and by. { And on the earth . .
 last . . will come for me.

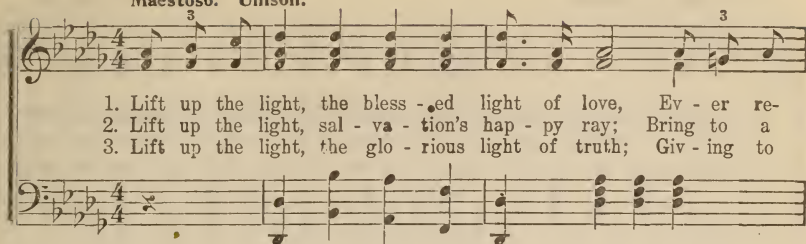
that Je-sus liv-eth, }
 a-gain shall (omit) } stand; I know, I know . . that life he

giv-eth, That grace and power . . . are in his hand.
 are in his hand.

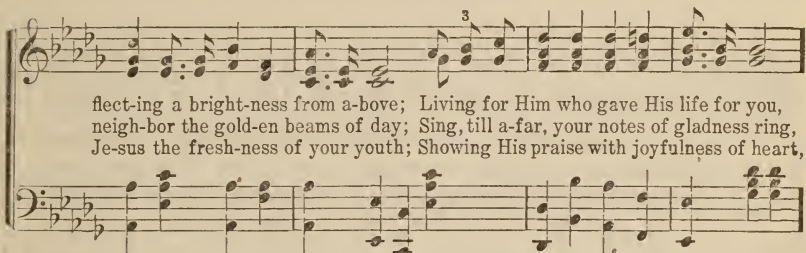
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Maestoso. Unison.

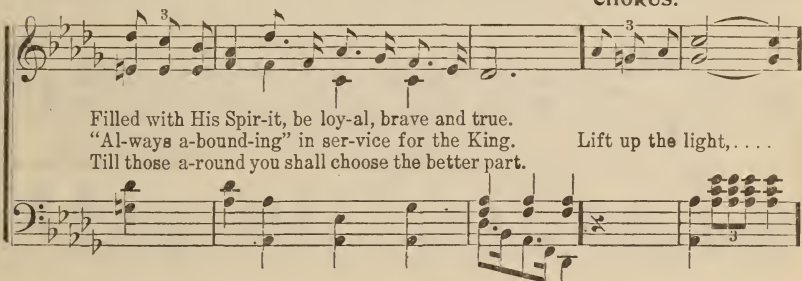


1. Lift up the light, the bless-ed light of love, Ev-er re-
 2. Lift up the light, sal-va-tion's hap-py ray; Bring to a
 3. Lift up the light, the glo-rious light of truth; Giv-ing to

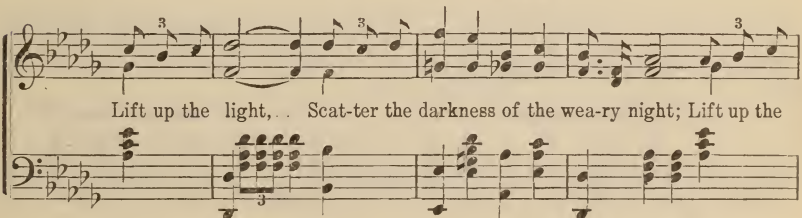


flect-ing a bright-ness from a-bove; Living for Him who gave His life for you,
 neigh-bor the gold-en beams of day; Sing, till a-far, your notes of gladness ring,
 Je-sus the fresh-ness of your youth; Showing His praise with joyfulness of heart,

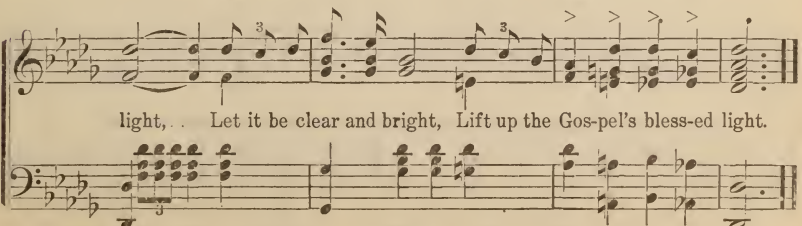
CHORUS.



Filled with His Spir-it, be loy-al, brave and true.
 "Al-ways a-bound-ing" in ser-vice for the King. Lift up the light, . . .
 Till those a-round you shall choose the better part.



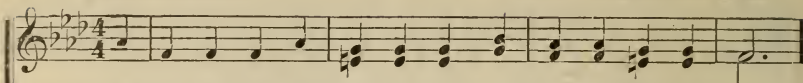
Lift up the light, . . . Scat-ter the darkness of the wea-ry night; Lift up the



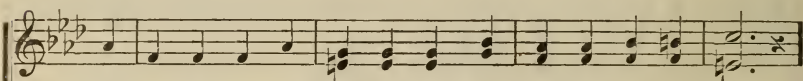
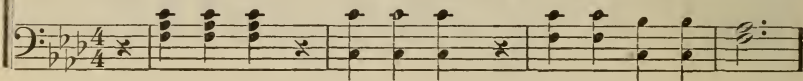
light, . . . Let it be clear and bright, Lift up the Gos-pel's bless-ed light.

C. M. F.
SOLO or UNISON.

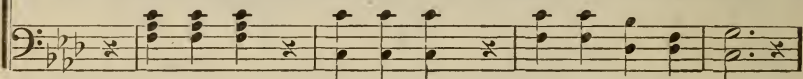
CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



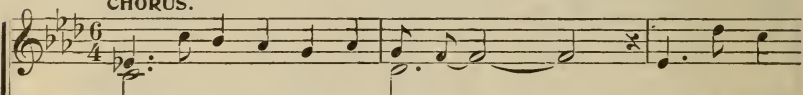
1. This world has many burdened souls, Bowed down with loads of care,
2. This world has many gloom - y days, When clouds obscure the sun,
3. This world has many a bit - ter grief, In troubled heart and breast;



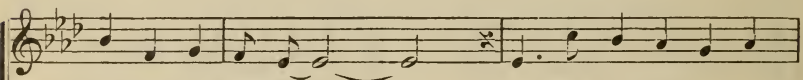
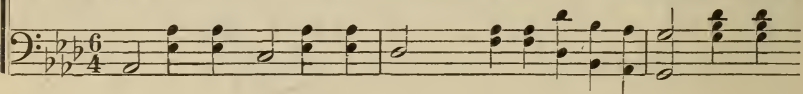
And sighs and groans and tears and moans, We meet with ev'-ry-where.
 And thundrous fears and rain of tears, From morn till day is done.
 The mourners go, downcast and slow, In search of peace and rest.



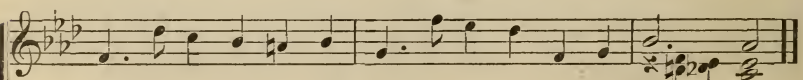
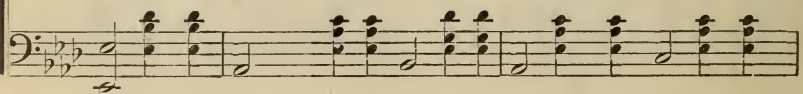
CHORUS.



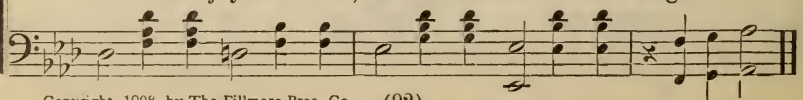
Make the world better and brighter,..... Make some poor,



heav - y heart lighter,..... Ban - ish its grief and fear,



Give it new joy and cheer, Make the world bet - ter and bright - er.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ring-ing, mis-sion - a - ry bells, Peal-ing out the
 2. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ring-ing, let the children's hands Pull the cords of
 3. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ring-ing, ev - 'ry one may share In the lov - ing

news of Je - sus' love; While our gifts we bring to Je - sus, hap - py mu - sic swells,
 love and faith and praise, 'Till the children now in darkness, hear of God's commands,
 serv - ice of our King; Bring an off-ring, will-ing off-ring, wrap it up in pray'r;

CHORUS.

Tell - ing of our bless-ed Friend a - bove.
 Learn to fol - low in the Saviour's ways. Bells! bells! mis-sion - a - ry bells,
 Help the mis - sion - a - ry bells to ring.

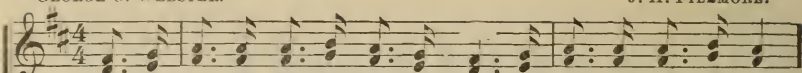
Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, each a sto - ry tells; Sounding loud and free

o - ver land and sea, Keep them ringing, keep them ringing, Mis-sion-a - ry bells.

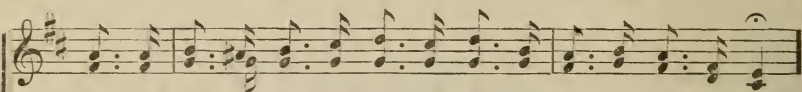
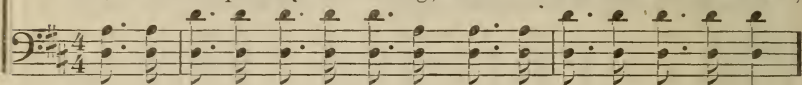
90 The Victory May Depend on You.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

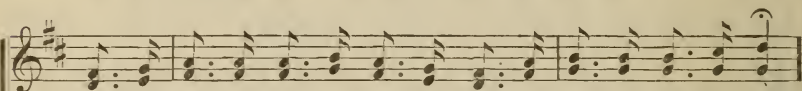
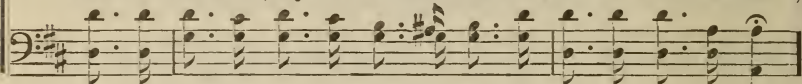
J. H. FILLMORE.



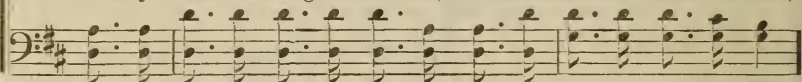
1. Thro' the land a call is sounding, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e - vil Spreading death thro'out the land;
3. Lo, a tri-umph day is coming, When our arms shall be laid down;



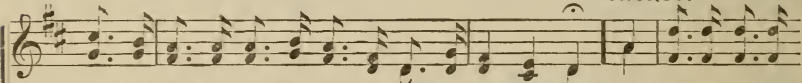
'Tis a sum-mons to the conflict, In the cause of right and truth;
Who is there will an-swer quickly, And the hosts of sin withstand!
Then each faithful, loy-al sol-dier Shall receive a victor's crown;



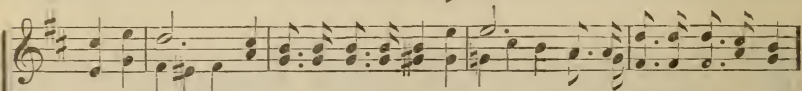
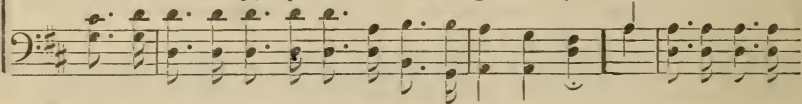
To the standard of our Captain, Lo, there comes a faithful few;
Do not fear to join our standard, For our ranks are tried and true,
Would you stand among the victors, With the band of faith-ful few;



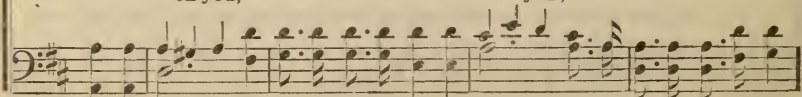
CHORUS.



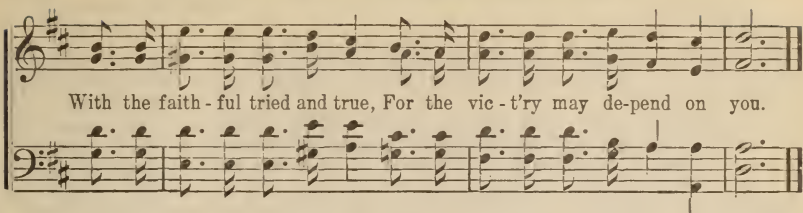
But the vic-to-ry, my brother, May depend on you.
And the vic-to-ry, my brother, May depend on you. The vic-try may de-
Then the vic-to-ry, my brother, Must depend on you.



pend on you, The vic'try may depend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
on you, on you;



The Victory May Depend on You.

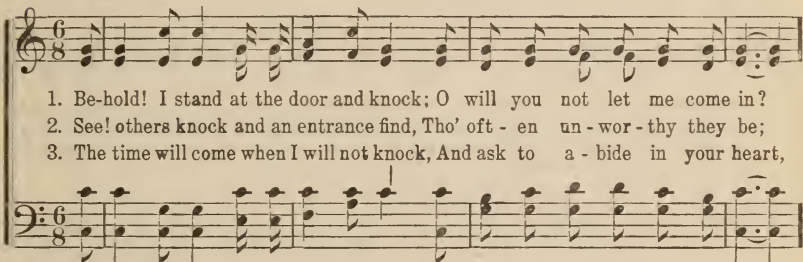


With the faith - ful tried and true, For the vic - t'ry may de - pend on you.

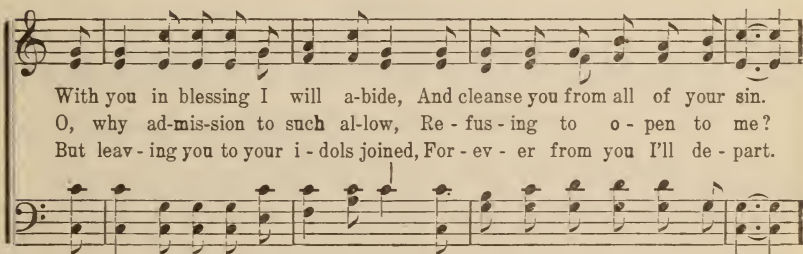
91 Behold! I Stand and Knock.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

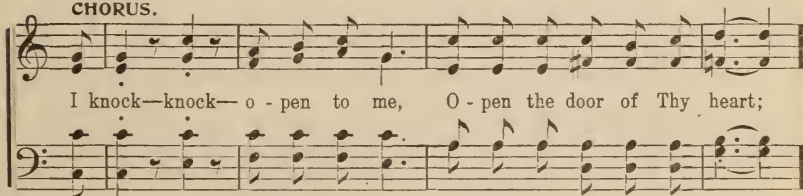


1. Be-hold! I stand at the door and knock; O will you not let me come in?
 2. See! others knock and an entrance find, Tho' oft - en un - wor - thy they be;
 3. The time will come when I will not knock, And ask to a - bide in your heart,

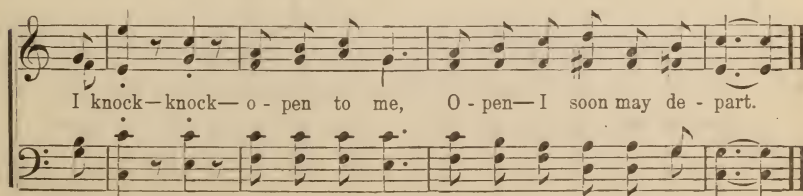


With you in blessing I will a-bide, And cleanse you from all of your sin.
 O, why ad-mis-sion to such al-low, Re - fus - ing to o - pen to me?
 But leav - ing you to your i - dols joined, For - ev - er from you I'll de - part.

CHORUS.



I knock—knock—o - pen to me, O - pen the door of Thy heart;



I knock—knock—o - pen to me, O - pen—I soon may de - part.

1. Ring it out, sing it out, all the world a-round, Je-sus came to
 2. Tell His pow'r, mighty pow'r, un-to those astray; Je-sus came to
 3. Ring it out, sing it out, with a shin-ing face, Je-sus came to

seek and save;.... March along, brave and strong, shout the joyful sound,
 seek and save;.... Tell His love, wondrous love, wooing them to-day,
 seek and save;.... Rich and poor, high and low, welcome to His grace,
 Je-sus came to save.

CHORUS.

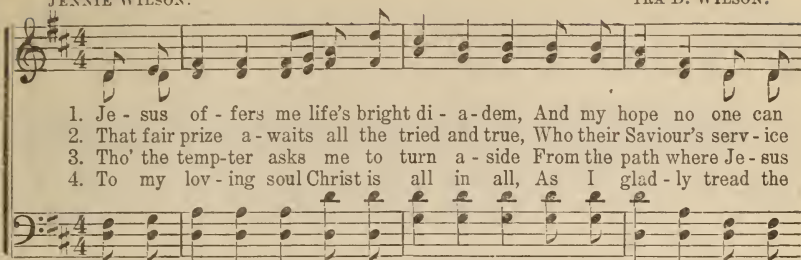
Je-sus came to seek and save. Ring it, bells of gladness, sweetly, sweetly ring:

Sing it, hap-py voic-es, ev-er, ev-er sing; Ring it out,

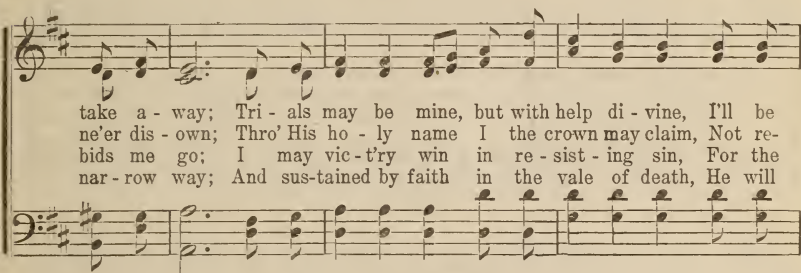
sing it out, with a joy-ful shout, Je-sus came to seek and save.

JENNIE WILSON.

IRA B. WILSON.

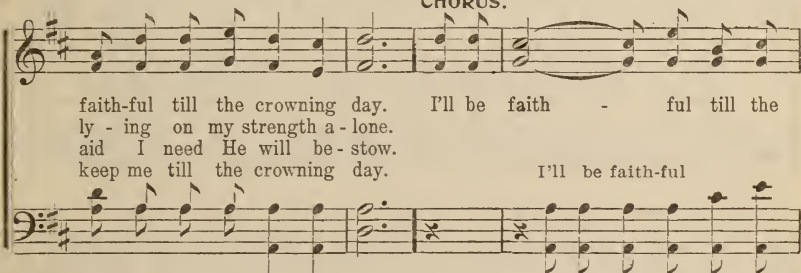


1. Je - sus of - fers me life's bright di - a - dem, And my hope no one can
 2. That fair prize a - waits all the tried and true, Who their Saviour's serv - ice
 3. Tho' the temp - ter asks me to turn a - side From the path where Je - sus
 4. To my lov - ing soul Christ is all in all, As I glad - ly tread the

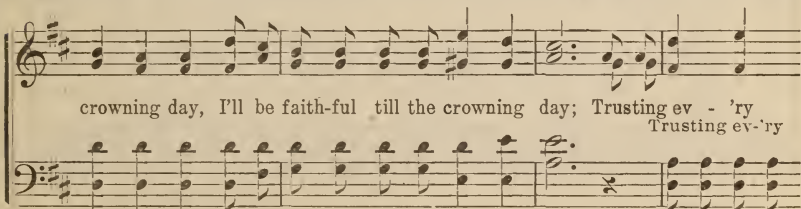


take a - way; Tri - als may be mine, but with help di - vine, I'll be
 ne'er dis - own; Thro' His ho - ly name I the crown may claim, Not re -
 bids me go; I may vic - t'ry win in re - sist - ing sin, For the
 nar - row way; And sus - tained by faith in the vale of death, He will

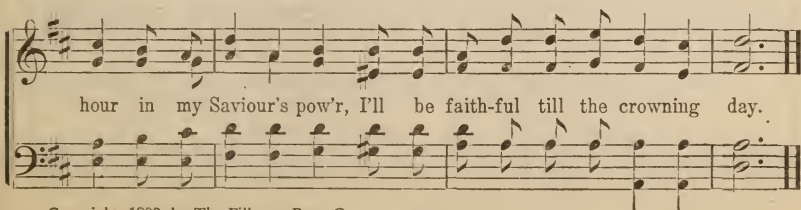
CHORUS.



faith - ful till the crowning day. I'll be faith - ful till the
 ly - ing on my strength a - lone.
 aid I need He will be - stow.
 keep me till the crowning day. I'll be faith - ful



crowning day, I'll be faith - ful till the crowning day; Trusting ev - 'ry
 Trusting ev - 'ry



hour in my Saviour's pow'r, I'll be faith - ful till the crowning day.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark, 'tis the Mas-ter! He's calling you to-day, Follow where His voice is guid-ing:
 2. New fields of bless-ing will o-pen to your view, Follow where His voice is guid-ing:
 3. What tho' temptations may beckon you a-side? Follow where His voice is guid-ing:

Look for His foot-prints along the heav'nward way, Follow where His voice is guid-ing.
 Seek-ing His spir-it, your dai-ly strength renew, Follow where His voice is guid-ing.
 Un-der His ban-ner, in loy-al-ty a-bide, Follow where His voice is guid-ing.

He, . . . who lives for ev - er - more, Trod . . . this earthly path be - fore,
 Press - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - er will His serv-ice be,
 Though the way seem hard and long, Faith . . . will sing her cheer-y song;

Knows its dan-gers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
 Rich - er His re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
 Soon we'll lay the bur-dens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

CHORUS.

Follow, fol - low, where His voice is guiding, Follow, fol - low where His voice is
 Fol - low where His voice is guid-ing, Fol - low where His voice is

Where His Voice is Guiding.

guiding, Fol - low where His voice is guiding, Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low on.
Follow where His

95

Marching On.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright; We will work for God and
2. In the Sun-day-school our ar-my we pre-pare, As we ral-ly round our
3. We are marching on and pressing t'ward the prize, To a glo-rious crown be-

D. C. We are marching onward, singing as we go, To the promised land where

bat-tle for the right; We will praise His name, re-joic-ing in His might; And we'll
bless-ed standard there, And the Saviour's cross we ear-ly learn to bear, While we
yond the glowing skies; To the ra-diant fields where pleasure nev-er dies, And we'll

liv-ing waters flow; Come and join the ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and

Fine. REFRAIN.

work till Je-sus calls. Then a-wake, then a-wake, Happy song, hap-py
Then a-wake, then a-wake, Happy song.

work till Je-sus calls.

song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march a-long.
happy song. Shout for joy, shout for joy,

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a whole note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The next measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The fifth measure consists of a quarter note G4, a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4. The sixth measure has a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The seventh measure is a whole note A3. The eighth measure contains a whole note G3. The final measure of the system is a whole note F#3.

1. There is a sun - ny side to ev - 'ry path be-low, Where the birds are
2. Meet ev - 'ry con - flict with a cour-age brave and strong; Truth and right shall
3. There is a shad - y side where ceaseless sins a-bound; Rev - el - ry and
4. Clouds keep the sil-ver lin - ing tow'ard the glowing sun; Gild your dark-est

[illegible]

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of several eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line.

sing-ing and the sweet-est blossoms blow; In peace and pleasure may the
con-quer, tho' the fight be fierce and long; While in the bat-tle be a
dis-cord in the dark-est depths are found; There is a path of safe-ty
tri-als with a faith that's no-bly won; A-bove the shad-ows let your

trust-ing	heart	a - bide,	Find-ing	joy	and	com - fort	on	the
sol - dier	and	a guide,	Lead the	way	to	vic - t'ry	on	the
for the	sore - ly	tried;	Walk with	Je - sus	dai - ly	on	the	
trust-ing	heart	a - bide,	Faith and	hope	are	shin - ing	on	the

A single staff of music in bass clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 2/4 time. The melody consists of the following notes: D2 (half note), E2 (quarter note), F#2 (quarter note), G2 (quarter note), A2 (quarter note), B2 (quarter note), C3 (quarter note), D3 (half note), E3 (quarter note), F#3 (quarter note), G3 (quarter note), A3 (quarter note), B3 (quarter note), C4 (half note), D4 (half note). The notes are written in a simple, folk-like style with stems and beams.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The musical notation for the chorus is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The next measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The final measure of the chorus consists of a quarter note G4, a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as stems, beams, and accidentals.

blest sun-ny side. Keep on the sun-ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a single line of music with a repeat sign at the beginning. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

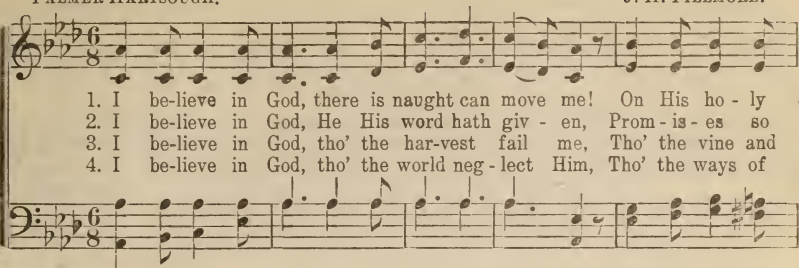
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is divided into two measures, labeled '1' and '2'. Measure 1 contains the first line of the melody, and measure 2 contains the second line. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The score is presented in a clear, legible format with a large font and a clean layout.

Keep the sun-ny side of the road; Keep the sun-ny side of the road.

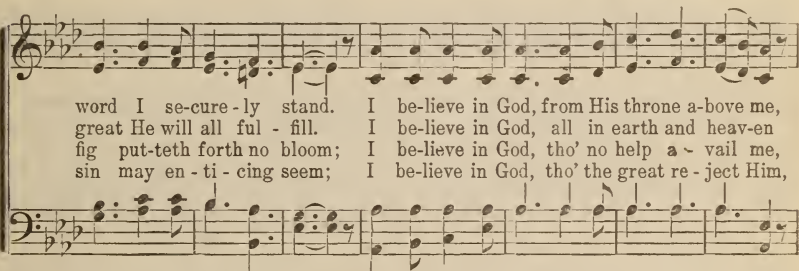
[illegible]

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

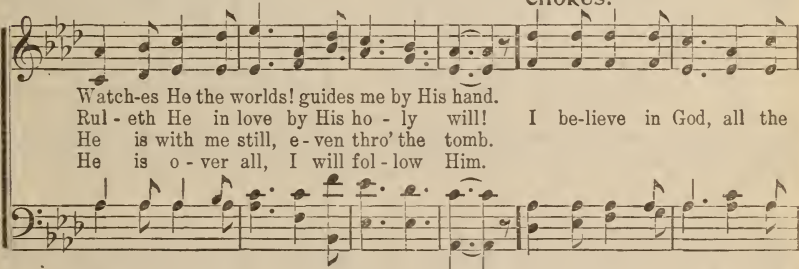


1. I be-lieve in God, there is naught can move me! On His ho - ly
 2. I be-lieve in God, He His word hath giv - en, Prom - is - es so
 3. I be-lieve in God, tho' the har-vest fail me, Tho' the vine and
 4. I be-lieve in God, tho' the world neg - lect Him, Tho' the ways of

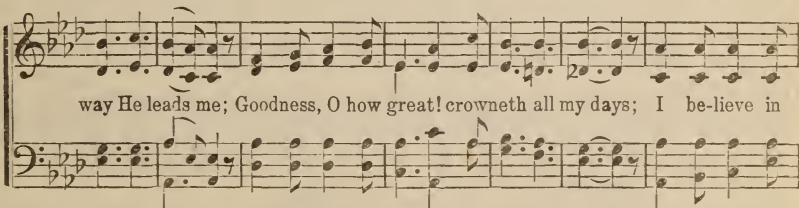


word I se-cure - ly stand. I be-lieve in God, from His throne a - bove me,
 great He will all ful - fill. I be-lieve in God, all in earth and heav - en
 fig - ure put - teth forth no bloom; I be-lieve in God, tho' no help a - vail me,
 sin may en - ti - cing seem; I be-lieve in God, tho' the great re - ject Him,

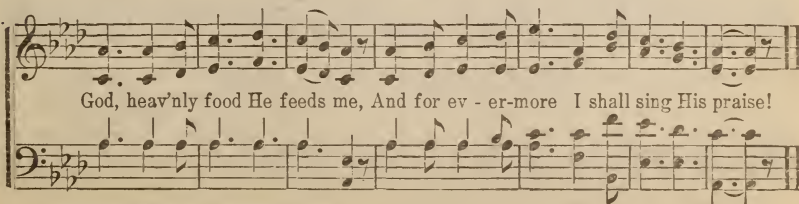
CHORUS.



Watch - es He the worlds! guides me by His hand.
 Rul - eth He in love by His ho - ly will! I be-lieve in God, all the
 He is with me still, e - ven thro' the tomb.
 He is o - ver all, I will fol - low Him.



way He leads me; Goodness, O how great! crowneth all my days; I be-lieve in



God, heav'nly food He feeds me, And for ev - er - more I shall sing His praise!

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. I am dreaming now of heav-en, Dreaming of the Home Be - yond,
 2. There are songs I can - not ut - ter, Float-ing on the tide of dreams,
 3. There are gold-en mists of glo - ry, 'Round about my soul to - day,

For I hear the dear ones yon - der Call-ing me with voi - ces fond.
 And the world of light and mus - ic, Near and ev - er near - er seems;
 And I know the land im - mor - tal Nev - er can be far a - way;

When a hush is on my spir - it, I can hear them bid me "Come!"
 Till I fan - cy I shall fol - low, As the voice doth bid me "Come!"
 So I lis - ten to the voi - ces, As they soft - ly bid me "Come!"

And my heart goes out in ten - der long - ing, Dreaming, I am

D.S.—And my heart goes out in ten - der long - ing, Dreaming, I am

Harmony.
Rit.

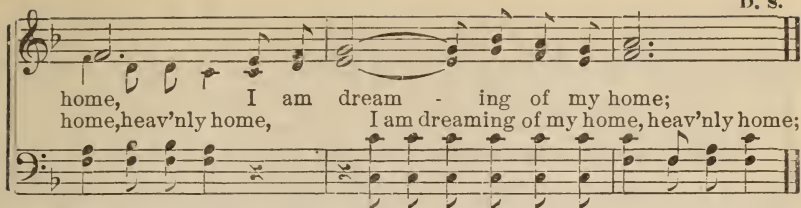
Fine. CHORUS.

dreaming, Dreaming of my home. I am dream - ing of my
 I am dreaming of my

dreaming, Dreaming of my home.

I'm Dreaming Now of Heaven.

D. S.



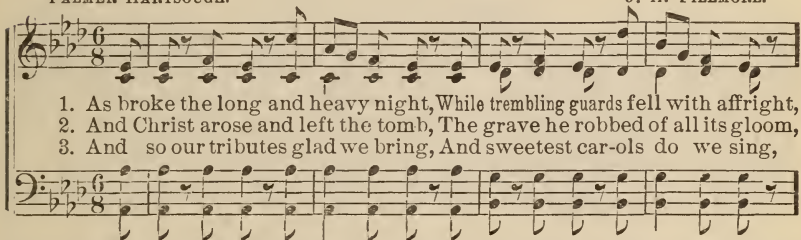
home, I am dream - ing of my home;
home, heav'nly home, I am dreaming of my home, heav'nly home;

99

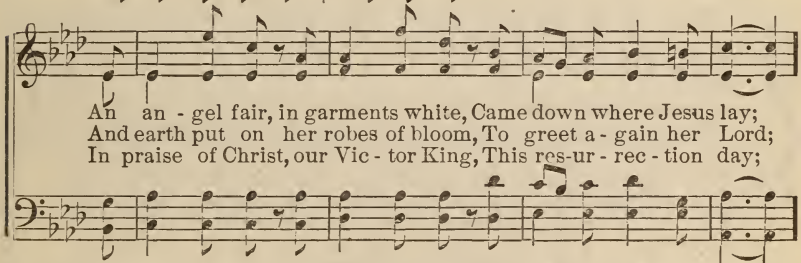
The Resurrection Day.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

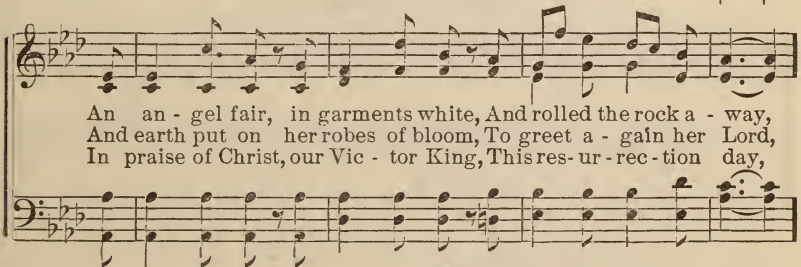
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. As broke the long and heavy night, While trembling guards fell with affright,
2. And Christ arose and left the tomb, The grave he robbed of all its gloom,
3. And so our tributes glad we bring, And sweetest car-ols do we sing,

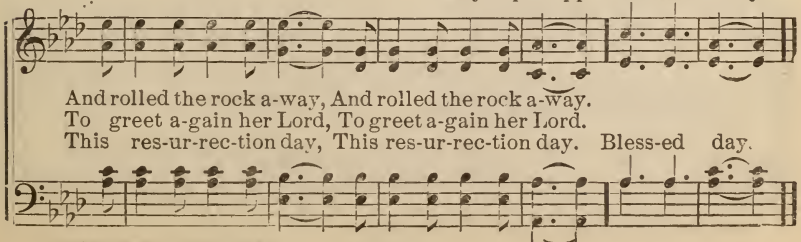


An an - gel fair, in garments white, Came down where Jesus lay;
And earth put on her robes of bloom, To greet a - gain her Lord;
In praise of Christ, our Vic - tor King, This res - ur - rec - tion day;



An an - gel fair, in garments white, And rolled the rock a - way,
And earth put on her robes of bloom, To greet a - gain her Lord,
In praise of Christ, our Vic - tor King, This res - ur - rec - tion day,

May repeat pp. Last verse only.

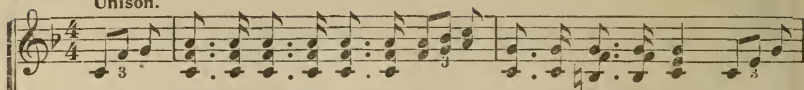


And rolled the rock a-way, And rolled the rock a-way.
To greet a-gain her Lord, To greet a-gain her Lord.
This res-ur-rec-tion day, This res-ur-rec-tion day. Bless-ed day.

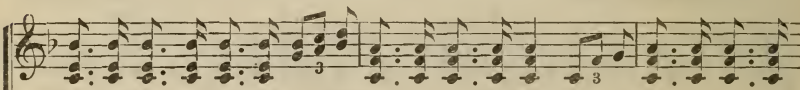
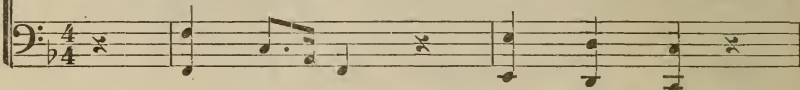
LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

J. H. FILLMORE.

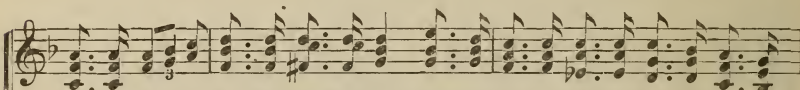
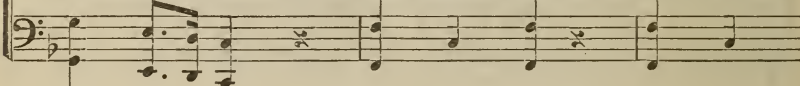
Unison.



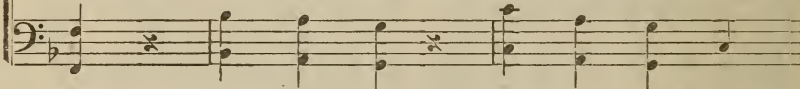
1. Would you have the joy-bells chiming In your heart from day to day, Do a
 2. Would you hear the joy-bells chiming, Brave-ly show your col-ors true, Glo-ri-



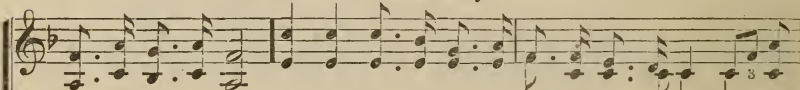
lit - tle bit of kind-ness To some brother by the way; You can nev - er tru - ly
 fy the bless-ed Sav-iour By the things you seek to do; Then the mu - sic of the



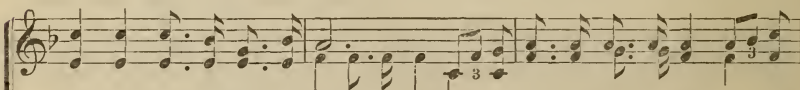
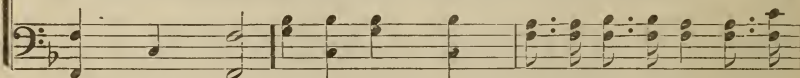
meas-ure E-ven one small deed of love, Tho' up-on this earth for-got-ten, It is
 an-gels In ex-ult-ant tones shall ring, Floating down in notes triumphant, From the



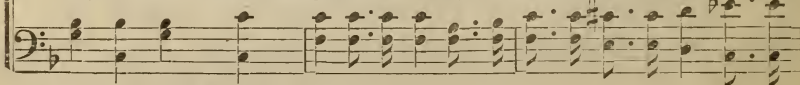
CHORUS. In Harmony.



writ - ten up a - bove. Would you have the joybells chiming clear and strong, Filling
 pal - ace of the King. Would you have them



all your heart with heav-en's song, Do a kind-ness ev - 'ry day, In a
 all your heart with song, heav-en's song,



Would You Have the Joybells?

loving, Christ-like way, Show the world to whom your life and soul belong. (soul belong.)

101

Give to the Lord.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Give, give to the Lord saith the word, Free-ly and cheer-ful-ly give;
2. Give, give to the Lord, all ye saints, He hath in-creased you in store;
3. Give, give to the Lord whom we love, Thus is our grat-i-tude told;
4. Give; give to the Lord, O the joy! Spread-ing His gos-pel a-broad;

We, who His sal-va-tion have heard, We, for His serv-ice should live.
 He kind-ly hath heard your complaints, Give then, re-joic-ing the more.
 Great, great are His gifts from a-bove, Great be His share in our gold.
 O, would we had more to em-ploy Thus in the work of our God.

CHORUS.

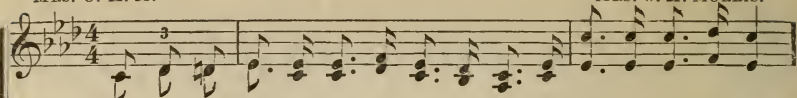
Give, give, with a boun-ti-ful hand, Glad-ly your of-fer-ings bring;

Give as He giv-eth, how just the com-mand! Give to our Sav-iour and King!

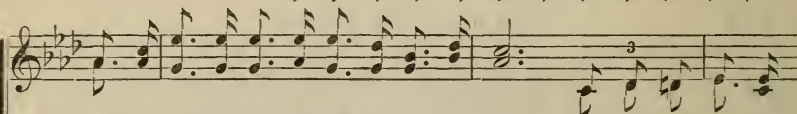
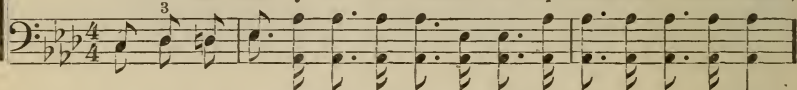
102 Help to Take the World for Jesus.

MRS. C. H. M.

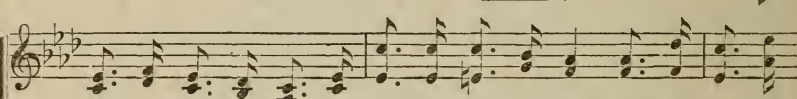
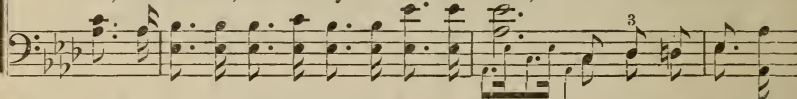
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



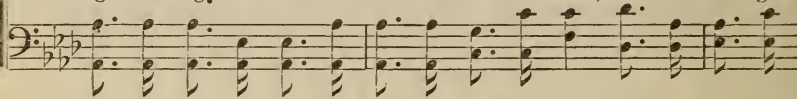
1. Have you not heard the on-ward marching of the might-y King of kings,
2. Have you not heard our great Command-er call-ing for the brave and true,
3. Un - til the sto - ry of sal - va-tion shall be preached thro'-out the world,



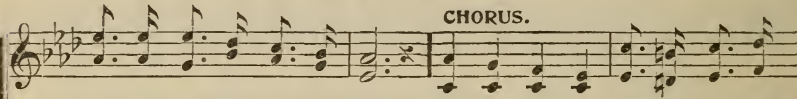
As He leads His ar - my on to vic - to - ry? Have you not heard the
Who will at the bat-tle-front His cause de - fend? Are you en-rolled a-
We, His soldiers, will not lay our ar - mor down; Un - til the bat-tle-



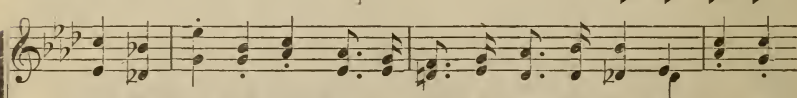
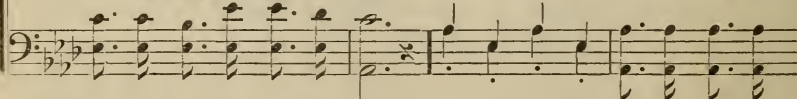
din of bat - tle as throughout the world it rings, As they hast-en
mong the num - ber who with Christ are go - ing thro', Of the loy - al
flag of "righteousness" o'er all shall be un-furled, We will still fight



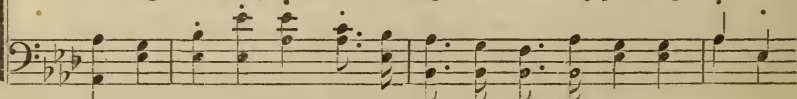
CHORUS.



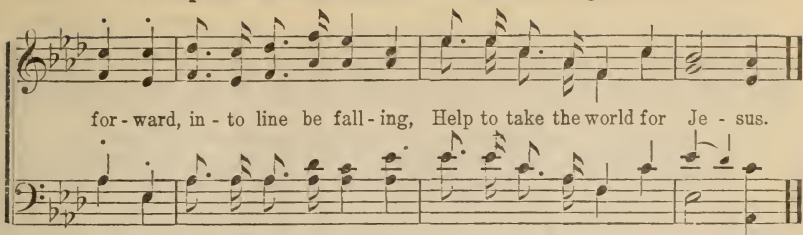
cap-tive bond-men to make free?
ones on whom He can de - pend? On-ward, for-ward, 'tis our Lead-er
on and win at last a crown.



call - ing, Fear not, shrink not from sights and sounds ap-pall - ing; On-ward,



Help to Take the World for Jesus.

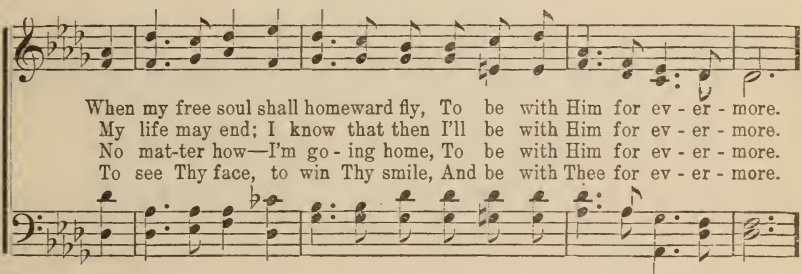
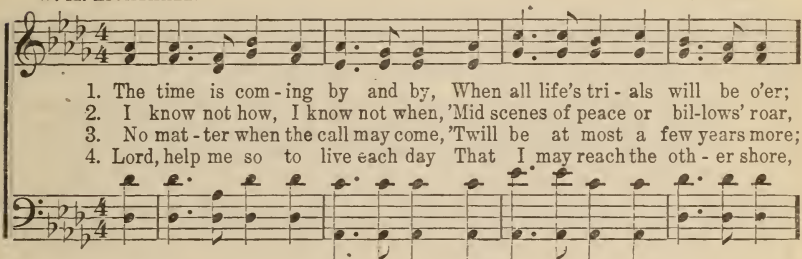


103

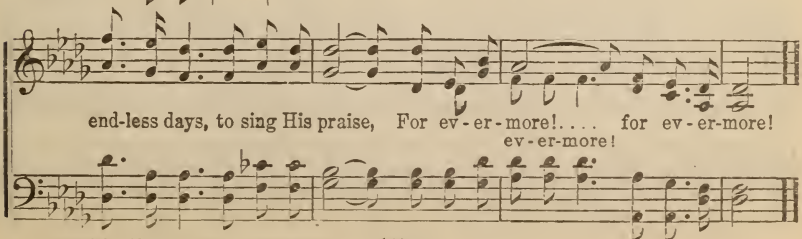
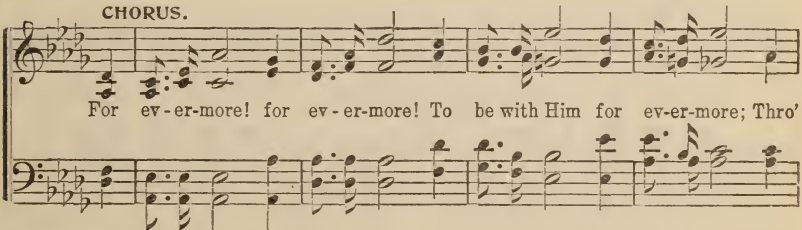
For Evermore

W. M. LIDTHALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.



E. E. HEWITT.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. The word of my Fath-er is as-sur-ance sweet to me, He'll lead and up-
 2. The bright stars He numbers as they cir-cle in the sky, The flow'rs in the
 3. I'll trust in my Saviour, when temptations 'round me throng, He'll give me the

hold me, where-so-ev-er I may be, By faith I will fol-low where His
 val-ley grow beneath His watchful eye; My needs He re-mem-bers and pro-
 vic-t'ry, for the weak in Him are strong, Till, bright in His glo-ry, I shall

guid-ing hand I see; *The Lord is my Keeper, night and day.*
 vides a full sup-ply; *The Lord is my Keeper, night and day.*
 sing the new, new song, *The Lord is my Keeper, night and day.*

CHORUS.

The Lord is my Keep-er, night and day, The Lord is my Keep-er

D. S.

all the way, He's promised to go with me, "fear not," I hear Him say;

E. E. HEWITT.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Solo or Duet. The Alto part may be taken by a Tenor.

1. A pres-ent help my God will be; All blessings at the cross I see;
 2. What tho' the skies are sometimes gray, Faith sees a blessed golden ray;
 3. There's grace to help in time of need, To bless me as I sow the seed;
 4. Thro' good and ill, thro' sun and show'r, I'll trust the Saviour's mighty pow'r,

Grace, day by day, He's promised me, And glo - ry, by and by
 There's grace suf-fi-cient for to-day, And glo - ry, by and by
 To keep me, com-fort me and lead, And glo - ry, by and by
 For grace for ev - 'ry com-ing hour, And glo - ry, by and by

CHORUS.

Glo - ry by and by, by and by, Glo - ry by and
 Glo - ry, glo - ry by and by, by and by, Glo - ry,
 Glo - ry, glo - ry by and by, Glo - ry,

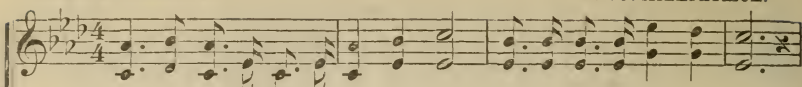
by, by and by, and by,
 glo - ry by and by, by and by, Grace day by day,
 glo - ry by and by, and

Rit.

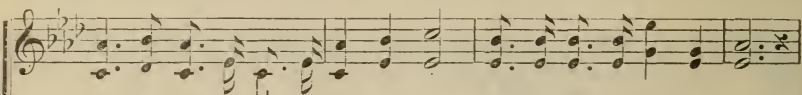
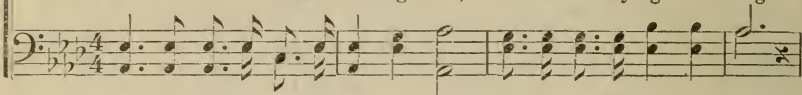
Grace all the way, And glo - ry by and by, by and by.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

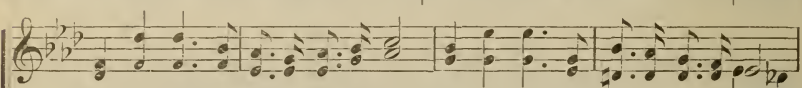
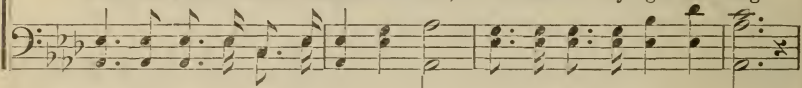
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



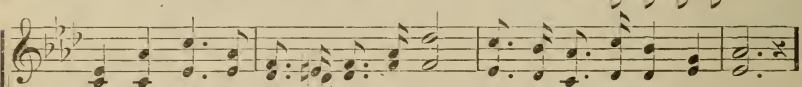
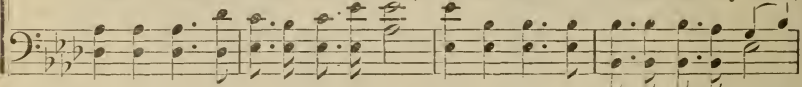
1. Why should life a wea ry jour-ney seem? Je-sus is my light and song!
2. What tho' foes at ev-'ry step I meet? Je-sus is my light and song!
3. When I come to Jordan's roll-ing tide, Je-sus is my light and song!



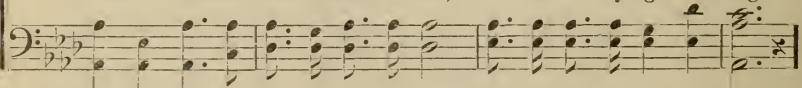
Why should I my cross a bur-den deem? Je-sus is my light and song!
 What tho' snares are ready for my feet? Je-sus is my light and song!
 When the waves like mountains o-ver-ride, Je-sus is my light and song!



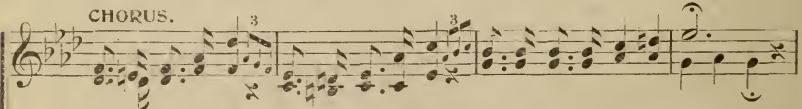
All my way is marked by love di-vine; Round my cross the rays of glo-ry shine;
 He was first of all to tread the way, He was first to bat-tle in the fray;
 Thro' the flood His form shall still be near, Thro' the tide His voice shall sweetly cheer;



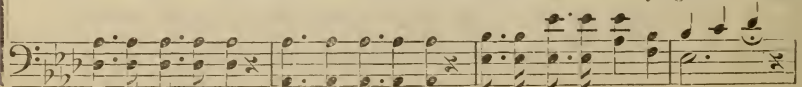
Christ Himself com-pan-ion is of mine,— Je-sus is my light and song!
 Now on Him my ev-'ry hope I stay,— Je-sus is my light and song!
 I shall Jor-dan breast without a fear,— Je-sus is my light and song!



CHORUS.



Je-sus is my light, Je-sus is my light, Je-sus is my light and song;
 my light and song.



My Light and Song.

Je - sus is my light, Je-sus is my light, Je-sus is my light and song.
my light and song.

107

Singing With the Heart

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. On this day of glad-ness We will praise our King, And with hearts and voic-es.
2. We will sing of sunshine, Faith and hope and love, This will bring us near - er
3. When we cross the riv - er With the ransomed throng, We will join our voic - es

Make the ech-oes ring. Hearts and hands shall serve Him, Lips shall bear a part,
To our God a-bove. He will send the bless-ing, He will grace im - part,
In the tri-umph song. Oh! how glad the meet-ing, When we take our part,

CHORUS.

We will praise Him ev - er, Sing-ing with the heart.
We will praise Him ev - er, Sing-ing with the heart. Sing-ing with the heart,
We will praise Him ev - er, Sing-ing with the heart.

Sing - ing with the heart, We will praise Him ev - er, Sing - ing with the heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MAY D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Marching with glad-ness on our way, Looking to Je - sus day by day,
 2. Marching with glad-ness, joy and song, Tell-ing of Je - sus all day long,
 3. Marching in pastures green and fair, Je - sus our Sav-iour leads us there,

Try - ing His won-drous love to show, we on-ward go;... Marching with
 Try - ing the pre-cious seed to sow, we on-ward go;... Marching with
 Marching by cool-ing streams that flow, we on-ward go;... Marching to-

glad-ness, naught to fear, Je - sus our Sav - iour still is near, Sweet-er, O
 cour-age, brave and true, Keeping the Sav - iour still in view, Ask - ing each
 geth - er, O how sweet O - ver the riv - er when we meet, Gath - er with

CHORUS.

sweet - er than music His name we hear. March - - ing
 mo - ment for wisdom and strength anew.
 Je - sus for - ev - er, our joy com - plete. Marching a-way, a-way,

a-way, a - way,..... March - - ing from day to
 We're marching a-way, a-way, Marching from day to day, We're

Marching with Gladness.

day; Un - - - der His banner, how
marching from day to day; Under His banner, how calm how
calm and blest! He mak - eth His own to rest.....
calm and blest, He mak-eth His own to rest.

109

Where'er Thou Goest.

T. E. H.

T. E. HALL.

1. Where'er Thou go - est I will go, Dear Saviour, lead the way;
2. Where'er Thou go - est I will go, Tho' up the mountain steep;
3. Where'er Thou go - est I will go, Thro' all my life's rough way;

Fine.
Just where, or how, I do not know, But thou'lt not lead a-stray.
A faith - ful guide art Thou, I know, So close to Thee I'll keep.
And at its end, I'll pass, I know, In - to an end-less day.

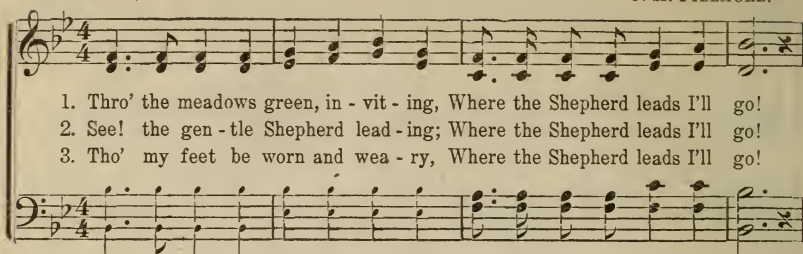
D.S. Where'er Thou go - est I will go, I'll fol - low all the way.

CHORUS. D. S.
Where'er Thou go - est, I will go, Near Thee I'll keep each day.

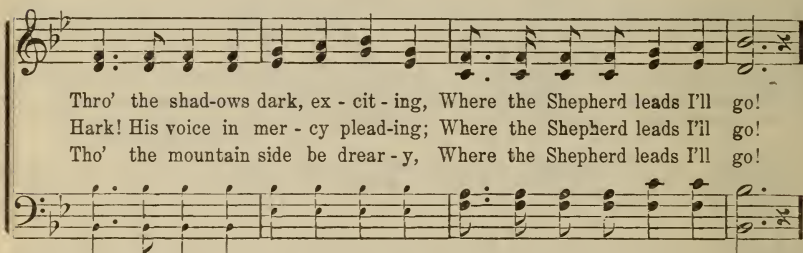
110 Where the Shepherd Leads I'll Go.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.

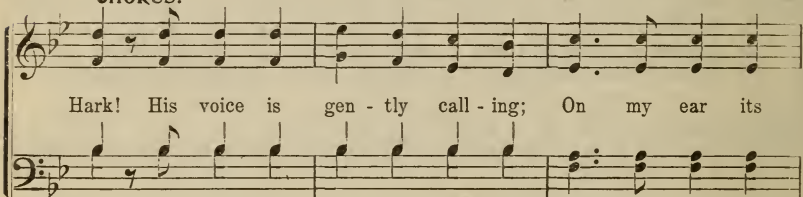


1. Tho' the meadows green, in - vit - ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 2. See! the gen - tle Shepherd lead - ing; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea - ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

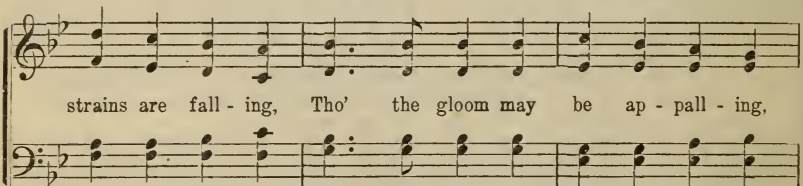


Tho' the shad - ows dark, ex - cit - ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 Hark! His voice in mer - cy plead - ing; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 Tho' the mountain side be drear - y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

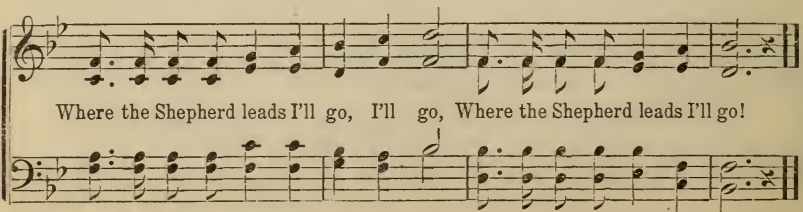
CHORUS.



Hark! His voice is gen - tly call - ing; On my ear its



strains are fall - ing, Tho' the gloom may be ap - pall - ing,



Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

It is My Lord.

ADA BLENKHORN.

May be sung as a duet and chorus

JAS. M. BLACK

1. A - bove the tem - pest of the seas, A voice of sweet command I hear;
 2. When friends forsake and foes as - sail, I feel the sa - cred presence near
 3. When bowed by some great sorrow, deep, A ten - der hand wipes ev - ry tear,
 4. When dark - est clouds have passed a - way, The heavens shine se - rene and clear,

The waves o - bey the word of peace,—It is my Lord to me so dear.
 Of One, who can - not, will not fail,—It is my Lord to me so dear.
 And farth - ful watch with me doth keep,—It is my Lord to me so dear.
 And songs of glad - ness fill the day,—It is my Lord to me so dear.

CHORUS.

It is my Lord, It is my Lord, His ten - der,
 It is my Lord, It is my Lord,

pp

lov - ing voice I hear, It is my Lord,
 His lov - ing voice I hear, It is my Lord,

Rit.

It is my Lord, (my Lord,) to me so dear, to me so dear
 It is my Lord, to me so dear.

E. D. ELLIOTT.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

p *f* *p*

1. Lo, a sin-ful foe a-against us stands in strong ar-ray; Hark! the trump is
 2. Ral-ly, there is such a might-y work for us tó do, Take the field for
 3. Bear it on, till ev-'ry land from sin shall be set free, Till from pole to

f *p*

sound-ing, ral-ly, Chris-tians, to the fray! Christ, the might-y Cap-tain, leads us,
 God and He will lead us safe-ly thro'; Ral-ly, there is vic-t'ry yet for
 pole shall ring the song of ju-bi-lee! Bear it on, till ev-'ry na-tion

f *ff*

fol-low Him to-day, Up, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, ral-ly a-round the cross!
 faith-ful ones and true! Up, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, ral-ly a-round the cross!
 joins the mel-o-dy! Up, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, ral-ly a-round the cross!

CHORUS.

p *f* *p*

Up, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, brave-ly charge a-against the foe! See, our might-y

f *ff*

Cap-tain leads us, on-ward we must go! For-ward, then, ye hosts of God, and

Rally Around the Cross!

lay their for-tress low, Up, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, ral-ly a-round the cross!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. There are triplets marked with a '3' in both staves.

113 If I Were a Twinkling Star.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. If I were a beau-ti-ful, twink-ling star, I would shine on the
 2. There might be a wan-der-ing tray-el-er, Far a-way on the
 3. O Lord, I would shine in a child's best way, With the gleam-ing of

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

dark-est night, I would seek where the drear-i-est path-ways are, And would
 wilds a-lone, Who would lift up his eyes to the bro-ken clouds, And would
 life and light, And if some one should fol-low my hum-ble walk, Do Thou

The musical score continues in the same key and time signature, with the melody in the treble clef and accompaniment in the bass clef.

CHORUS.

light them with all my might.
 trust me to lead him home. Tho' sun or moon I could not be, To make the
 help me to lead them right.

The musical score for the chorus is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

whole world bright, I'd find some lit-tle cheer-less spot, And shine with all my might.

The musical score continues in the same key and time signature, with the melody in the treble clef and accompaniment in the bass clef.

E E HEWITT

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Fruit-less the toil-ing, drear-y the night; Dawned the fair morning,
 2 Deep was the sor-row, dark was the sin; Marv-el-ous blessing,
 3 Oh have we ful-ly answered the call? To such a Sav-iour,
 4 Great His sal-va-tion, boundless His love; Gifts without number

peaceful and bright, Je-sus to Si-mon, by the blue sea,
 mer-cy shone in; Won-der-ful par-don, ten-der and free!
 yielding our all? Workers for Je-sus, henceforth to be;
 show'ed from above; Cometh the morning, shadows will flee;

CHORUS.

Say-ing so sweet-ly, "lov-est thou me?"
 Grace more abounding, "lov-est thou me?" Lov-est thou me? Lov-est thou
 Car-ing for oth-ers; "lov-est thou me?"
 Yea, Lord, for-ev-er, we will love Thee!

me? Hark,'tis the Sav-iour, speaking to thee; Lov-est thou

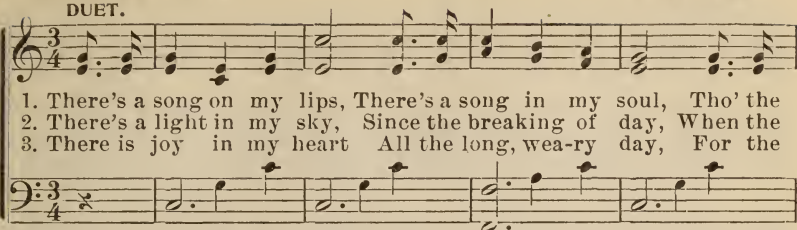
Rit.

me? Lovest thou me? Je-sus is call-ing, lov-est thou me?

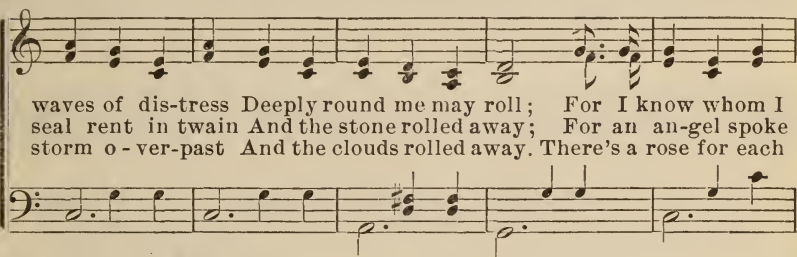
MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

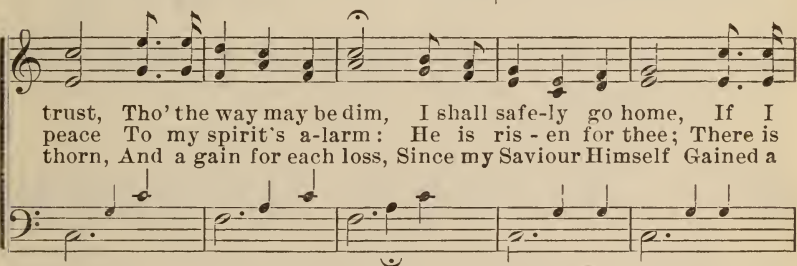
DUET.



1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul, Tho' the
 2. There's a light in my sky, Since the breaking of day, When the
 3. There is joy in my heart All the long, wea-ry day, For the

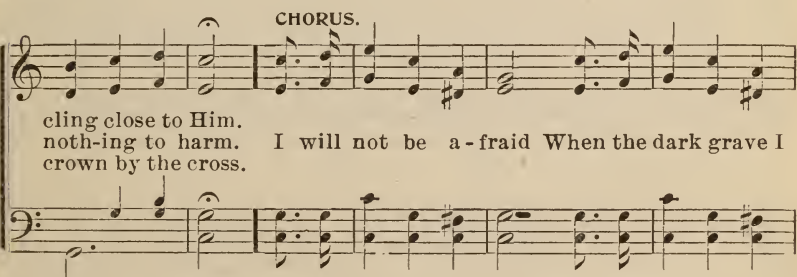


waves of dis-tress Deeply round me may roll; For I know whom I
 seal rent in twain And the stone rolled away; For an an-gel spoke
 storm o-ver-past And the clouds rolled away. There's a rose for each

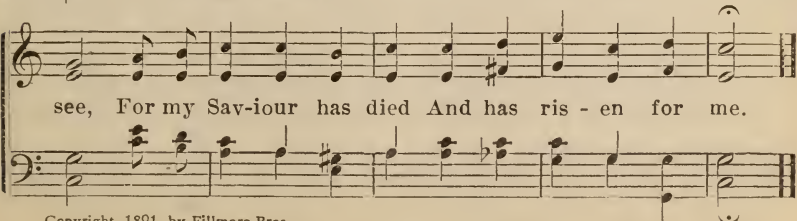


trust, Tho' the way may be dim, I shall safe-ly go home, If I
 peace To my spirit's a-larm: He is ris-en for thee; There is
 thorn, And a gain for each loss, Since my Saviour Himself Gained a

CHORUS.



cling close to Him.
 noth-ing to harm. I will not be a-fraid When the dark grave I
 crown by the cross.



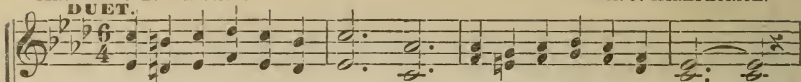
see, For my Sav-iour has died And has ris-en for me.

116 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

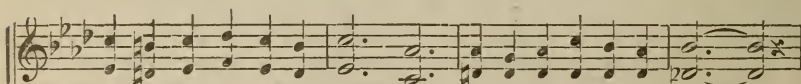
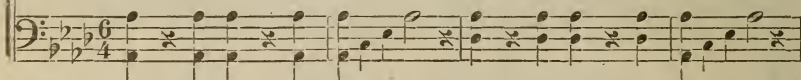
MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

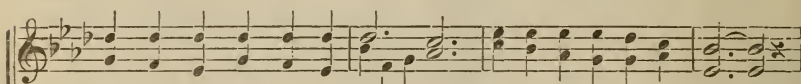
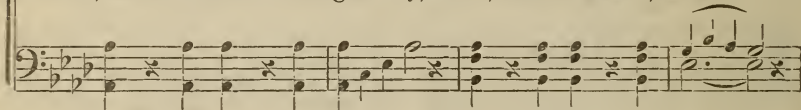
DUET.



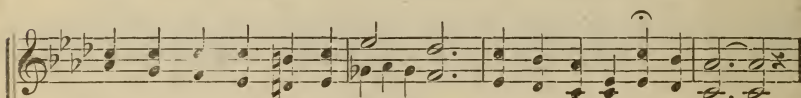
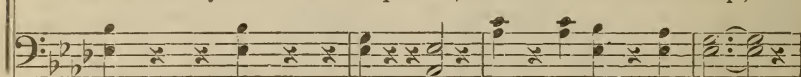
1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of His fold ;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of His fold ;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still";



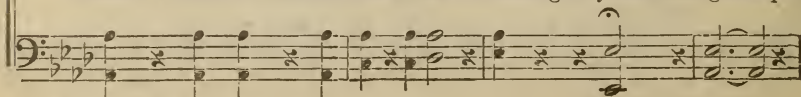
Dear is the love that He gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.
Lord, we will answer Thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!



Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep ;
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost ;
Hark! He is earn - est - ly call - ing, Ten - der - ly pleading to-day ;
Make us Thy true un - der - shepherds, Give us a love that is deep ;



O - ver the mountains He fol - lows, O - ver the waters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic - ing; Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for My lost ones, Off from My shelter a-stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking Thy wandering sheep."



Dear to the Heart.

CHORUS.

Poco rit.

Out in the des-ert they wan-der, Hun-gry and helpless and cold;

f A tempo.

Off to the res-cue { He hast - ens, } Bringing them back to the fold.
(4th verse.) { we'll hast - en, }

117

Each Passing Day.

DR. M. VICTOR STALEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo or Duet.

1. I do not ask to see in - to the fut-ure, Lord; I
2. I do not ask the gain of un-told wealth, O Lord, But
3. I do not ask of Thee life's smoothest path, O Lord; I
4. I do not ask a crown ere I have toiled, O Lord; I

Cres.

on - ly ask for strength to do Thy blessed word; Just strength to
just my dai - ly need, ac-cord-ing to Thy word; Just what Thou
would en-dure the toil what-ev - er be Thy word; I would not
do not ask for praise ere I have kept Thy word; I on - ly

bear me on my pilgrim way Each day, each passing day.
deemest use-ful on the way Each day, each passing day.
shirk the burden of the way Each day, each passing day.
ask that Thou wilt light the way Each day, each passing day.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Car-ol a song of glo-ry; Tell of the won-ders
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Beau-ti-ful car-ols bring-ing, Un-to His name the
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Tell of His grace a-bound-ing! Tell of His mer-cy

of His love, Tell of the mansions bright a-bove; Sweet-ly! sweet-ly! Ech-o the
 choicest give, For He was slain that we might live; Tell it! tell it! Set the glad
 rich and free, Tell of His death on Cal-va-ry! Sing it! sing it! Un-til the

gos-pel sto-ry; Shout-ing a-loud the glad re-frain, "Christ has come to reign!"
 bells a-ring-ing; Her-ald it o-ver land and main, "Christ has come to reign!"
 hills sur-round-ing Ech-o the glad, tri-um-phant strain, "Christ has come to reign!"

CHORUS.

Let the mer-ry, chim-ing bells Ech-o the joy-ful song, For of life and
 Let the mer-ry bells Ech-o the joy-ful song, For of

love it tells Un-to the bus-y throng; Let the si-lent rocks and hills
 love it tells Un-to the bus-y throng; Let the rocks and hills

Praise Him! Praise Him!

An-swer in glad ac-claim, While the vales and singing rills Car-ol the Saviour's name.
An - swer in glad acclaim,

119 We for Christ; Christ for All.

MRS. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. "We for Christ!" to Him we bring Hearts where He shall reign as King; And
2. "Christ for all!" to souls in need, We the cheer-ing news will speed, Till
3. We for Christ, and Christ for all! Send a - gain the ring-ing call; And

from the world's al-lure-ments free, We for Christ will ev - er be.
where-so-e'er God's sun-beams fall, Christ be throned as All in All.
un - to Him our lives we give, That a dy - ing world may live.

CHORUS.

We for Christ and Christ for all! We for Christ and Christ for all! O

send a - gain the ring - ing call, We for Christ and Christ for all.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The
 2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true, Je -
 3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry, The

cry, "To arms," is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
 ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go buck - le on the
 bow of prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in

march - ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the right shall soon ap - pear.
 ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
 ev - 'ry land shall hon - ored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

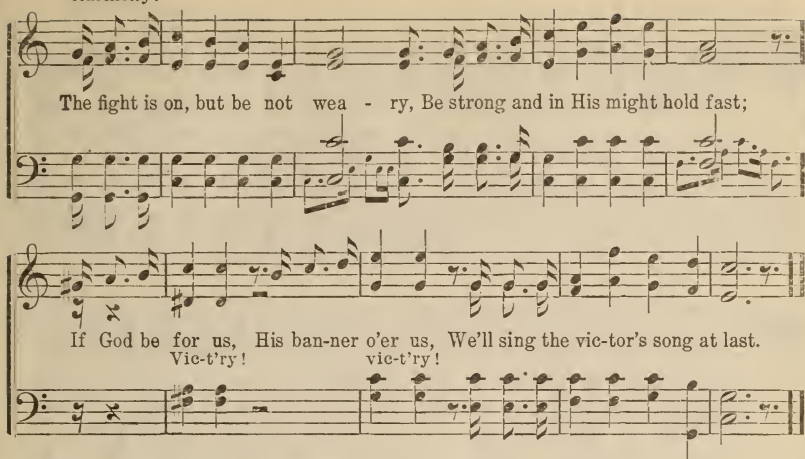
CHORUS. Unison.

The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray,

With ar - mor gleam - ing, and col - ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to - day;

The Fight is On.

Harmony.



The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in His might hold fast;

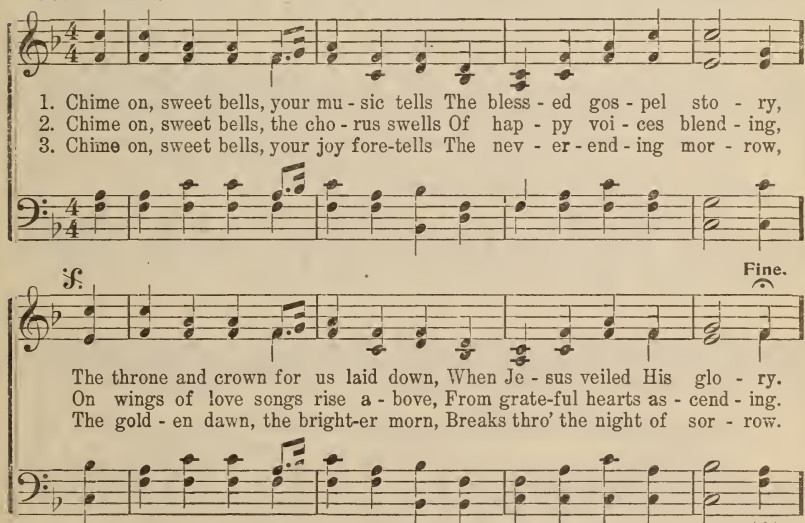
If God be for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last.
Vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

121

Chime on Sweet Bells.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.



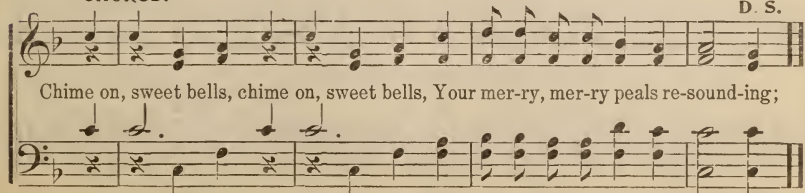
1. Chime on, sweet bells, your mu - sic tells The bless - ed gos - pel sto - ry,
2. Chime on, sweet bells, the cho - rus swells Of hap - py voi - ces blend - ing,
3. Chime on, sweet bells, your joy fore-tells The nev - er-end - ing mor - row,

The throne and crown for us laid down, When Je - sus veiled His glo - ry.
On wings of love songs rise a - bove, From grate-ful hearts as - cend - ing.
The gold - en dawn, the bright-er morn, Breaks thro' the night of sor - row.

D. S. Re - joice to - day, the an - gels say, In grace and peace a - bound-ing.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Your mer-ry, mer-ry peals re-sound-ing;

W. C. MARTIN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I am on my way to glo - ry and my soul is filled with song.
 2. All my care is laid on Je - sus and He guides me with His eye,
 3. I am sev - ered from the world and to the Lord a - lone be-long,

Walking in the sun-light all the way, And my bless-ed Sav-iour stays be-side me
 Walking in the sun-light all the way, Ev-'ry day but serves to bring my fi-nal
 Walking in the sun-light all the way, I am marching with a might-y host of

REFRAIN.

all the way a-long, Walking in the sunlight all the way.
 crown of glo-ry nigh, Walking in the sunlight all the way. Walking in the sunlight,
 heroes brave and strong, Walking in the sunlight all the way.

sun-light, sun-light, Walking in the sun-light all the way; Joy su-per-nal is my

sto-ry, For I love the gleams of glo-ry, Walk-ing in the sun-light all the way.

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHARDT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Voices in Unison.

1. The dawn of peace resplendent breaks, The crumbling tow'r of er-ror shakes,
 2. Oh, list the thrilling notes that blow To her-ald Sa-tan's o-ver-throw!
 3. For we have fought a goodly fight, And He who led us, by His might

And Sa-tan in his ar-mor quakes, Brave men, march on, march on.
 To claim our own we for-ward go, March on, ye vic-tors, on.
 Will keep us con-quer-ors for right; Brave men, march on, march on.

CHORUS, In Harmony.

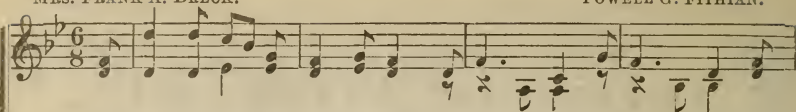
Go seize the prize..... the Lord hath won,..... The foe is
 Go seize the prize the Lord hath won,

ours, the fight is done;..... With shout and song..... we're marching
 The foe is ours, the fight is done; With shout and song

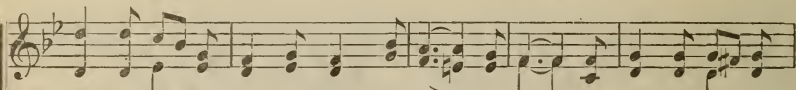
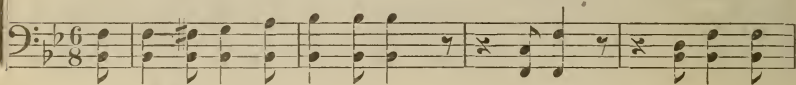
on,..... To crown our Lead-er King of kings.....
 we're marching on,

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

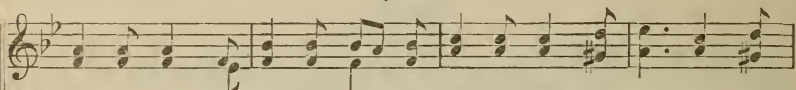
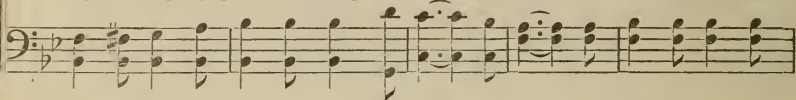
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



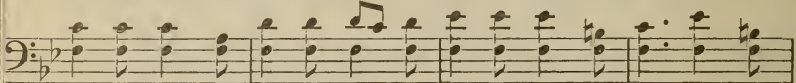
1. Go forth! Go forth for Je - sus now, Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world! O stay not! De-lay not! But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O
Go forth! Go forth!



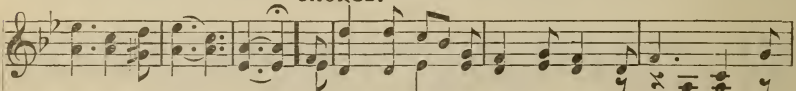
Lord Himself will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban-ner be un-furled, And grace be told. O let re-deem-ing
stay the might-y pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may. Equipped with love and



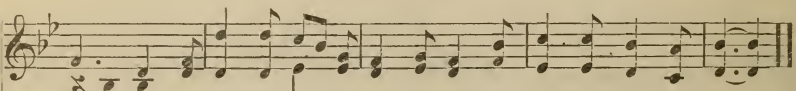
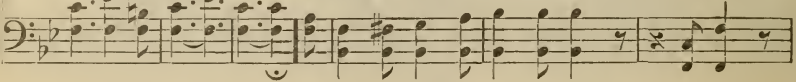
field to choose, No work He gives must thou re-fuse, Be work-ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue! Be work-ing! Be
strength divine, The vic-to-ry is sure-ly thine, Be work-ing! Be



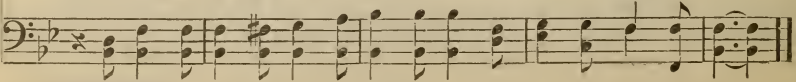
CHORUS.



watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who
Go forth!



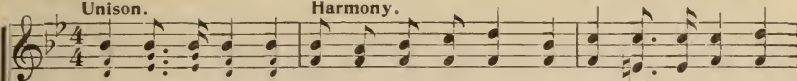
calls thee; The harvest waits for thee to-day, Go bring some sheaves for God.
Go forth!

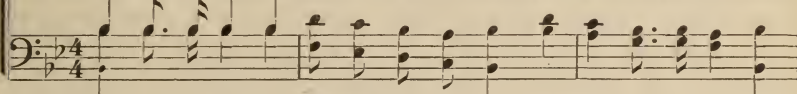


E. E. HEWITT.
Unison.

Harmony.

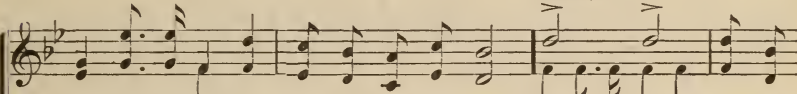
FRED. A. FILLMORE.

- 
1. Sing, all ye people, come with songs of gladness, Lift happy praises
 2. Sing, all ye people, sing of grace abounding, Strength for our weakness,
 3. Sing, all ye people, sweet sal-va-tion's sto-ry, How He hath bought us



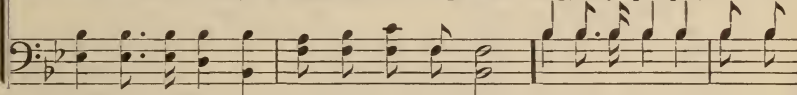
to our King a-bove; Tell of His good-ness, cheering us in sad-ness,
help for ev-'ry day; Shelter and safe-ty from the foes surrounding,
ev-er-last-ing peace; Sing of the home-land, with its ra-diant glo-ry,

CHORUS.

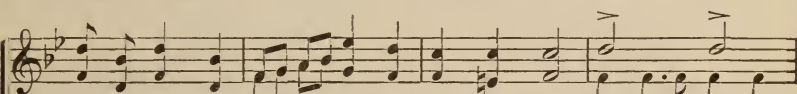


Tell of His mer-cy, ev-er-last-ing love. Sing, sing, All His
Vic-t'ry in bat-tle, light up-on our way.

Where He shall bring us, after wand'rings cease. Sing, all ye peo-ple,



greatness tell-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah, Off'rings bring; Sing, sing,
Sing, all ye peo-ple,



Glad ho-san-nas swell-ing, Sing, O ye peo-ple: Glo-ry to our King.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Pledged to the serv - ice of the Christ who died for me, Ev-'ry-where,
 2. Pledged to the life that counts for Je - sus ev-'ry day, Pledged to the
 3. Pledged to the cross that daily Christ would have me bear, Pledged to the

al - ways, faith - ful un - to Him I'll be; Trust-ing His
 ho - ly walk a - long the nar - row way; Kept by His
 fight 'gainst sin, and then a crown to wear; O what a

mer - - cy, Led by His Spir - - it, Mak-ing His
 pow - - er, Saved ev-'ry hour, Liv-ing'mongst
 pleas - - ure, Joy with-out meas - - ure, Go-ing where-
 I trust His grace In ev-'ry place,
 the pow'r di - vine, For Him to shine,
 I live for Him, A joy su-preme,

will my on - ly care. D. S. Bought with a price, He seals ne
 men a child of God. In all I say, in ev-'ry
 e'er my Lord may go. Nev-er des-pair-ing when the

Pledged to His Service.

ev - er as His own, Noth-ing on earth that I to-
serv-ice He may give, Just for my Sav-iour by God's
way seems hard and drear, Know-ing full well that my dear

day may call my own, Seek-ing His glo - ry, tell-ing His
grace I'll ev - er live, Seek-ing His glo - ry, tell-ing His
Lord is ev - er near, Seek-ing His glo - ry, tell-ing His
In all I do,

sto - - ry, Vic - t'ry with Him I share.
sto - - ry, Count-ing for Christ, my Lord.
sto - - ry, Je - sus a - lone to know.
where-e'er I go, Vic - t'ry with Him I share.
where-e'er I go, Count-ing for Christ, my Lord.
where-e'er I go, Je - sus a - lone to know.

CHORUS.

Pledged to the serv - ice of my Lord, Pledged to o - bey His

D. S.

pre-cious word, Sealed by the Spir - it of the might-y God.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is a riv - er whose crys - tal flood Ev - er so free - ly is flow - ing;
 2. Pil - grims are we in a des - ert land, Rough is the journey and drear - y;
 3. There by the riv - er, in bliss un - told, Prais - es e - ter - nal are ring - ing;

Riv - er of life from the throne of God, Bless - ing and beau - ty be - stow - ing.
 Here are we do - ing our Lord's command, Claiming his prom - is - es cheer - y.
 There by the riv - er, to harps of gold, We with the blest shall be sing - ing.

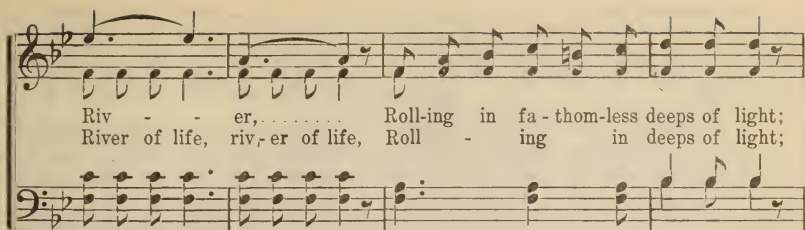
Meadows are drest in their liv - ing green, Flowers their sweetness re - veal - ing;
 Yonder's the coun - try to which we go, There is no night and no sad - ness;
 There with our loved ones, in realms of light, We shall be hap - py for - ev - er;

Here the great tree with its leaves is seen, Leaves that the nations are heal - ing.
 There the sweet waters of com - fort flow, There is the riv - er of glad - ness.
 Walk - ing with Je - sus in robes of white, There by the beau - ti - ful riv - er.

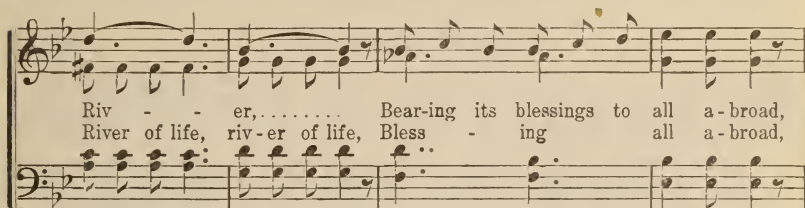
REFRAIN.

Riv - er, Smil - ing in rip - ples so clear and bright,
 Riv - er of life, riv - er of life, Rip - pling so clear and bright,

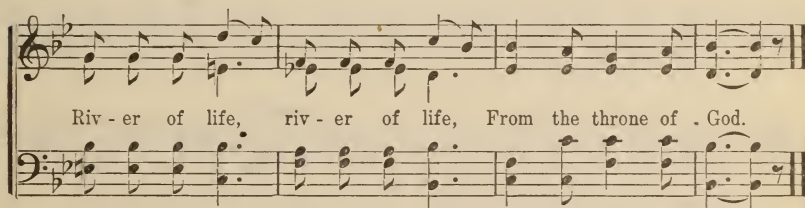
Beautiful River of Life.



Riv - er, Roll - ing in fa - thom - less deeps of light;
River of life, riv - er of life, Roll - ing in deeps of light;



Riv - er, Bear - ing its blessings to all a - broad,
River of life, riv - er of life, Bless - ing all a - broad,



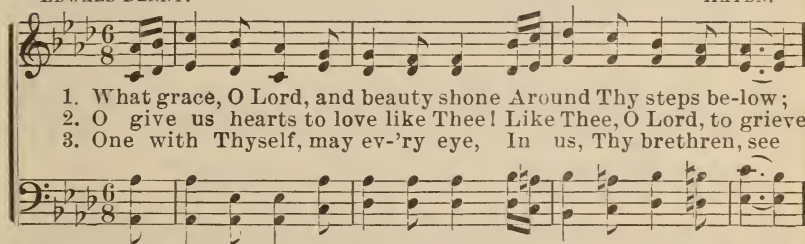
Riv - er of life, riv - er of life, From the throne of . God.

128

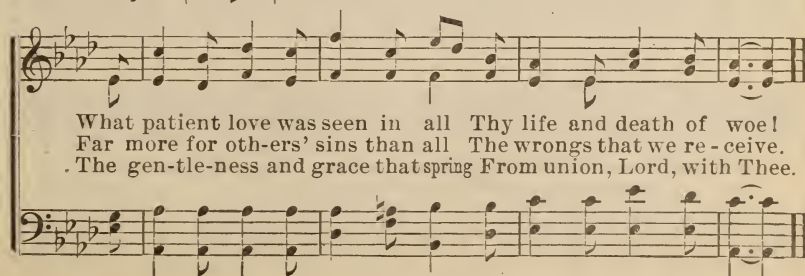
What Grace, O Lord!

EDWARD DENNY.

HAYDN.



1. What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone Around Thy steps be - low ;
2. O give us hearts to love like Thee! Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
3. One with Thyself, may ev - 'ry eye, In us, Thy brethren, see



What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe!
Far more for oth - ers' sins than all The wrongs that we re - ceive.
The gen - tle - ness and grace that spring From union, Lord, with Thee.

CAROLINE SAWYER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ standing here to - night, His thorn-crowned head and
 2. If you could see that face so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
 3. He whis-pers to your heart, turn not a - way, For He's be - side you,

pierc-ed hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
 on - ly pure and true, Could see the nail-prints in His ten-der feet,
 in your nar-row pew; If you will list - en you will hear Him say

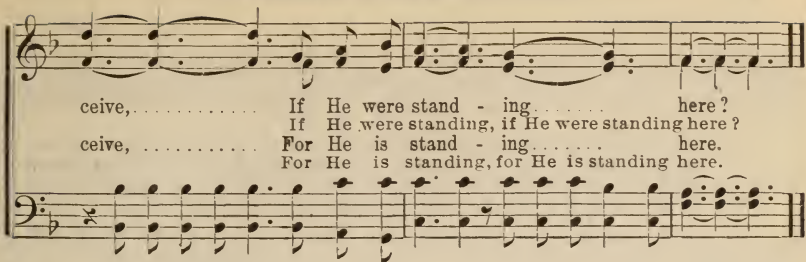
CHORUS.

And hear Him say, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." Would you be - lieve,
 And hear Him say, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you."
 In lov - ing tones, "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." 3. Will you be - lieve,

and Je - sus re - ceive, If He were stand - ing
 and Je - sus re - ceive, For He is stand - ing

here (were stand-ing here?) Would you be - lieve, and Je - sus re-
 here (is stand-ing here?) Will you be - lieve, and Je - sus re-

Would You Believe?



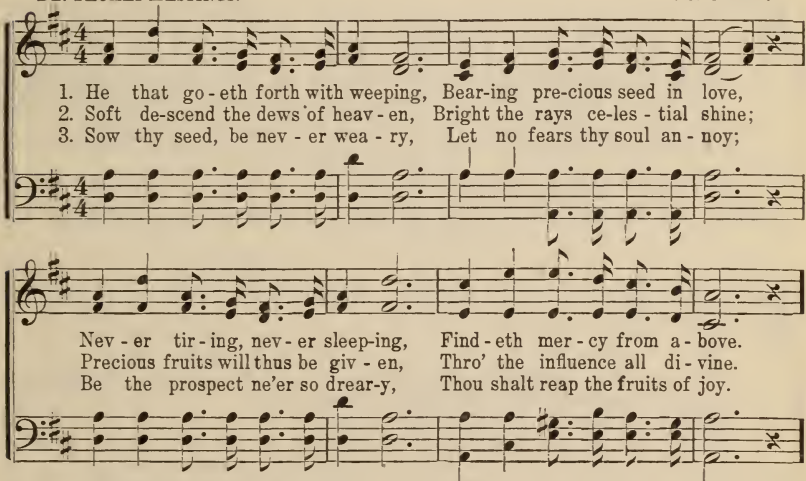
ceive,..... If He were stand - ing here?
 If He were standing, if He were standing here?
 ceive, For He is stand - ing here.
 For He is standing, for He is standing here.

130

Harvest Time.

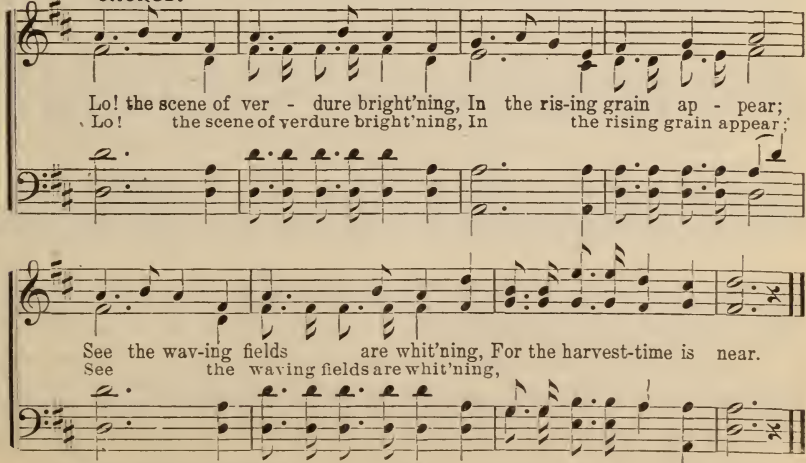
DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

C. S. CABLE.



1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,
 2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;
 3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy;
 Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
 Precious fruits will thus be giv - en, Thro' the influence all di - vine.
 Be the prospect ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

CHORUS.



Lo! the scene of ver - dure bright'ning, In the ris - ing grain ap - pear;
 Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, In the rising grain appear;
 See the wav - ing fields are whit'ning, For the harvest - time is near.
 See the waving fields are whit'ning,

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Is there aught so lovely as the sun-ny day, Making with its brightness
 2. Is there aught so lovely as the pleasant smile, Ev-'ry grief and sorrow
 3. Is there aught so lovely as the gen-tle word, When the angry tones of
 4. Is there aught so lovely as the kind-ly deed; Here, where all are burdened

all so light and gay! How it comes in glo - ry from the beaming sun,
 sweetly to beguile! How the shadows vanish, how the gloom departs;
 strife and wrong are heard! How it stills the tem-pest in the troubled soul;
 here, where all have need! How the load it lightens, clears the cloud-ed sky;

CHORUS.

Fill - ing all the world with glad - ness. Sun - shine, sun-shine,
 Lov - ing smiles are life's brightsun-shine.
 Gen - tle words are life's brightsun-shine.
 Kind - ly deeds are life's brightsun-shine. O the love-ly sun-shine,

mak-ing all so bright, Sun - shine, sunshine, Bringing pure delight,
 O the lovely sunshine,

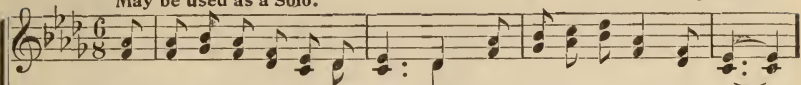
All so freely given, Showing us of heaven; Let us love the blessed sunshine.

132 What Shall I Do for My Saviour?

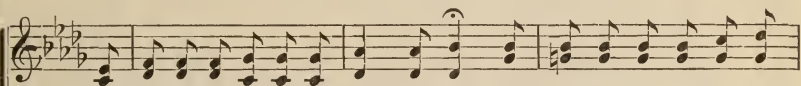
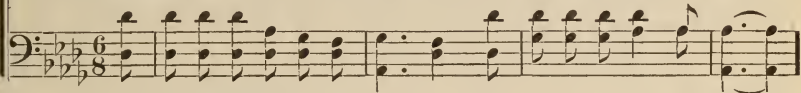
Words arranged.

May be used as a Solo.

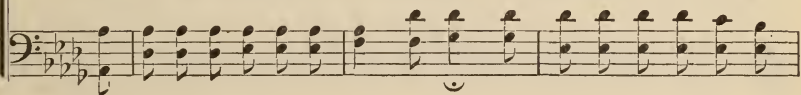
FRED. A. FILLMORE.



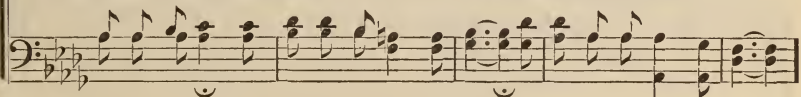
1. O what shall I do for the Sav-iour, For what He has done for me?
2. And what shall I be for the Sav-iour, For what He has been for me?
3. And what shall I bear for the Sav-iour, For what He has borne for me?
4. And what shall I give for the Sav-iour, For what He has giv'n for me?



I'll ask for His guidance my whole life thro', I'll do on-ly deeds that are
I'll be what He wants me to be each day, A light shin-ing out o-ver
Re-mem-ber-ing I am His con-stant care, What-ev-er He send-eth me
I'll give Him the gift of an earn-est life, A heart that is lov-ing and

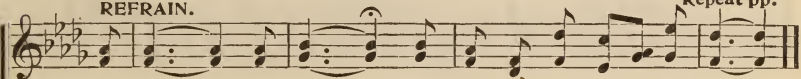


no-ble and true, For what He has done for me, For what He has done for me.
life's darkened way, For what He has been for me, For what He has been for me.
that I will bear, For what He has borne for me, For what He has borne for me.
free from all strife, For what He has giv'n for me, For what He has giv'n for me.

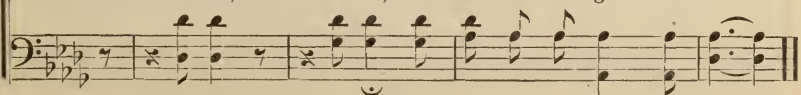


REFRAIN.

Repeat pp.

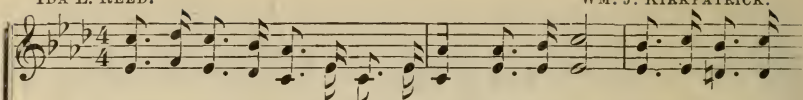


For me, . . . for me, . . . For what He has done for me.
For what He has been for me.
For what He has borne for me.
For me, for me, For what He has giv'n for me.

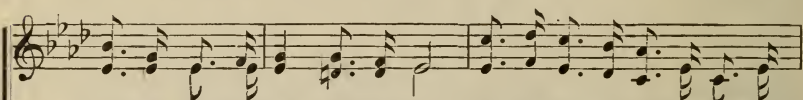
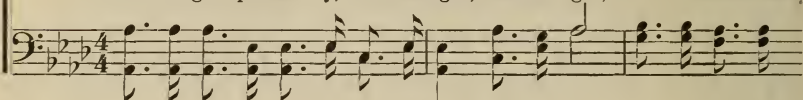


IDA L. REED.

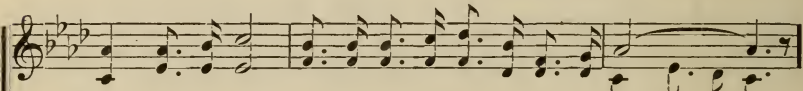
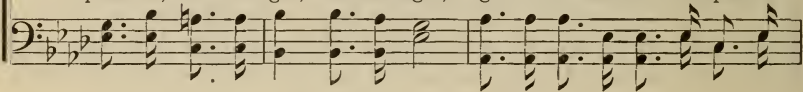
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



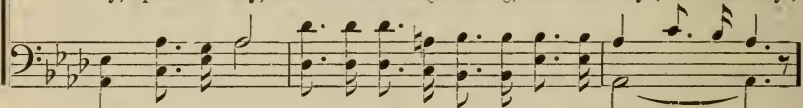
1. Tell the gos-pel sto-ry, Far and near, Far and near; Till earth's desert
2. Tell the gos-pel sto-ry, Far and wide, Far and wide; Till each heart shall
3. Tell the gos-pel sto-ry, Send the light, Send the light; In - to earth's dark



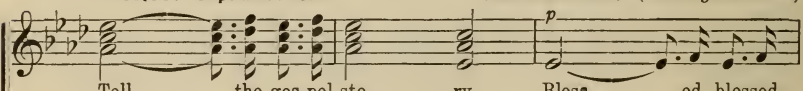
plac - es, All shall hear, All shall hear, Till the far - off is-lands Lift their
 ech - o Je - sus died, Je - sus died! Shed His blood so precious Once for
 plac - es, Till the night, Till the night, Night of sin and er - ror Speeds a-



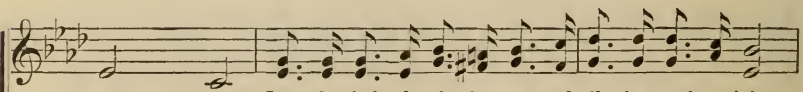
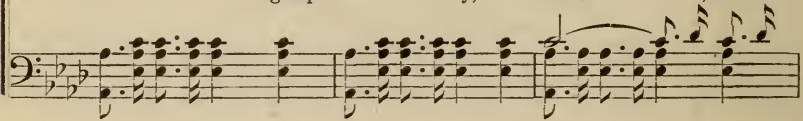
heads Lift their heads, In the light re-joic-ing, As it spreads. (As it spreads.)
 all, Once for all, This lost world to res-cue, From the fall. (From the fall.)
 way, Speeds a-way, Lost in truth's bright morning, Love's clear day. (Love's clear day.)



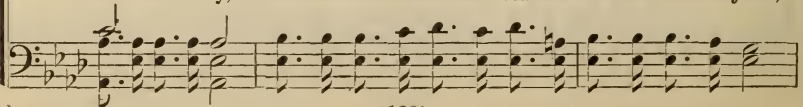
CHORUS. Sop. and Alto.

Tenor and Alto. (*Melody in tenor.*)

Tell..... the gos-pel sto - ry, Bless - ed, blessed



sto - ry, Let the is-lands of the sea and all the earth re-joyce;



Tell the Gospel Story.

Tell His loving kind - ness, Gen - tle lov-ing

kind - ness, Let each tribe and na - tion now His prais-es voice.

134

Jewels.

W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, All His
 2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er, The gems for His kingdom; All the
 3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the

CHORUS.

jew-els, precious jewels, His loved and His own;
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own; Like the stars of the morning,
 jew-els, precious jewels, His loved and His own;

His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, Come join the reap-er band, This
 2. Then hast-en forth with will-ing hands, Some work for God to do; Your
 3. Think not how lit-tle 'tis you do, To glo-ri-fy God's name, Each

is the har-vest time and we Must nev-er i-dle stand, Each Christian now should
 service counts, tho' small it seems, For la-bor-ers are few; Then with the opening
 lov-ing word, each kind-ly deed, Will add un-to His fame; No ser-vice but He

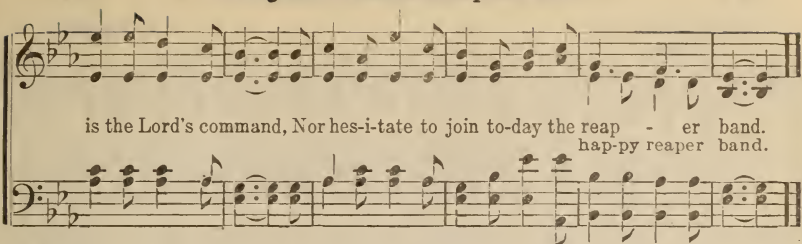
lend a hand, The work must not de-lay, The sunshine fall-ing on our path, Will
 dawn each day, Go out with will-ing heart, In-to the har-vest field of life, To
 sees and knows, The heart behind the deed, He gave His Son because He loved The

CHORUS.

quickly pass a-way. Come join the band, the grain is rip'ning fast, The
 do your humble part.
 world so full of need. Come join the band,

time for toil for us will soon be past. Go forth in love, it
 the time for toil Go forth in love

Come Join the Reaper Band.

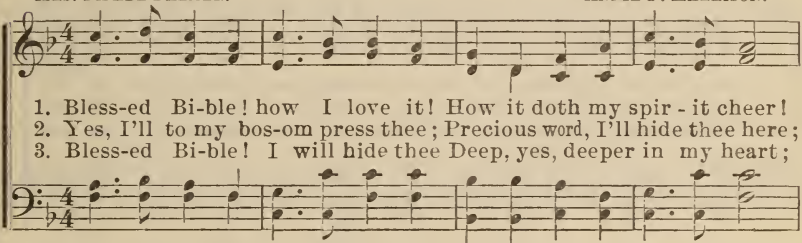


is the Lord's command, Nor hes-i-tate to join to-day the reap - er band.
hap-py reaper band.

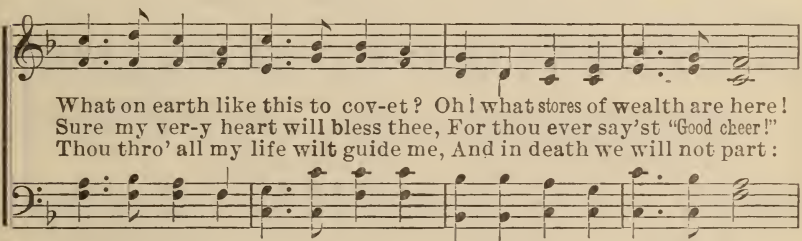
136 Blessed Bible! How I Love It!

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

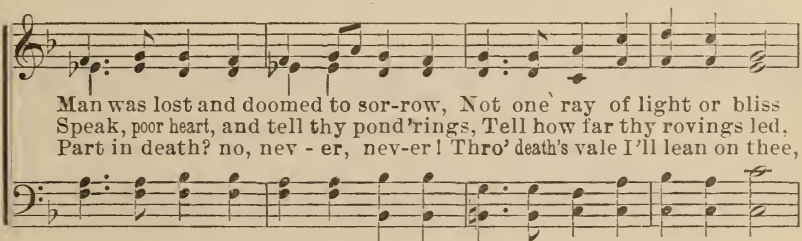
ANNIE F. HARRISON.



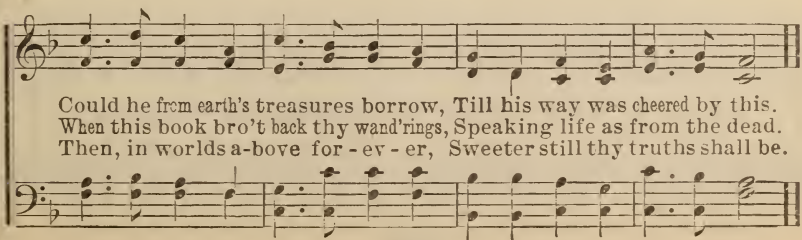
1. Bless-ed Bi-ble! how I love it! How it doth my spir - it cheer!
2. Yes, I'll to my bos-om press thee; Precious word, I'll hide thee here;
3. Bless-ed Bi-ble! I will hide thee Deep, yes, deeper in my heart;



What on earth like this to cov-et? Oh! what stores of wealth are here!
Sure my ver-y heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
Thou thro' all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part:



Man was lost and doomed to sor-row, Not one ray of light or bliss
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy roving led,
Part in death? no, nev - er, nev-er! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee,

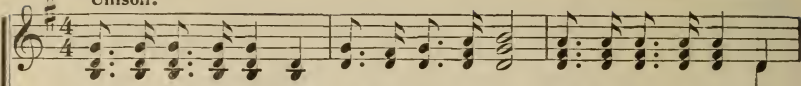


Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this.
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
Then, in worlds a-bove for - ev - er, Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

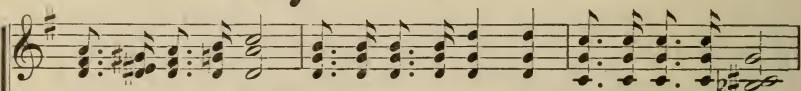
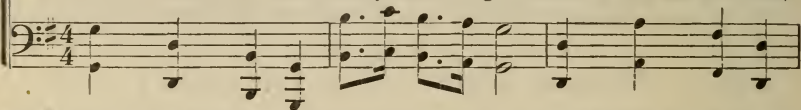
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

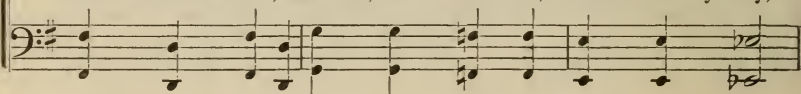
Unison.



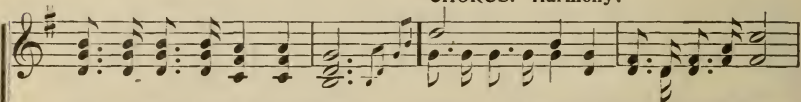
1. To the bless-ed Fa-ther Now be end-less praise, With the hosts of heav-en,
2. To the bless-ed Fa-ther Christ as-cend-eth high; His re-deemed will gath-er,
3. To the bless-ed Fa-ther Free-ly would we give Hearts to love and serve Him,



Hal - le - lu - jahs raise; He, for our re-demp-tion, Gave His on - ly Son,
 Hap - py, by and by; Tho' as pil-grim strangers Here a-while we roam,
 While on earth we live; Je - sus, the A - ris - en, Guides us ev'-ry day,

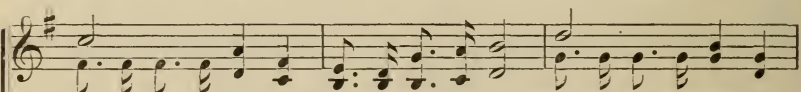
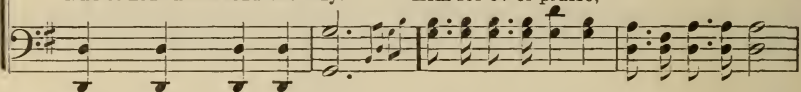


CHORUS. Harmony.

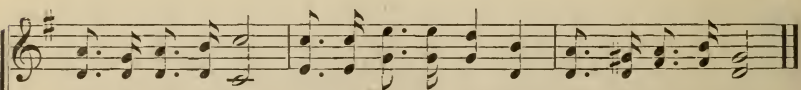
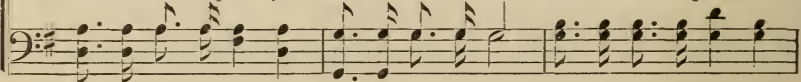


Ev - er-more His will be done.
 He at last will bring us home.
 And to heav'n will lead the way.

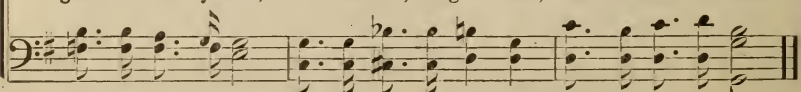
Praise Him, the Fa-ther blest a-bove,
 Him for-ev-er praise,



Praise Him for His a-bound-ing love; Praise Him who
 Him for-ev - er praise, Him for-ev - er praise



gave His on - ly Son, Let His will, so gra-cious, Ev - er-more be done.



ROBERT O. SMITH. Alt.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I walk by faith and not by sight, My way I oft-times
 2. The rug-ged road, with Him be-side, Is al-ways safe, and
 3. I walk by faith and not by sight, But sure-ly still my

can not see, But tho' en-com-passed by the night, My
 al-ways free; I on-ly ask to keep my Guide, And
 steps I trace; My Lord is lead-ing toward the light, Where

CHORUS.

bles-sed Sav-iour lead-eth me.
 He will keep the path for me. Walk-ing by faith where I
 clear-ly I shall see His face.

can not see, Knowing my Sav-iour is lead-ing me, Glo-ry to God,

I am hap-py and free, Walk-ing by faith in Je-sus!

Lift Up His Banner.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.
Unison.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Lift His ban-ner on the high-est mountain, Sun-light gleam-ing on its folds so
 2. Hear Him calling from the heights of glory, Who will fol - low on to vic - to-
 3. Come, ex-ult-ant, swell the hal-le-lu-jahs, Joy shall ring thro' all the earth and

fair, Shout His prais-es, swell the song of glad-ness, Ral - ly! ral - ly!
 ry? King E - ter - nal, all Thy love pro-claim-ing, We will faith-ful
 sky, On for Je - sus! join the glo-rious Lead-er, "Christ for-ev - er!"

CHORUS.

while His cross we bear.
 to Thy serv-ice be. Wave His ban-ner, lift the bless-ed stand-ard high,
 wave His stand-ard high.

Girls.

All.

Praise the Lord of earth and sky, Praise the Lord of earth and sky, Shout His prais - es,

Harmony.

Christ for-ev - er! be our cry, Christ for-ev - er be our ral - lying cry.

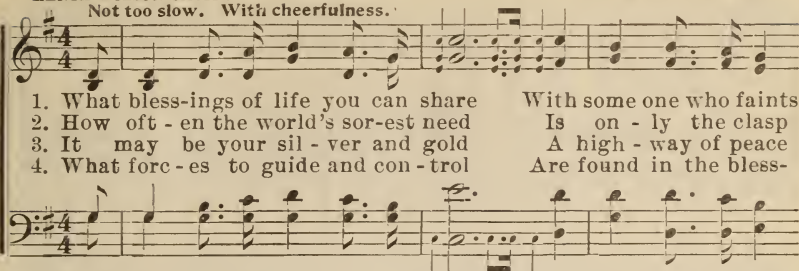
140 The Cup that's Given in His Name.

(May be used for Sunday-school class song.)

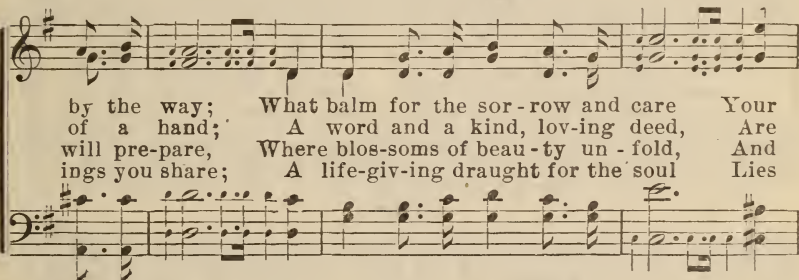
LANTA WILSON SMITH.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Not too slow. With cheerfulness.

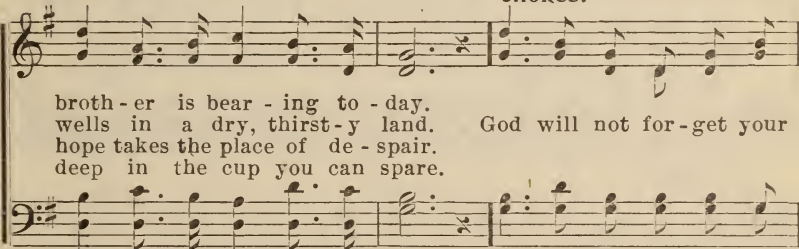


1. What bless-ings of life you can share With some one who faints
2. How oft - en the world's sor-est need Is on - ly the clasp
3. It may be your sil-ver and gold A high-way of peace
4. What forc-es to guide and con-trol Are found in the bless-

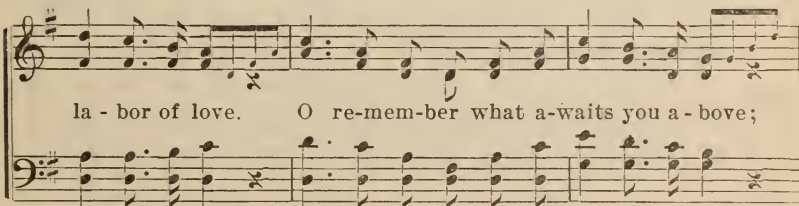


by the way; What balm for the sor-row and care Your
of a hand; A word and a kind, lov-ing deed, Are
will pre-pare, Where blos-soms of beau-ty un-fold, And
ings you share; A life-giv-ing draught for the soul Lies

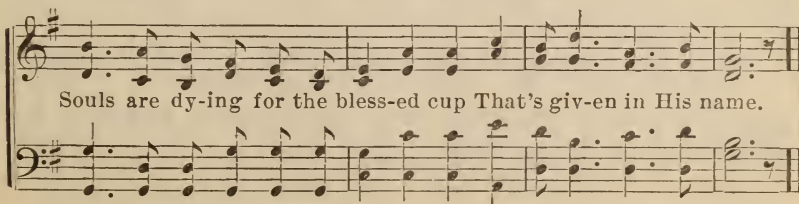
CHORUS.



broth-er is bear-ing to-day.
wells in a dry, thirst-y land. God will not for-get your
hope takes the place of de-spair.
deep in the cup you can spare.



la-bor of love. O re-mem-ber what a-waits you a-bove;



Souls are dy-ing for the bless-ed cup That's giv-en in His name.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
 2. Ev-ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
 3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the even-ing fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do?" O how ma-n-y loi-ter, while the
 hope to wear in yonder world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
 reap-ing will for ev-er-more be past. Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter

Mas-ter calls a new—"Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
 pre-cious in His sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
 will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
 Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand all read-y
 Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all

Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O sleepers!
 Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
 Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O

Reapers are Needed.

Ye are needed as reapers! Who will be the first to answer, "Mas-ter, quick-ly,

here am I," Far and wide the rip-ened
 "Mas-ter, here am I," Far and wide the rip - ened
 O an-swer! Far and wide the

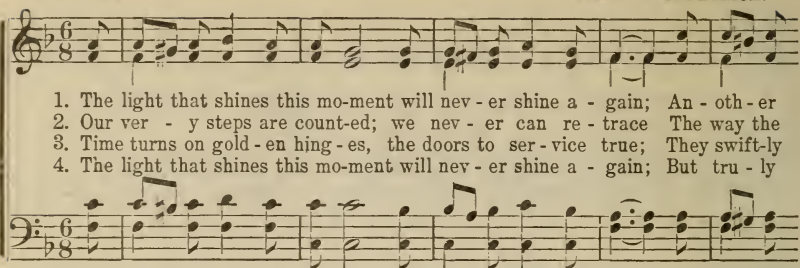
grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen - tly
 grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, in the breez-es gen - tly
 grain bends low, And in the breeze wave

wav - ing to and fro; Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are
 wav - ing to and fro; O rouse ye,
 to and fro; O

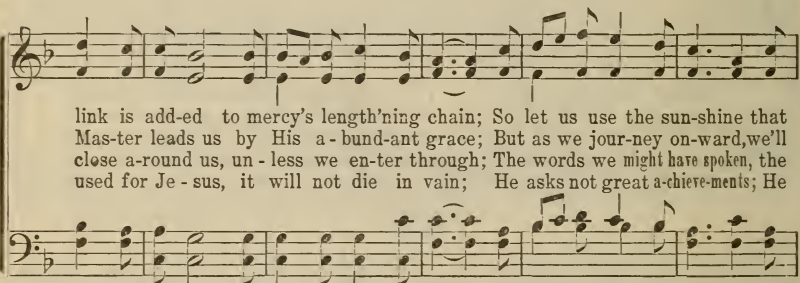
needed as reapers, And the gold-en harvest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

E. E. HEWITT.

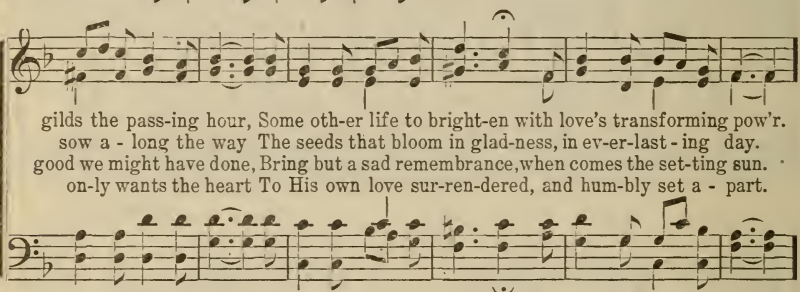
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The light that shines this mo-ment will nev - er shine a - gain; An - oth - er
 2. Our ver - y steps are count-ed; we nev - er can re - trace The way the
 3. Time turns on gold - en hing - es, the doors to ser - vice true; They swift-ly
 4. The light that shines this mo-ment will nev - er shine a - gain; But tru - ly

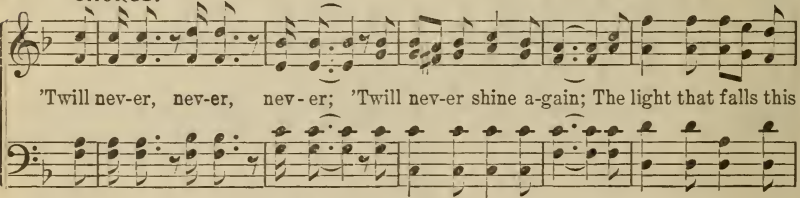


link is add-ed to mercy's length'n'ing chain; So let us use the sun-shine that
 Mas-ter leads us by His a - bund-ant grace; But as we jour-ney on-ward, we'll
 close a-round us, un - less we en-ter through; The words we might have spoken, the
 used for Je - sus, it will not die in vain; He asks not great a-chieve-ments; He

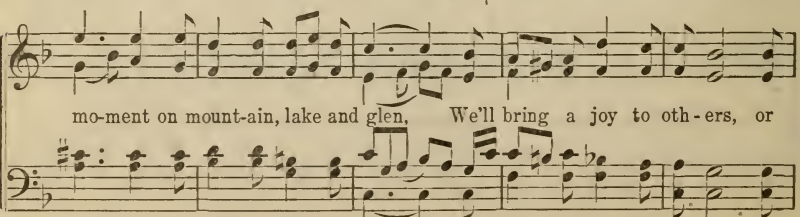


gilds the pass-ing hour, Some oth-er life to bright-en with love's transforming pow'r.
 sow a - long the way The seeds that bloom in glad-ness, in ev-er-last - ing day.
 good we might have done, Bring but a sad remembrance, when comes the set-ting sun.
 on-ly wants the heart To His own love sur-ren-dered, and hum-bly set a - part.

CHORUS.



'Twill nev-er, nev-er, nev-er; 'Twill nev-er shine a-gain; The light that falls this



mo-ment on mount-ain, lake and glen, We'll bring a joy to oth - ers, or

'Twill Never Shine Again.

Con espressione.

less-en some one's pain; For the light we might be us-ing will nev-er shine a - gain.

143

Some of These Days.

Anon. SOLO.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Some of these days the skies will be bright-er, Some of these days the
2. Some of these days, in des - erts up-spring-ing, Fount-ains will flash while
3. Some of these days we'll bear with our sor-row, Faith in the fu - ture—

bur - den be light-er; Hearts will be hap - pier, souls will be whit-er,
joy-bells are ringing,—Thro' all the world the sweet-est birds sing-ing,
light we will bor-row; There will be joy, a gold - en to - mor-row,

CHORUS.

Some of these days, Some of these days. Some of these days,

Slower.
Some of these days, All will be well Some of these days.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

We come, we come, We come to the Sun-day-school,
 We come, we come, We come to the Sun-day-school,

The week is gone, Its toils are done, And we with joys are full,
 with joys are full,

This day, this day, This day of our Lord and King,
 blest day, blest day, This day of our Lord and King,

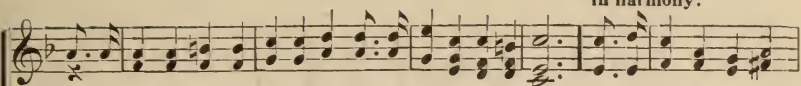
His word we read, His truth we heed, And prais-es sweet we sing.

Solo or Unison.

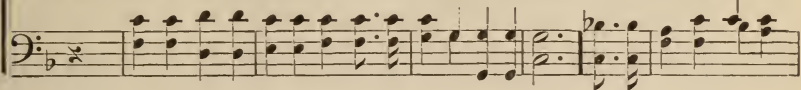
1. There's a lamp to guide our way, There's a star for us to shine;
 2. In the stud-y of the Word, Ev-er be our high-est joy;

We Come, We Come.

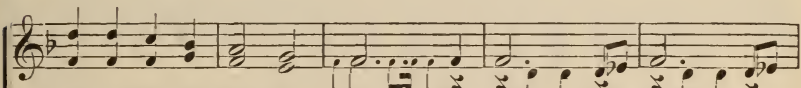
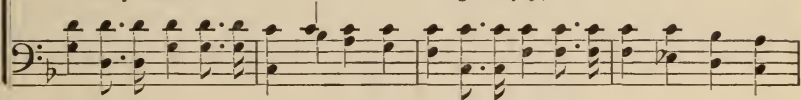
In harmony.



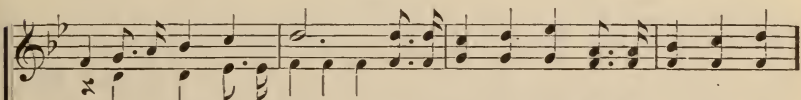
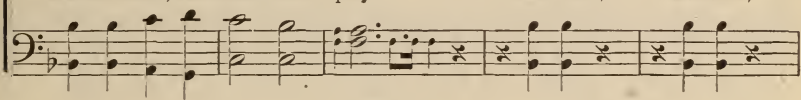
'Tis the blessed Word, the Book of God, Shedding forth its light divine. There's a lamp to guide our
In the do-ing of the Master's will Ev-er be our blest employ. In the stud-y of the



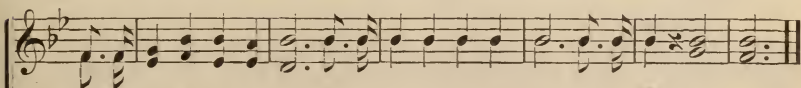
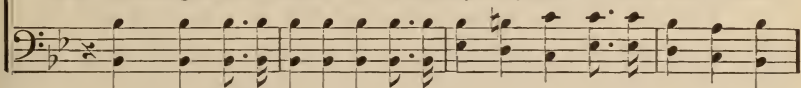
way, There's a star for us to shine, 'Tis the bless-ed Word, the
Word, Ev-er be our high-est joy, In the do - ing of our
all our way brightly shine,
holy Word, highest joy,



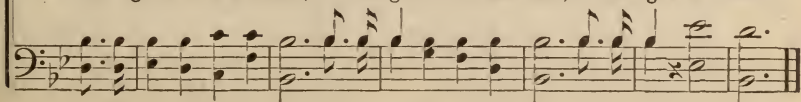
Book of God, The Light di - vine. We come, we come, To
Mas-ter's will, Our blest em - ploy. We come, we come,



walk in the light we come, In the days of youth, To the word of truth,



To the light of God we come, To the light of God we come, To the light we come.



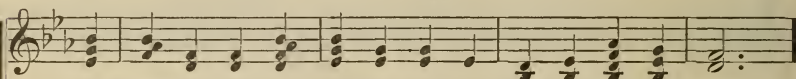
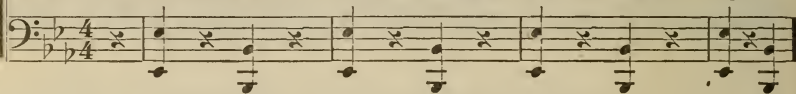
MRS. C. H. M.

1ST COR. 3-9.

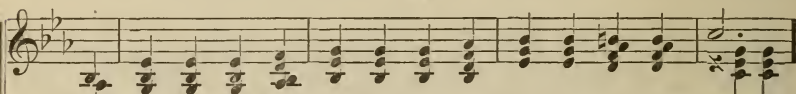
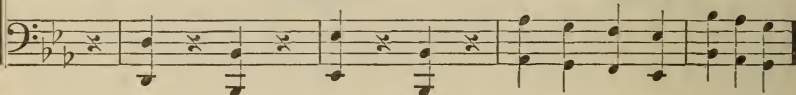
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



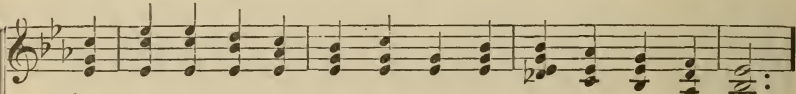
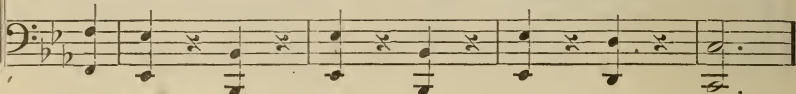
1. To help to win this world for Christ En-list-ed now are we,
2. His strong right arm our surety is, He leads us in the fight,
3. This earth with fertile hills and plains Is His by law-ful right;



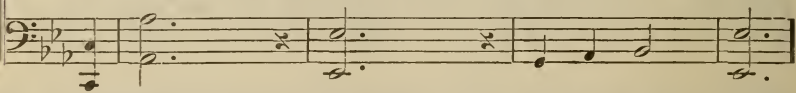
Be-neath the ban-ner of His cross, Which ransomed you and me;
In ev - 'ry con-flict goes be-fore And keeps our ar-mor bright;
Each soul the purchase of his blood And precious in His sight;



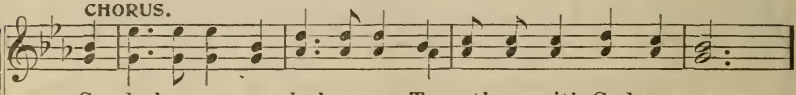
Am-bas - sa-dors for Him we go, And sav-ing grace pro-claim,
Up-on the winning side with Him We'll more than conq'rors be,
This all our mis-sion here be-low, To tell His grace so free,



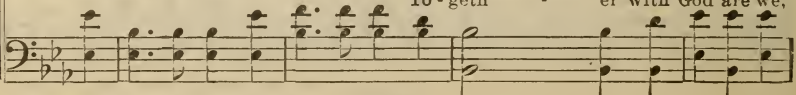
Sal - va-tion full and free for all Thro' mer-its of His name.
And o-ver-com-ers thro' His blood, Who gives the vic - to - ry.
And win this lost world back to God, His ev - er-more to be.



CHORUS.



Co - la-bor-ers, co - la-bor-ers, To-ge-th-er with God are we,
To - geth - er with God are we,



Co-laborers.

To win this lost world back to Him, Our mission here shall be. Co-

la-bor-ers, co - la-bor-ers, To-geth-er with God are we,
To-geth-er with God are we,

To win this lost world back to Him, Our mis-sion here shall be.

146

Work and Pray.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.
Fine.

1. Would you have the things you ask for, You must not sit i - dly down; }
We must la - bor for the har - vest, We must bat - tle for the crown. }
2. Would you claim the prom-ised bless-ing, La - bor is the Mas - ter's way; }
Would you eat the bread of heav-en, In His vine - yard work to - day. }

D. C. And the Lord will bless and help us, When we work, as well as pray.
REFRAIN.

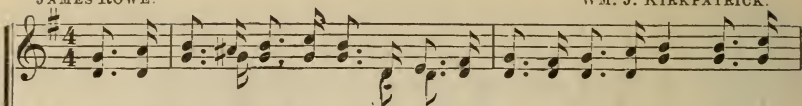
D. C.
We must work as well as pray, We must work as well as pray,
We must work, must work and pray, We must work, must work and pray,

3 Would you win the world for Jesus,
Go some wand'ring one to seek;
Help the helpless, raise the fallen,
Words of cheer and comfort speak.

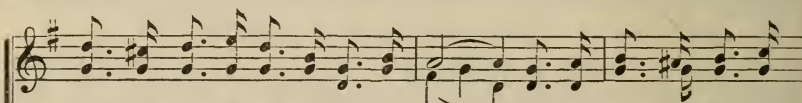
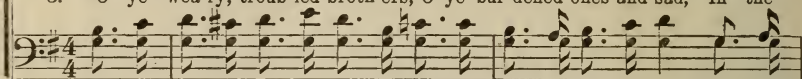
4 Let us pray the blessed Master,
Day by day His will to know;
Let us follow where He leads us,
Do as He would have us do.

JAMES ROWE.

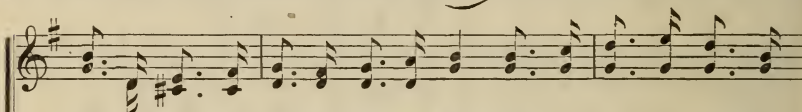
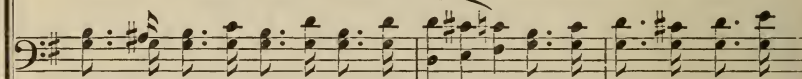
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



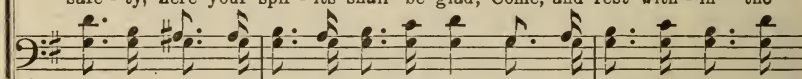
1. Dread may be the scene be-fore me, clouds may hide the blue a-bove, And a-
2. Who could sigh for fleet-ing pleasures, wealth or fame or worldly joys, Who could
3. O ye wea-ry, trou-ble-d broth-ers, O ye bur-dened ones and sad, In the



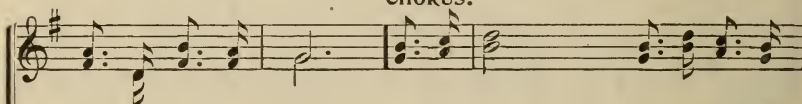
round me waves of sin and doubt may roll,... I am rest-ing in the
 fail a faith-ful child of God to prove,... Aft-er list-'ning to the
 paths of sin and sor-row cease to rove;... Here is peace and here is



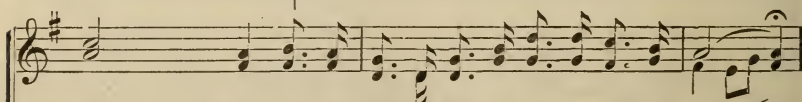
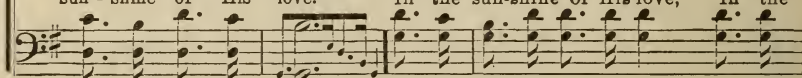
sun-shine of my dear Re-deem-er's love, And His ten-der voice is
 mu-sic of the lov-ing Sav-iour's voice, Aft-er rest-ing in the
 safe-ty, here your spir-its shall be glad; Come, and rest with-in the



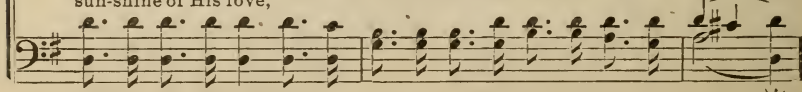
CHORUS.



glad-den-ing my soul. In the sun - - shine, the gold-en
 sun-shine of His love.
 sun-shine of His love. In the sun-shine of His love, In the



sun - - shine, I am rest-ing in the sun-shine of His love;...
 sun-shine of His love,



In the Sunshine of His Love.

Here, 'where safe - ly I may hide, Shall my hap - py soul a-bide,

Sweet-ly rest - ing in the sun - shine of His love.....
in the sun-shine of His love.

148

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.
Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tem-pes-tuous-sea;

D. C. *Chart and com-pass came from Thee, Je-sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*

D. C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When, at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not: I will pilot thee!"

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Praise the Lord in ho - ly song, Un-to Him doth praise be-long, Let His
 2. Praise the Lord with skillful hand, On a harp or or - gan grand, Let His
 3. Praise the Lord who reigns a-bove, While your hearts o'erflow with love, Let His

praise.... ev - er roll;.... Praise the Lord, ye saints of light,
 praise.... mount the sky;.... With all heav - en now re-joice,
 praise.... now as - cend;.... Till you meet Him face to face,
 Let His praise ev - er roll;

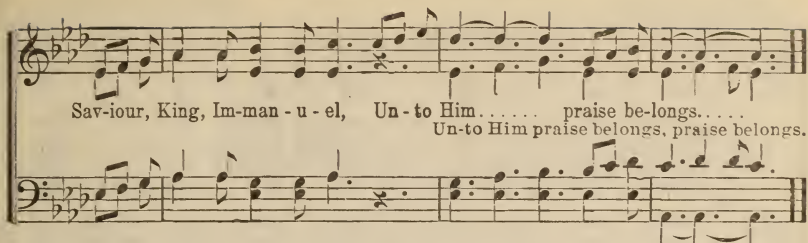
Praise His name both day and night, Bless the Lord,... O my soul. (my soul.)
 Un - to Him lift up the voice, Praise the Lord... God most high. (most high.)
 Praise Him for His sav-ing grace; May His praise... have no end. (no end.)
 Bless the Lord,

REFRAIN.

Let us praise His name, Let us praise His name, Praise the
 Let us praise His name, Let us praise His name, Praise the

Lord our God in ho - ly songs; Long and loud His prais-es swell,
 Lord our God in ho - ly, ho - ly songs;

Praise the Lord.



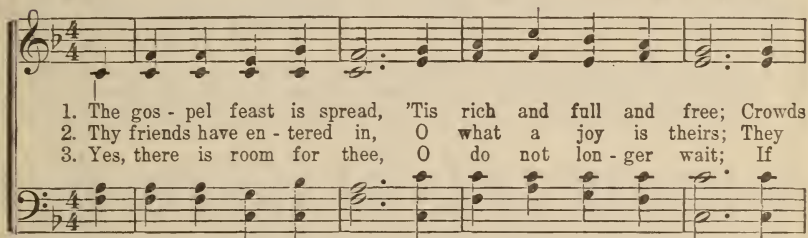
Sav-iour, King, Im-man - u - el, Un-to Him. praise be- longs.
Un-to Him praise belongs, praise belongs.

150

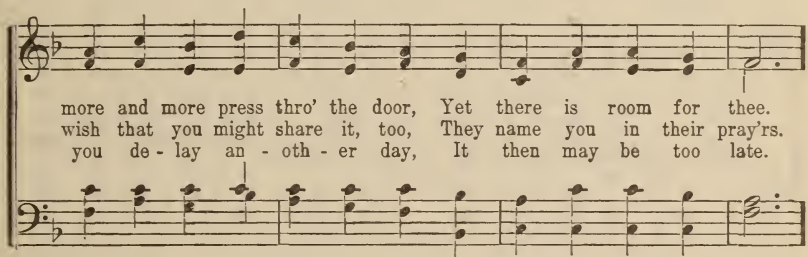
Yet There is Room.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

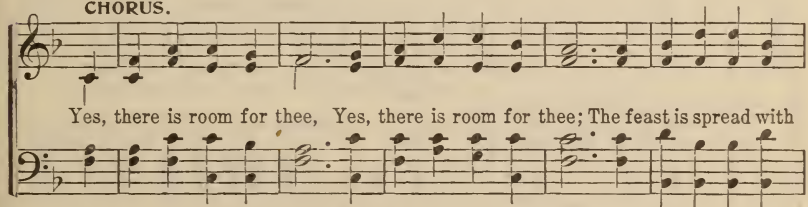


1. The gos - pel feast is spread, 'Tis rich and full and free; Crowds
2. Thy friends have en - tered in, O what a joy is theirs; They
3. Yes, there is room for thee, O do not lon - ger wait; If



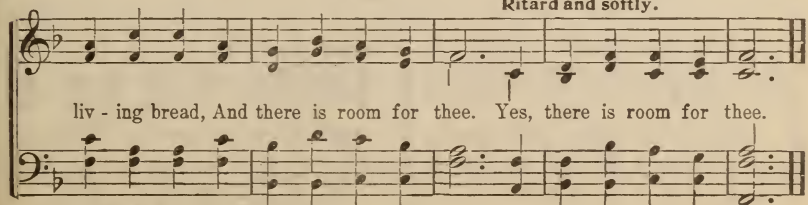
more and more press thro' the door, Yet there is room for thee.
wish that you might share it, too, They name you in their pray'rs.
you de - lay an - oth - er day, It then may be too late.

CHORUS.



Yes, there is room for thee, Yes, there is room for thee; The feast is spread with

Ritard and softly.



liv - ing bread, And there is room for thee. Yes, there is room for thee.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.
Allegro.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. We praise Him for the flow'r,.... for ev - 'ry hap - py hour, ... For
 2. For stars that shine a - bove,.... for all His pre-cious love,.... For
 3. For blood to cleanse from sin,.... the crown we all may win,.... We
 We praise Him for the flow'r, for ev - 'ry hap - py hour, We

what He did, for all He does, for what He yet will do, For sun-shine and for
 health and help He gives us, as He watch-es o'er our way, For friends we love so
 praise Him for the cross we bear, the work He gives to do, For peace our hearts to
 For sun - shine

rain,.... the song-birds' glad re - frain,.... For dai - ly food, for
 well,.... for homes in which to dwell,.... And we will praise for
 rule,.... His spir - it to con - trol,.... We praise Him for that
 and for rain, the song - birds' glad re-frain,

CHORUS. Girls.

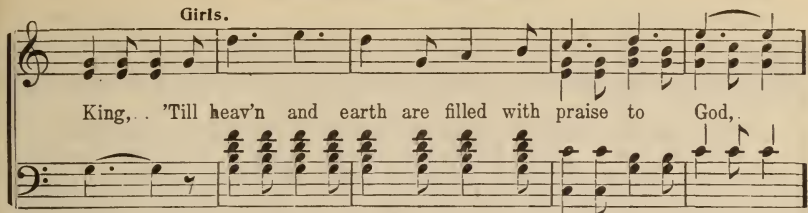
God's own word Each day so new.
 all His grace Our Lord each day. The hap - py chil-dren will to-
 hap - py home Where all is new.

Boys.

geth - er sing, Their cheer - ful songs to Christ, the chil - dren's

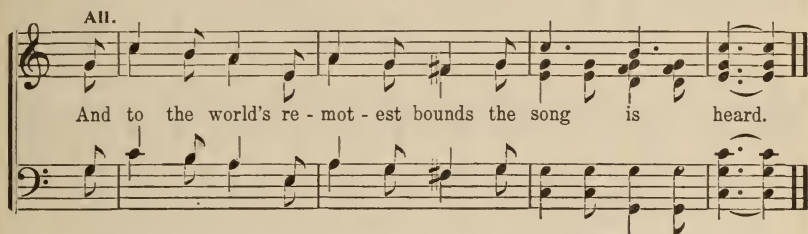
We Praise Him.

Girls.



King, . . 'Till heav'n and earth are filled with praise to God,

All.



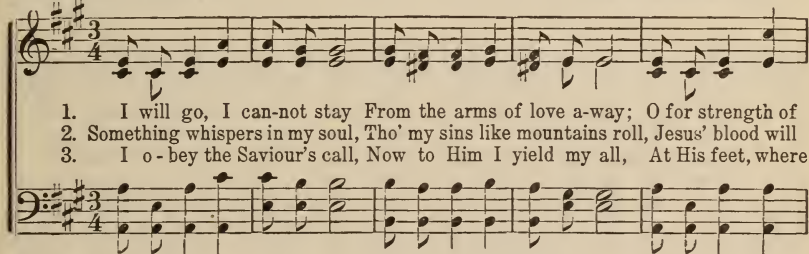
And to the world's re - mot - est bounds the song is heard.

152

I Will Go.

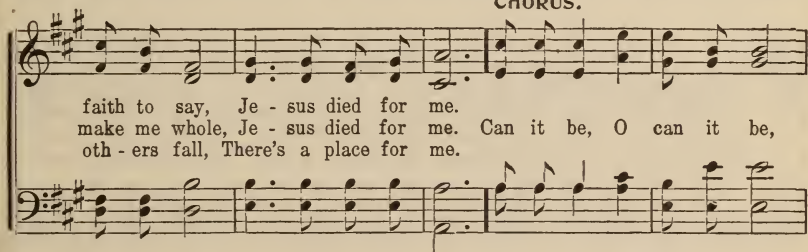
MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



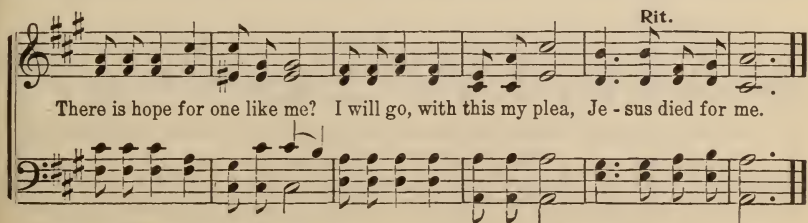
1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
2. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
3. I o-bey the Saviour's call, Now to Him I yield my all, At His feet, where

CHORUS.



faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
make me whole, Je - sus died for me. Can it be, O can it be,
oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

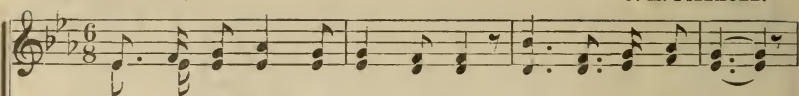
Rit.



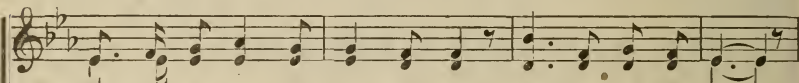
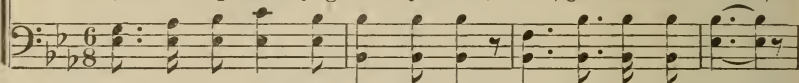
There is hope for one like me? I will go, with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

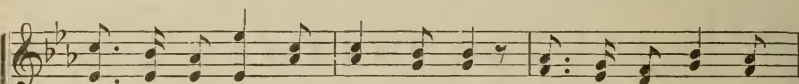
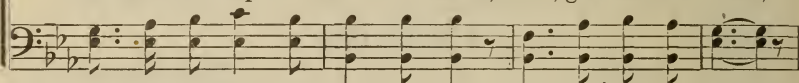
J. H. FILLMORE.



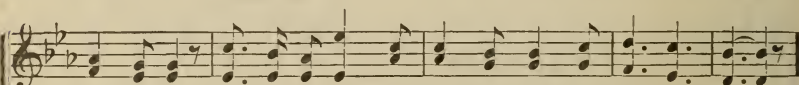
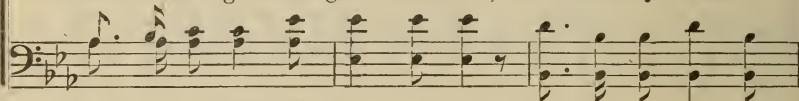
1. Give as the Lord hath prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord;
2. Give to the poor a - long the way, Give, give to the Lord;
3. Give, tho' so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord;



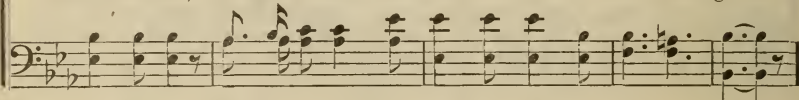
Give with a will - ing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give to the heath-en far a - way, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give but the cup in Je - sus' name, Give, give to the Lord;



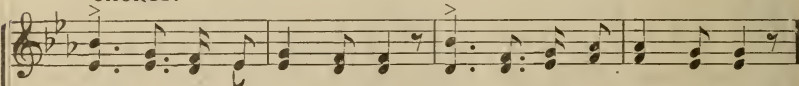
He hath sup-plied thee o'er and o'er, Blest thee in bas - ket
 Give to His need-y as they cry, Give to His peo - ple
 Cheerful then give the good thou hast, Fear-less thy bread on



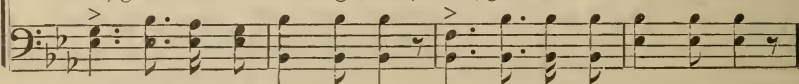
and in store, Promised to fill thee more and more, Thy gracious Lord.
 ere they die, Give to His gos-pel that it fly, O give, give, give.
 wa-ters cast, It will re-turn to thee at last In har-vests great.



CHORUS.



Give, give with a will - ing hand, Give, give with a lib - eral han'd,



Give to the Lord.

Musical score for 'Give to the Lord' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes two measures of music, with a first ending bracketed over the second measure and a second ending bracketed over the third measure. The lyrics are: 'Give, give at His blest command, Who prospered thee, prospered thee.'

Give, give at His blest command, Who prospered thee, prospered thee.

154 Are You Building on the Rock?

MRS. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Musical score for 'Are You Building on the Rock?' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes two measures of music, with a first ending bracketed over the second measure and a second ending bracketed over the third measure. The lyrics are: '1. Are you build-ing on the Rock, High a - bove the sand-y beach, 2. Years, like tides, will come and go; Tell me, are you ver - y sure 3. Lay with patience, faith and pray'r Your foundations, deep and wide;'

1. Are you build-ing on the Rock, High a - bove the sand-y beach,
2. Years, like tides, will come and go; Tell me, are you ver - y sure
3. Lay with patience, faith and pray'r Your foundations, deep and wide;

Musical score for 'Are You Building on the Rock?' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes two measures of music, with a first ending bracketed over the second measure and a second ending bracketed over the third measure. The lyrics are: 'Where no sud-den wave can shock, Where no beat-ing tide can reach? That they will not o - ver-throw Much that seemed at first se-cure? Build there-on with watchful care, Far a - bove the an - gry tide.'

Where no sud-den wave can shock, Where no beat-ing tide can reach?
That they will not o - ver-throw Much that seemed at first se-cure?
Build there-on with watchful care, Far a - bove the an - gry tide.

CHORUS.

Musical score for 'Are You Building on the Rock?' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes two measures of music, with a first ending bracketed over the second measure and a second ending bracketed over the third measure. The lyrics are: 'Are you hear - ing and o - bey - ing? Are you work-ing, watch-ing, pray-ing?'

Are you hear - ing and o - bey - ing? Are you work-ing, watch-ing, pray-ing?

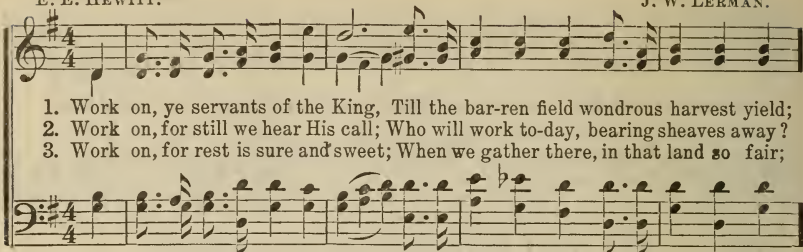
Musical score for 'Are You Building on the Rock?' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes two measures of music, with a first ending bracketed over the second measure and a second ending bracketed over the third measure. The lyrics are: 'Tell me, does your dwell-ing stand On the rock, or on the sand?'

Tell me, does your dwell-ing stand On the rock, or on the sand?

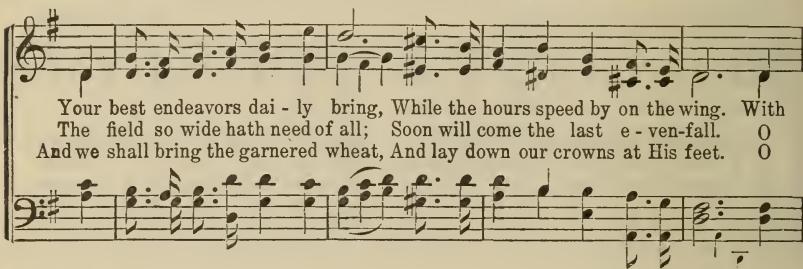
155 Work On Ye Servants of the King.

E. E. HEWITT.

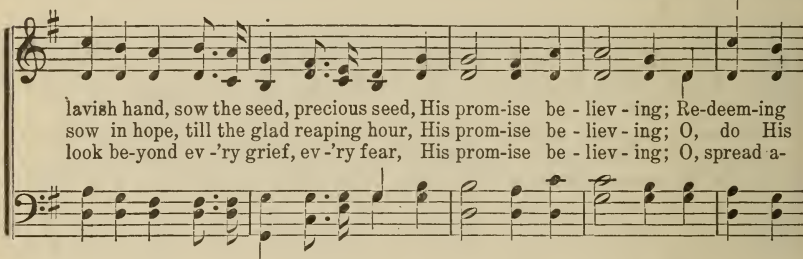
J. W. LERMAN.



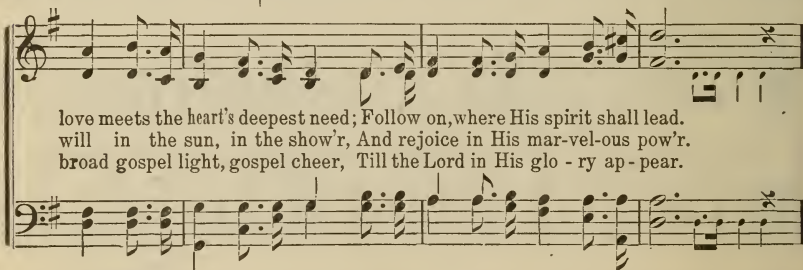
1. Work on, ye servants of the King, Till the bar-ren field wondrous harvest yield;
2. Work on, for still we hear His call; Who will work to-day, bearing sheaves away?
3. Work on, for rest is sure and sweet; When we gather there, in that land so fair;



Your best endeavors dai - ly bring, While the hours speed by on the wing. With
The field so wide hath need of all; Soon will come the last e - ven-fall. O
And we shall bring the garnered wheat, And lay down our crowns at His feet. O

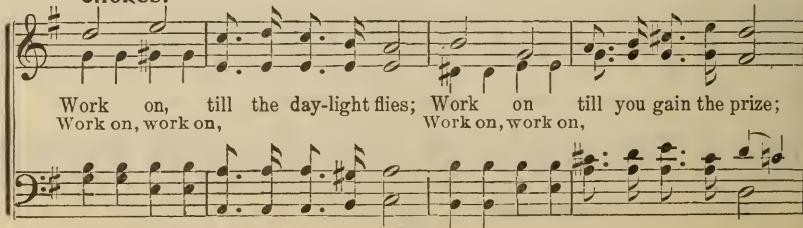


lavish hand, sow the seed, precious seed, His prom-ise be - liev - ing; Re-deem-ing
sow in hope, till the glad reaping hour, His prom-ise be - liev - ing; O, do His
look be-yond ev - ry grief, ev - ry fear, His prom-ise be - liev - ing; O, spread a-



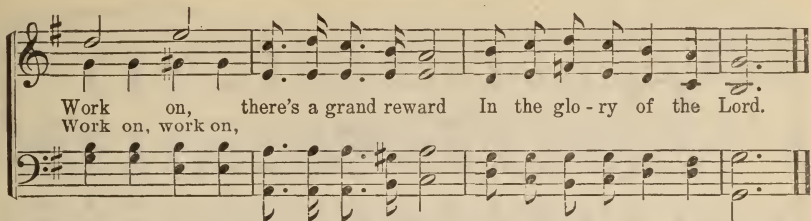
love meets the heart's deepest need; Follow on, where His spirit shall lead.
will in the sun, in the show'r, And rejoice in His mar-vel-ous pow'r.
broad gospel light, gospel cheer, Till the Lord in His glo - ry ap - pear.

CHORUS.



Work on, till the day-light flies; Work on till you gain the prize;
Work on, work on, Work on, work on,

Work On Ye Servants of the King.



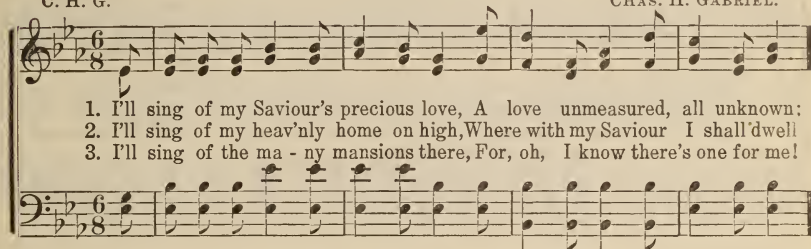
Work on, there's a grand reward In the glo-ry of the Lord.
Work on, work on,

156

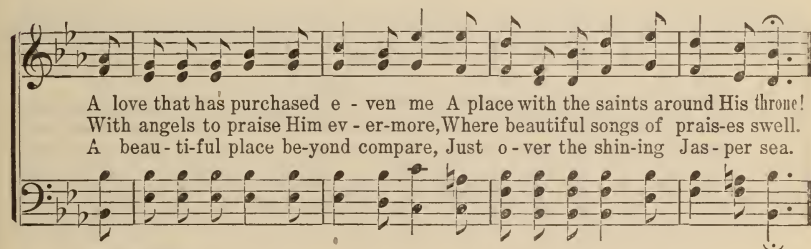
Precious Love.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

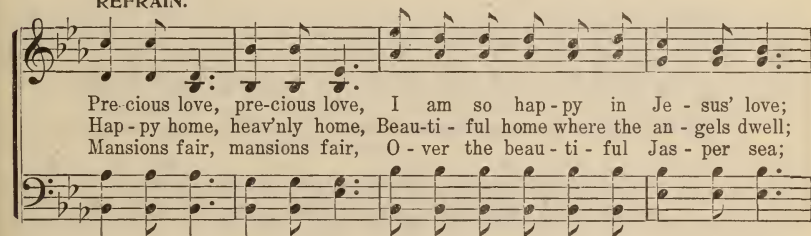


1. I'll sing of my Saviour's precious love, A love unmeasured, all unknown;
2. I'll sing of my heav'nly home on high, Where with my Saviour I shall dwell
3. I'll sing of the ma - ny mansions there, For, oh, I know there's one for me!

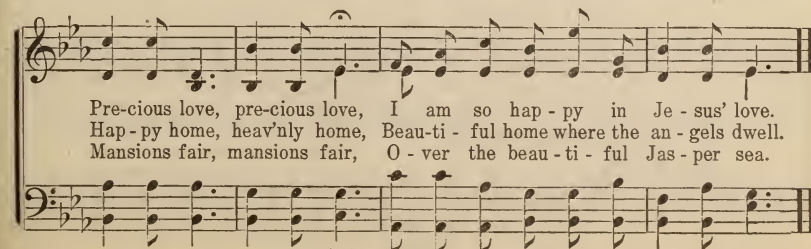


A love that has purchased e - ven me A place with the saints around His throne!
With angels to praise Him ev - er - more, Where beautiful songs of prais-es swell.
A beau - ti - ful place be - yond compare, Just o - ver the shin - ing Jas - per sea.

REFRAIN.



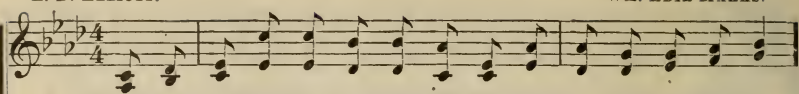
Pre - cious love, pre - cious love, I am so hap - py in Je - sus' love;
Hap - py home, heav'nly home, Beau - ti - ful home where the an - gels dwell;
Mansions fair, mansions fair, O - ver the beau - ti - ful Jas - per sea;



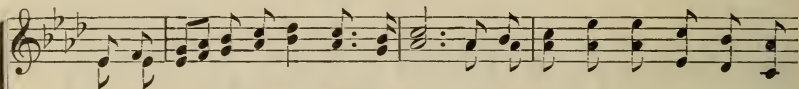
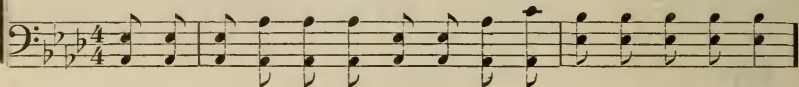
Pre - cious love, pre - cious love, I am so hap - py in Je - sus' love.
Hap - py home, heav'nly home, Beau - ti - ful home where the an - gels dwell.
Mansions fair, mansions fair, O - ver the beau - ti - ful Jas - per sea.

E. D. ELLIOTT.

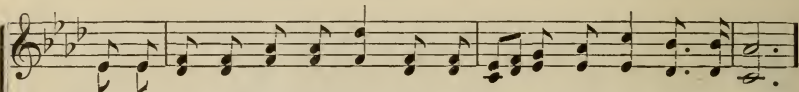
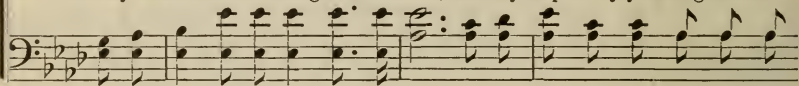
WM. EDIE MARKS.



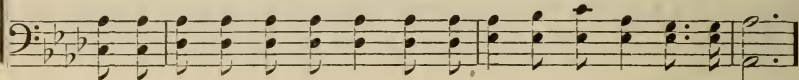
1. I have tried to count His bless-ings, and I fail to un-der-stand
2. Like an arm-y I be-hold them pass be-fore me in re-view,
3. Sure-ly good-ness, love and mer-cy have been mine a-long life's way.



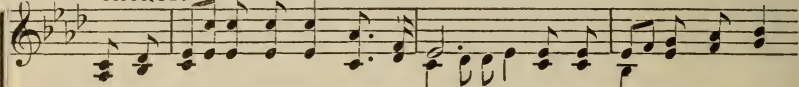
Why the Lord should so rich-ly re-ward; Could I count the stars of heav-en,
 O what joy doth the sight now afford! Tho' they may be long in pass-ing,
 And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and glad-ness



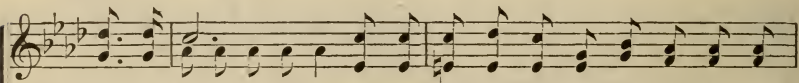
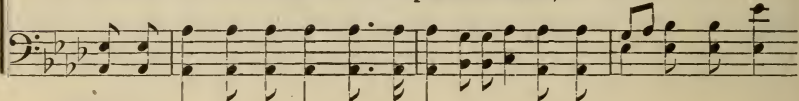
add to them earth's grains of sand, Still His blessings are more, praise the Lord!
 still they come, bat-tal-ions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
 keeps o'er-flow-ing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!



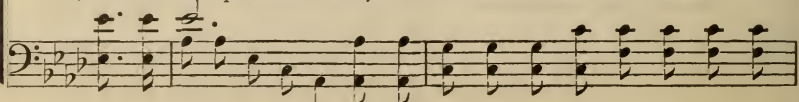
CHORUS.



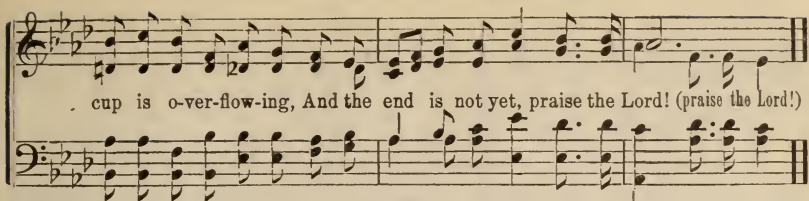
And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet,
 praise the Lord,



praise the Lord; Bless-ings new He's still be-stow-ing, And my
 O praise the Lord;



The End is Not Yet.



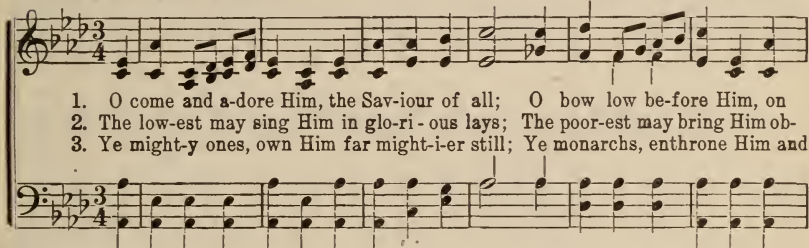
cup is o-ver-flow-ing, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!)

158

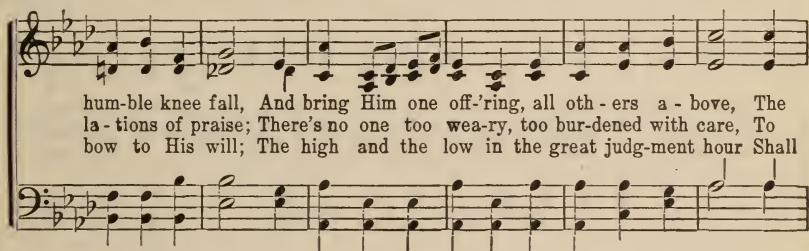
O Come and Adore Him.

NELLIE RICHMOND EEBEHARDT.

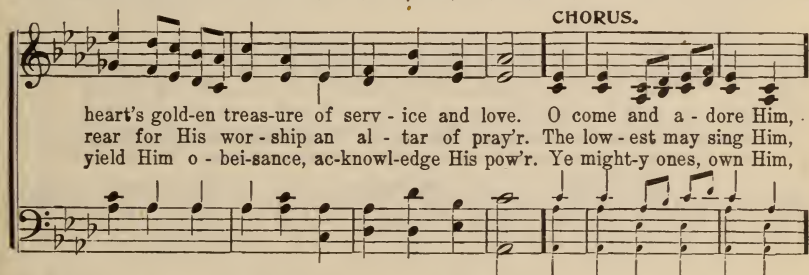
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O come and a-dore Him, the Sav-iour of all; O bow low be-fore Him, on
2. The low-est may sing Him in glo-ri-ous lays; The poor-est may bring Him ob-
3. Ye might-y ones, own Him far might-i-er still; Ye monarchs, enthrone Him and

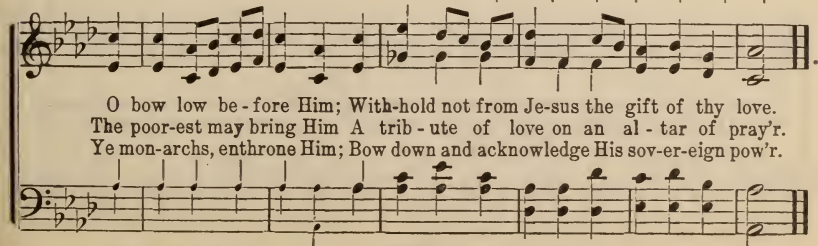


hum-ble knee fall, And bring Him one off-ring, all oth-ers a-bove, The la-tions of praise; There's no one too wea-ry, too bur-den-ed with care, To bow to His will; The high and the low in the great judg-ment hour Shall



CHORUS.

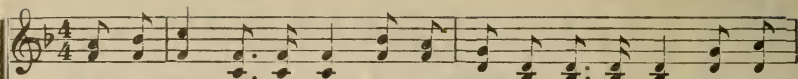
heart's gold-en treas-ure of serv-ice and love. O come and a-dore Him, rear for His wor-ship an al-tar of pray'r. The low-est may sing Him, yield Him o-bei-sance, ac-knowl-edge His pow'r. Ye might-y ones, own Him,



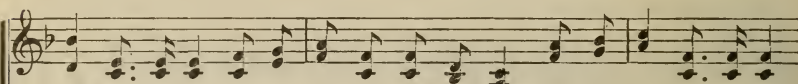
O bow low be-fore Him; With-hold not from Je-sus the gift of thy love. The poor-est may bring Him A trib-ute of love on an al-tar of pray'r. Ye mon-archs, enthrone Him; Bow down and acknowledge His sov-er-eign pow'r.

MRS. C. H. M.

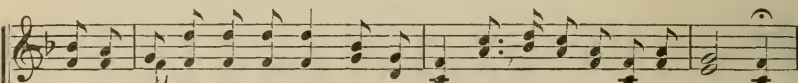
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
 2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness un-furled, Full sal -
 3. Is your name, friend, en-rolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you

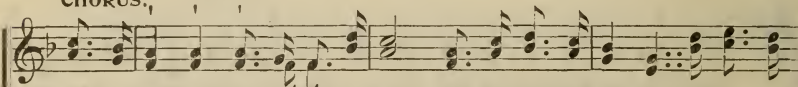


fight may be long and the strug-gle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
 va - tion pro-claim to a sin - ful, dy - ing world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
 dare now to stand with the Sav-iour's faith-ful few? Will you join with me now

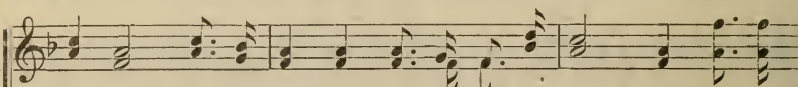


and the Spir-it's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
 from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
 and the cov - e - nant re-new? At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.

CHORUS.



Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, The tri-umph shout-ing, the foe we're
 Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!



rout-ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramp-ing of the ar - my, March-ing
 tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

At the Battle's Front.

on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glo - rious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glorious ar - my, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

160

Hear Our Prayer.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

May be sung in Unison.

1. O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, hear our pray'r, As at Thy feet we hum-bly bow;
2. O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, hear our pray'r, We plead the mer-its of Thy Son;
3. O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, hear our pray'r, O guide us by Thy bless-ed Word;

May ev'-ry heart Thy bless-ing share, O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, hear us now.
The Lamb Who came our woes to bear, And dy-ing, breathed, "Thy will be done."
O may we trust Thy con-stant care, And fol-low Him, our ris-en Lord.

ELLA PEACE HILBURN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On-ward, ev - er on-ward, Fight-ing for our King, While we push the
 2. 'Round the cross we ral - ly, Loy - al to our King, And when fight-ing
 3. He will help us con-quer Sa - tan's might-y host, He will give us

bat - tle, Still His prais-es sing! Gath - er in - to serv - ice,
 bold - ly, "All for Christ," we sing! On - ward in - to bat - tle,
 cour-age To main - tain our post. Up - ward, ev - er on - ward,

Youth-ful hearts and brave, While our gleaming ban-ners High a - bōve us wave.
 Stand-ing for the right, Trust-ing in the Sav-iour, He will give us light.
 Each a sol - dier true, "All for Christ" our watchword Till His face we view.

CHORUS.

On - ward, on - ward, March-ing as we sing, On - ward, on - ward,
 On-ward, ev - er on - ward, On-ward, ev - er on-ward,

Youth-ful hearts we bring, On - ward, ev - er on - ward, March-ing

Onward Ever Onward.

as we sing; "All for Christ our Sav - iour, All for Christ our King."

162 He's Knocking at Thy Heart.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Base prominent.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be-hold, a Stranger waiting stands, How fair, tho' thorns have pierc'd His brow;
2. Now at thy por-tals see Him wait, Now hear Him gen-tly call for thee;
3. Be-hold, this Stranger waiting still, Tho' al-most gone the fleet-ing day;
4. He waits to bless thee ev-er-more, A roy - al feast He will pro-vide;

How meek, tho' nails have torn His hands, And lo! for thee He call - eth now.
O wilt thou not un-bar the gate, Be - hold, He comes thy guest to be!
Night soon comes on so drear and chill, O will He long - er plead-ing stay?
The King is stand-ing at thy door, O bid Him en - ter and a - bide.

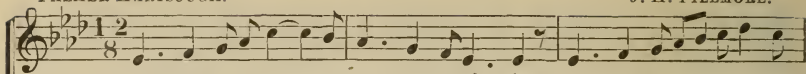
CHORUS.

He's knock-ing, He's knock-ing, O will you not the call at - tend?
at thy heart, at thy heart,

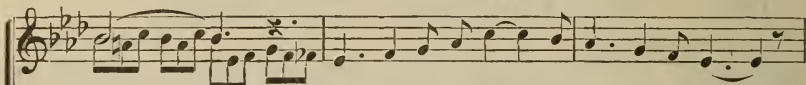
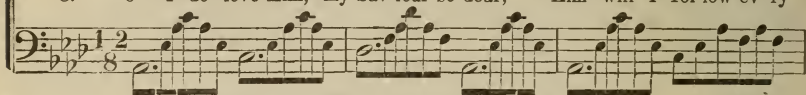
O let Him in ere He de - part, Thy Sav - iour and thy Friend.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

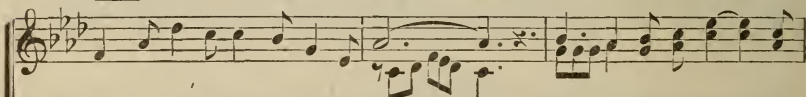
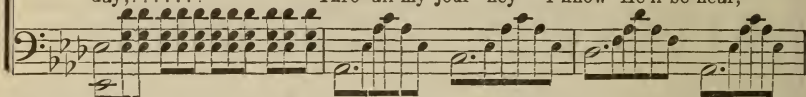
J. H. FILLMORE.



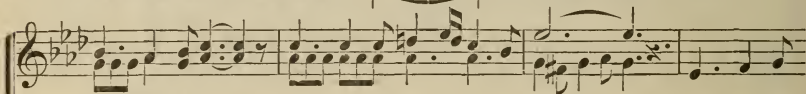
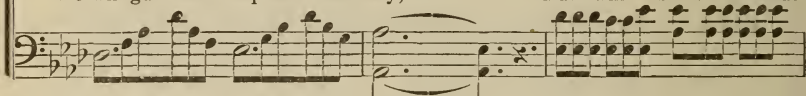
1. Bright bloom the dai-sies and sweet opes the rose, When smiles the morn upon the
2. Na-ture how love-ly in soft, sun-ny hours, But when my Saviour walks with
3. O I do love Him, my Sav-iour so dear, Him will I fol-low ev-'ry



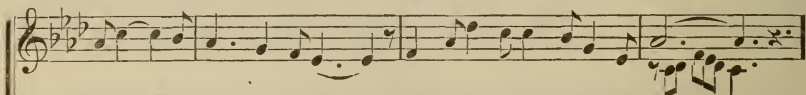
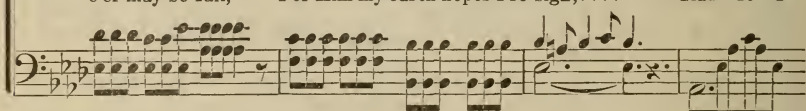
air,..... But all their beau-ties do noth-ing dis-close
me,..... More sweet the bird songs and more bright the flow'rs,
day;..... Thro' all my jour-ney I know He'll be near,



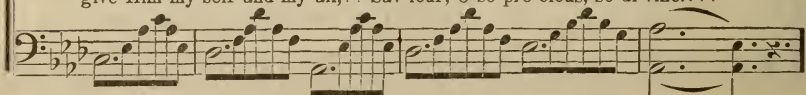
That can with my Sav-iour once com-pare;.... Fair-er than lil-ies is
Joyous things will then more gladsome be;..... He rolls the bur-den of
He will guide and keep me all the way;..... Glad will I serve Him what-



Je-sus my Lord, Sweet-er than mu-sic is His voice;.... King in the
sor-row a-way, He chas-es darkness from the sky,.... And when the
e'er may be-fall, For Him my earth hopes I re-sign;.... Glad do I



heav-ens for-ev-er a-dored, He's the One that doth my heart re-joice.
tem-pests a-round me do play, O how safe-ly shel-tered then am I....
give Him my-self and my all, Sav-iour, O so pre-cious, so di-vine....



Fairer than Lilies.

CHORUS.

Fair - er than lil - ies is Je - sus my Lord, Sweet - er than

mu - sic is His voice (His love-ly voice); King in the heav - ens for -

ev - er a - dored, He's the One that doth my heart re-joice (my heart re-joice).

164

The Way of the Cross.

Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

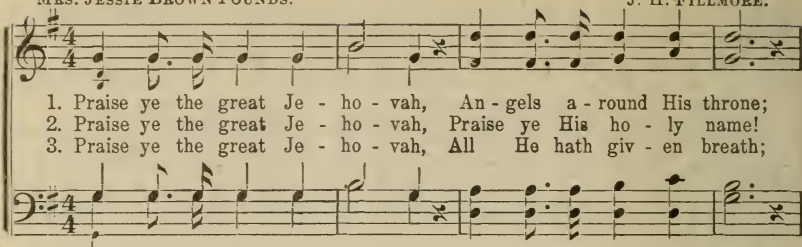
D. C. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

Ad lib. D. C.
I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take the cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

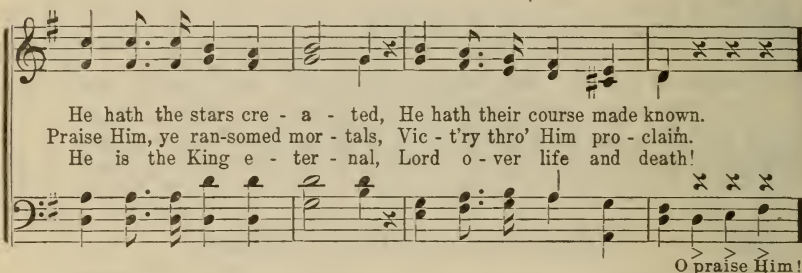
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

MRS. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.



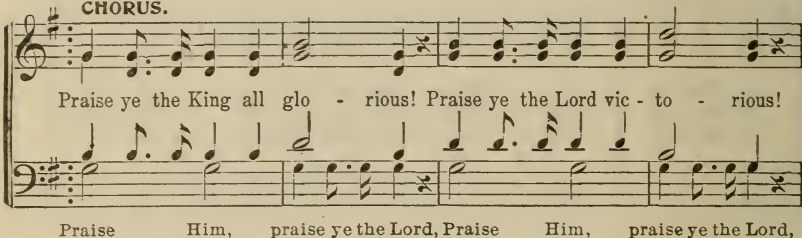
1. Praise ye the great Je - ho - vah, An - gels a - round His throne;
 2. Praise ye the great Je - ho - vah, Praise ye His ho - ly name!
 3. Praise ye the great Je - ho - vah, All He hath giv - en breath;



He hath the stars cre - a - ted, He hath their course made known.
 Praise Him, ye ran-somed mor - tals, Vic - t'ry thro' Him pro - claim.
 He is the King e - ter - nal, Lord o - ver life and death!

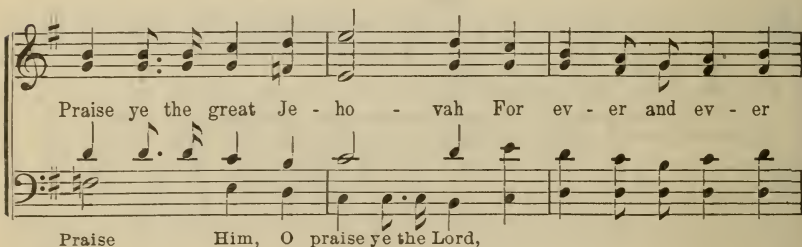
O praise Him!

CHORUS.



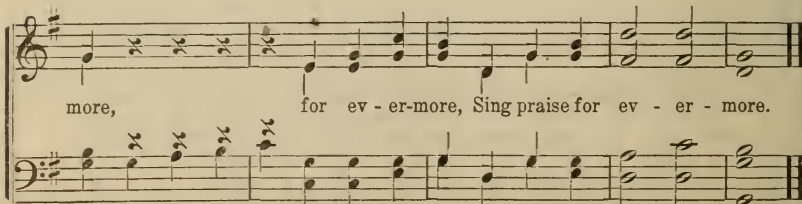
Praise ye the King all glo - rious! Praise ye the Lord vic - to - rious!

Praise Him, praise ye the Lord, Praise Him, praise ye the Lord,



Praise ye the great Je - ho - vah For ev - er and ev - er

Praise Him, O praise ye the Lord,

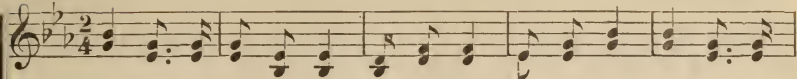


more, for ev - er-more, Sing praise for ev - er - more.

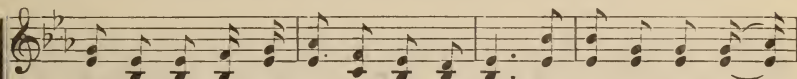
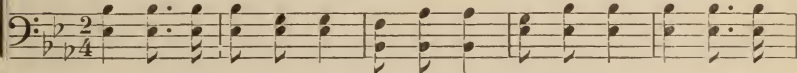
O praise the Lord, for ev - er-more,

ANON.

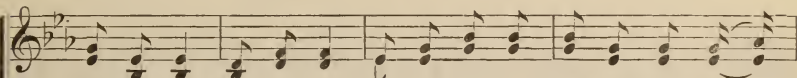
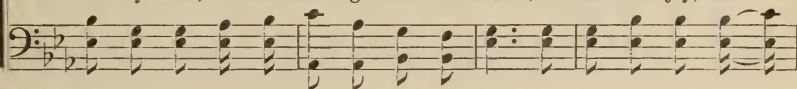
WM. B. BRADBURY.



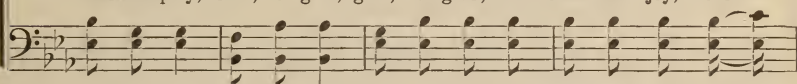
1. Give, said the lit-tle stream, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the
2. Give, said the lit-tle rain, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the
3. Give, said the vio-let sweet, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the
4. Give, said they ev-'ry one, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said they



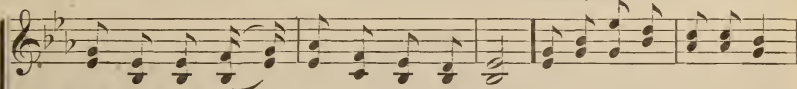
lit-tle stream, As it hur-ried down the hill; I'm small, I know, but wher-
lit-tle rain, As it fell up-on the flow'rs; I'll raise the droop-ing
vio-let sweet, In its gen-tle, spring-like voice; From cot and hall they will
ev-'ry one, For our bless-ings come from heav'n; And ours the joy, the



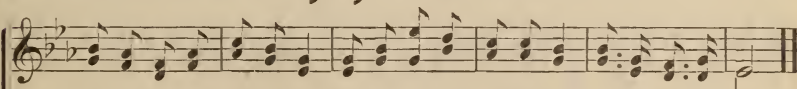
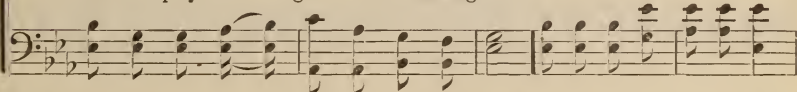
e'er I go, Give, O give, give, O give; I'm small, I know, but wher-
heads a-gain, Give, O give, give, O give; I'll raise the droop-ing
hear my call, Give, O give, give, O give; From cot and hall they will
sweet em-ploy, Give, O give, give, O give; And ours the joy, the



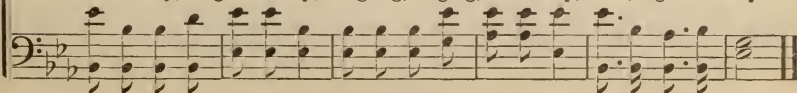
CHORUS



e'er I go, The fields grow green-er still.
heads a-gain, And fresh-en sum-mer bow'rs. Sing-ing, sing-ing, all the day,
hear my call, They will find me and re-joice.
sweet em-ploy To give as God has giv'n.

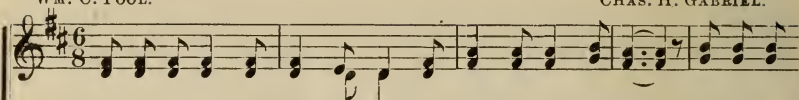


Give a-way, O give a-way; Sing-ing, singing, all the day, Give, O give a-way.

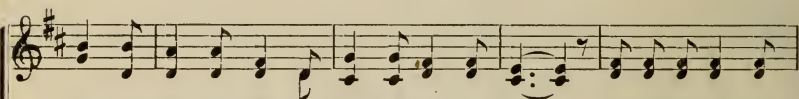
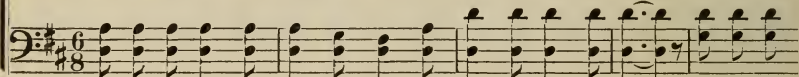


WM. C. POOL.

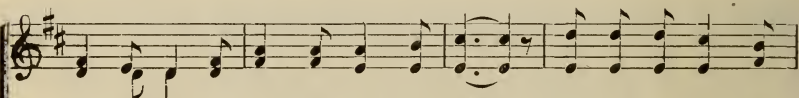
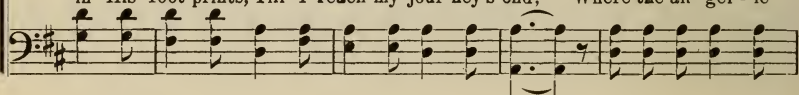
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



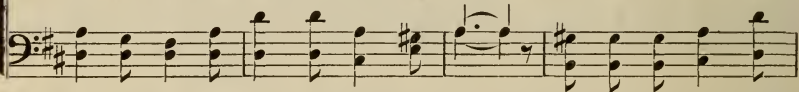
1. Fol-low-ing in the foot-prints Of my Lord I glad-ly go; Fol-low-ing
2. Fol-low-ing in the foot-prints Of the Man of Gal-i-lee; Fol-low-ing
3. Fol-low-ing in the foot-prints Of my Saviour, Guide and Friend! Fol-low-ing



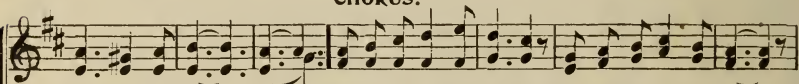
in the foot-prints Of the One who loved me so; Fol-low-ing in His
 in the foot-prints Of the One who died for me; Fol-low-ing in His
 in His foot-prints, Till I reach my jour-ney's end; Where the an-gel-ic



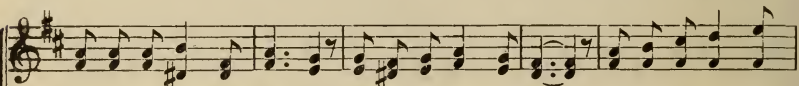
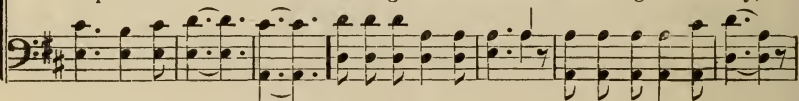
foot-prints All my jour-ney here be-low; Fol-low-ing in the
 foot-prints, Je-sus will my lead-er be; Fol-low-ing in the
 cho-rus, With the heav'n-ly harps shall blend; Fol-low-ing in the



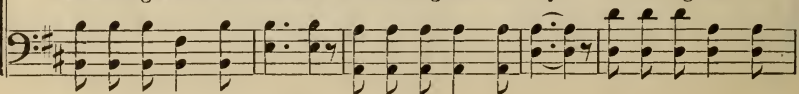
CHORUS.



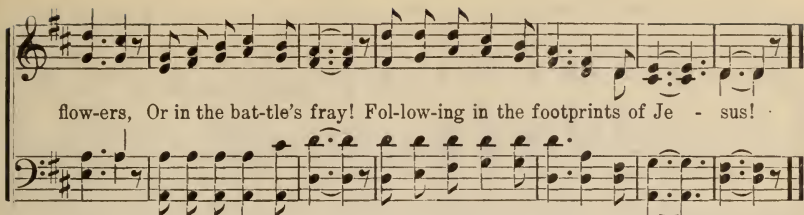
foot-prints of Je-sus! Following o'er the hillsides! Following all the way;



Fol-low-ing where He lead-eth! Fol-low-ing Him to-day! Fol-low-ing 'mid the



Following in His Footprints.

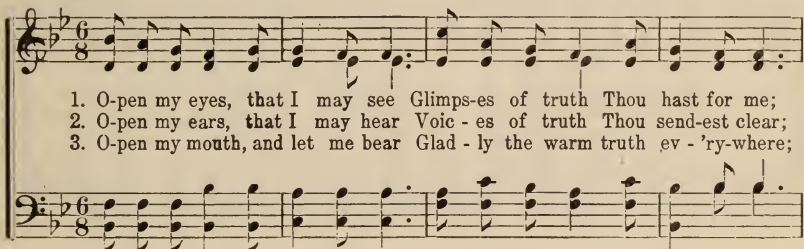


flow-ers, Or in the bat-tle's fray! Fol-low-ing in the footprints of Je - sus!

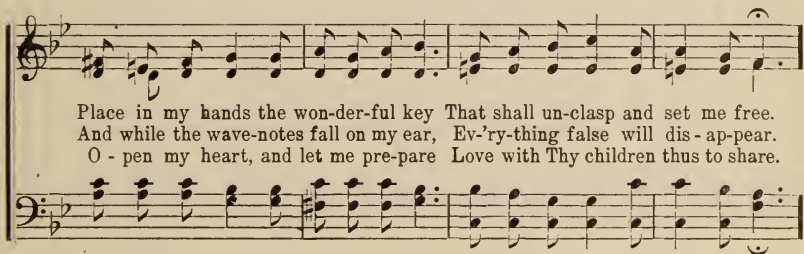
170 Open My Eyes that I May See.

C. H. S.

MRS. CLARA H. SCOTT.

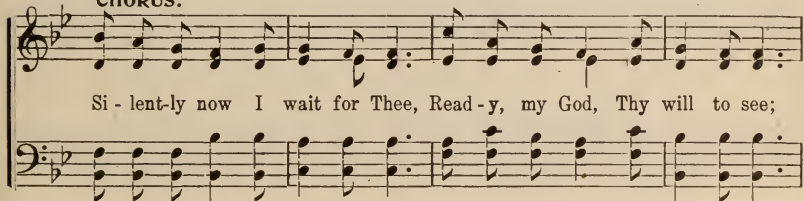


1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;

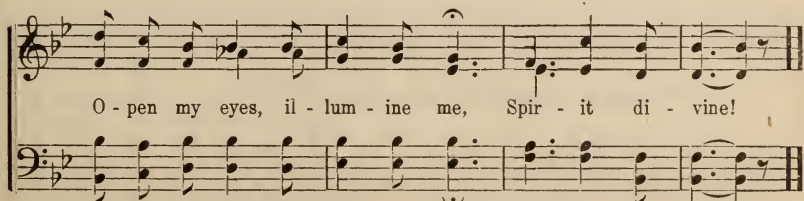


Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev-'ry-thing false will dis-ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy children thus to share.

CHORUS.



Si - lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;



O - pen my eyes, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

1. O cit - y old, in land a - far, I dream.. of thee;
 2. I see Him walk thy streets a - gain, The Friend.. of men;
 3. O heav'n - ly cit - y, built a - far, I turn... to thee;

So dear thy courts and tem - ples are, So dear.. to me;
 I see His touch of help - ful - ness, His power.. to bless;
 More dear thy courts and tem - ples are, More dear.. to me;

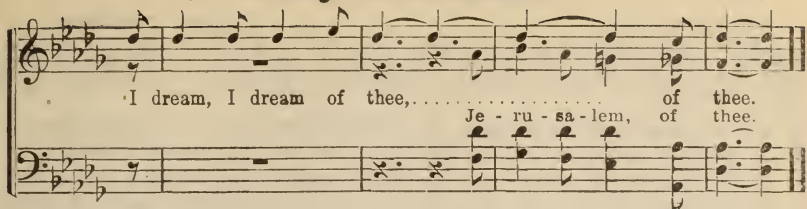
Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Where hum - bly trod The Christ of God,
 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Would I had heard His gra - cious word,
 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Where Christ shall be E - ter - nally,

REFRAIN.

I dream.. of thee, Je - ru - sa - lem, I dream of thee; thee;

I dream, I dream of thee,..... of thee,
 Je - ru - sa - lem, of thee,

Jerusalem.



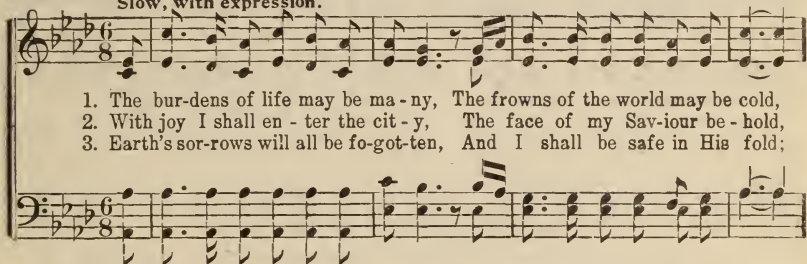
I dream, I dream of thee,..... Je - ru - sa - lem, of thee.
of thee.

172 When I Stand On the Streets of Gold.

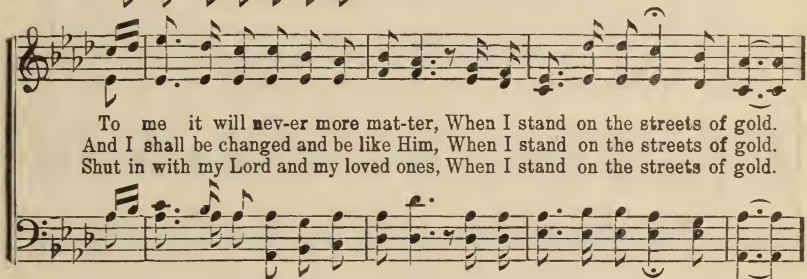
A. N. O.

J. M. BLACK.

Slow, with expression.

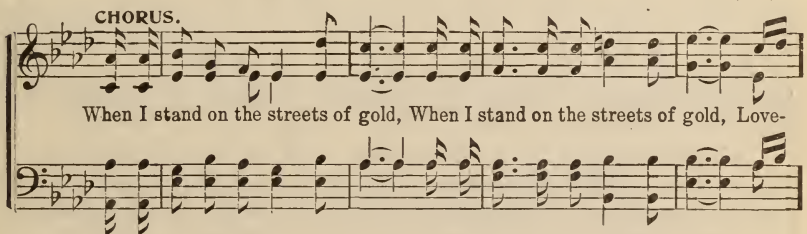


1. The bur-dens of life may be ma-ny, The frowns of the world may be cold,
2. With joy I shall en - ter the cit - y, The face of my Sav-iour be - hold,
3. Earth's sor-rows will all be fo-got-ten, And I shall be safe in His fold;

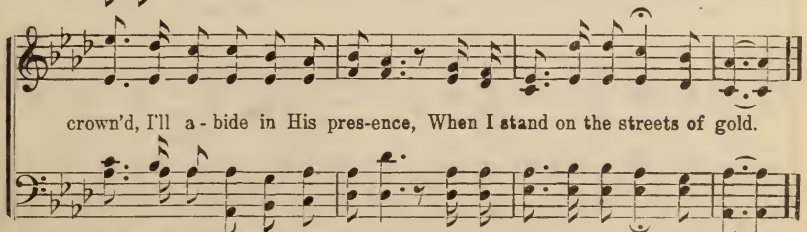


To me it will nev-er more mat-ter, When I stand on the streets of gold.
And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Shut in with my Lord and my loved ones, When I stand on the streets of gold.

CHORUS.



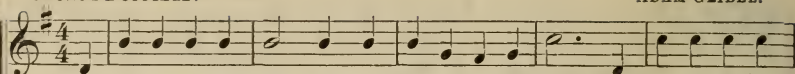
When I stand on the streets of gold, When I stand on the streets of gold, Love-



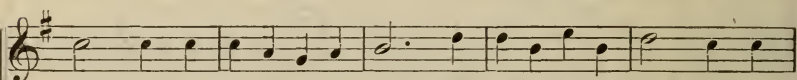
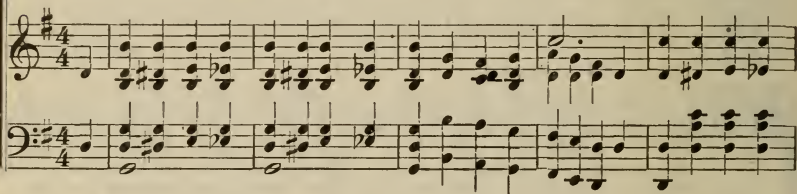
crown'd, I'll a - bide in His pres-ence, When I stand on the streets of gold.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

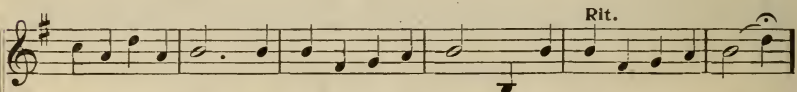
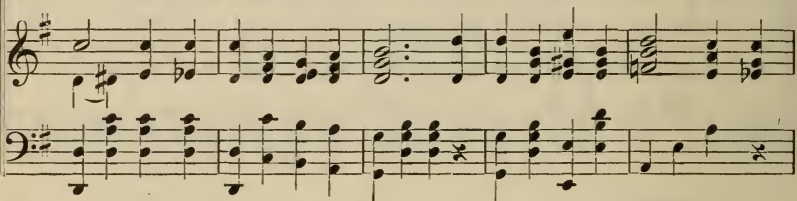
ADAM GEIBEL.



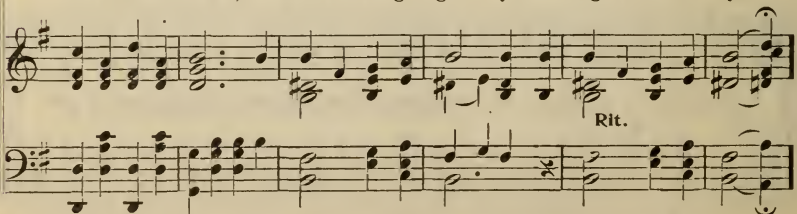
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey, Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of faith will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this, His glo-rious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him A-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel arm - or, Each
bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o-ver-com-eth, A

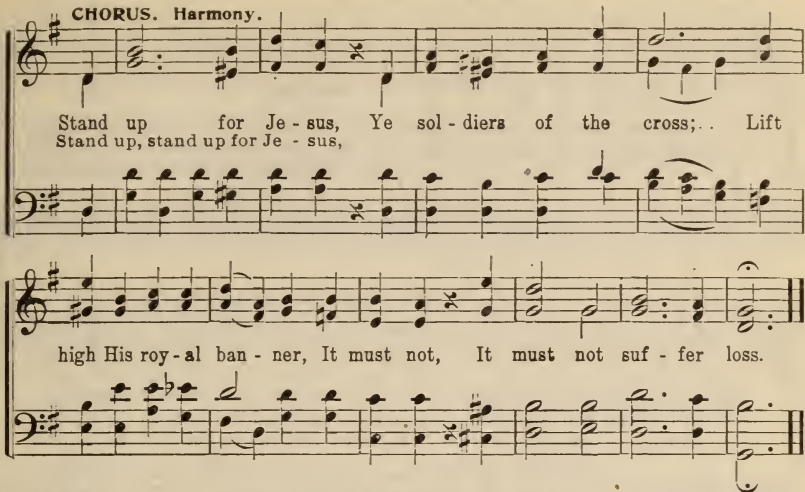


ar-my shall He lead; Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quist'd, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst un-numbered foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where du-ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter-nal - ly.



Stand Up for Jesus.

CHORUS. Harmony.



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;.. Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

174

Luther's Cradle Hymn.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

MARTIN LUTHER.

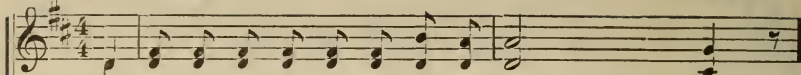
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



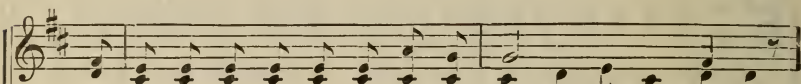
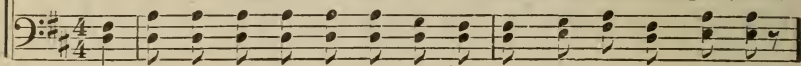
1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for -
Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked
Je - sus no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! look
ev - er, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear chil - dren in
down where He lay - The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en to live with Thee there.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

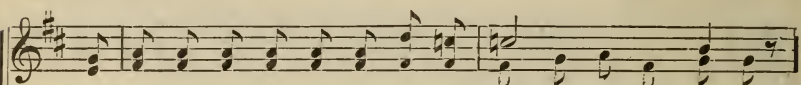
J. H. F.



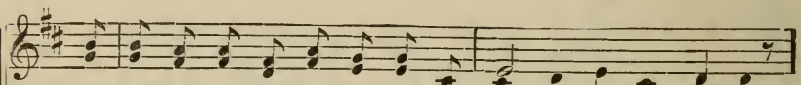
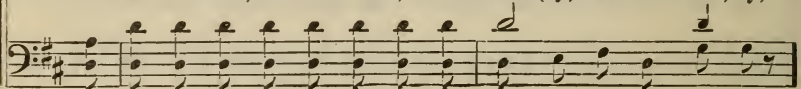
1. Upon the great highways thou standest wea-(ry, standest wea-)ry,
2. The hopes of earth-life oft-en fade and fail (thee, fade and fail) thee,
3. In him is strength, in him di-vine com-pas-(sion, great com-pas-)sion,



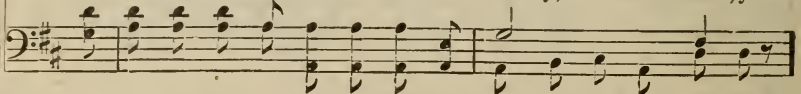
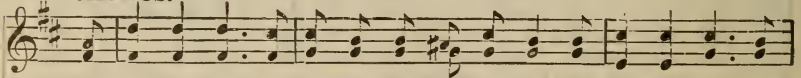
Thou cri - est ev - er-more "A-lone and drear-(y, lone and drear-)y,"
 Thou hast no rei-uge when thy foes as - sail (thee, foes as - sail) thee,
 He chang-es not, tho' things of earthly fash-ion, earthly fash-) ion



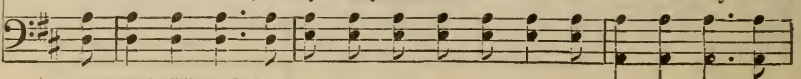
And wilt not un-der-stand that there so near(thee, there so near)thee,
 And when the night shall come, O, who will guide(thee, who will guide)thee,
 Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea-(ry, heart so wea-) ry,



The Saviour waits to love and bless, and cheer(thee, bless and cheer)thee.
 If thou dost still re-fuse thy Friend be-side(thee, Friend beside)thee?
 And thou shalt nevermore be lone and drear- (y, lone and drear-)y.

**CHORUS.**

He stands so near, and yet thy blinded vis-ion Is turned a-way from



He Waits for Thee.

hope and light e - lys-ian, Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee he careth,

For thee, for thee the heav-y cross he bear - - eth.
the heav-y cross he beareth.

176

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the
2. I love thee be-cause thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love thee for wear-ing the
long as thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing

Sav-iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. More reap-ers are need-ed in life's har-vest field, The ripe grain to
 2. This world must be tak-en for Je-sus, you know, This sin-strick-en
 3. More reap-ers are need-ed, a - rise and o - bey, And forth to the

gath-er, the sick - le to wield; With hands i - dly fold-ed all
 world with its sad - ness and woe; The lost must be won and the
 har-vest field quick - ly a - way; While bright the sun shin - eth, the

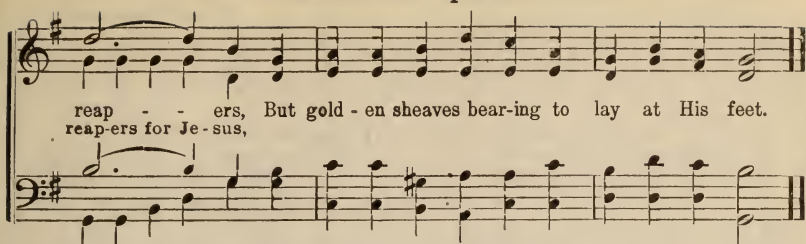
day will ye stand, Or rise and go forth at the Mas - ter's com-mand?
 bro-ken hearts healed, So much to be done, this wide world is the field.
 sick - le thrust in, Souls blood-bought and pre-cious for Je - sus to win.

CHORUS.

More reap - - ers, more reap - - ers, Go not emp - ty -
 More reap-ers for Je - sus, more reap-ers for Je - sus,

hand - ed thy Mas - ter to meet; More reap - - ers, more
 More reap-ers for Je - sus, more

More Reapers.

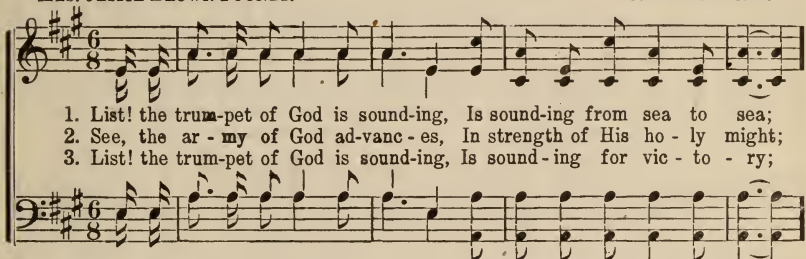


reap - - ers, But gold - en sheaves bear - ing to lay at His feet.
reap - ers for Je - sus,

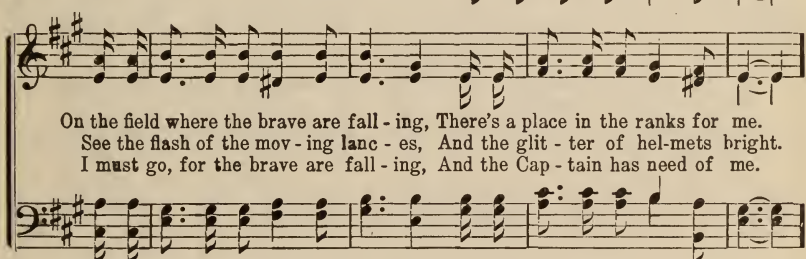
178 A Place in the Ranks for Me.

MRS. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

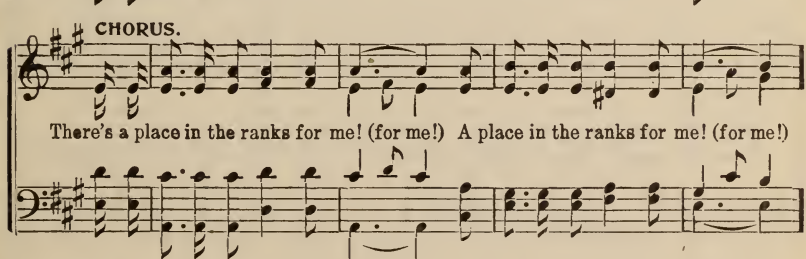
J. H. FILLMORE.



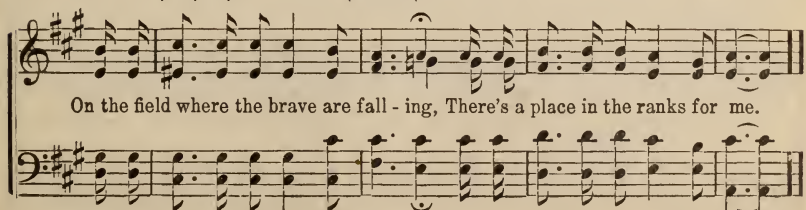
1. List! the trum - pet of God is sound - ing, Is sound - ing from sea to sea;
2. See, the ar - my of God ad - vanc - es, In strength of His ho - ly might;
3. List! the trum - pet of God is sound - ing, Is sound - ing for vic - to - ry;



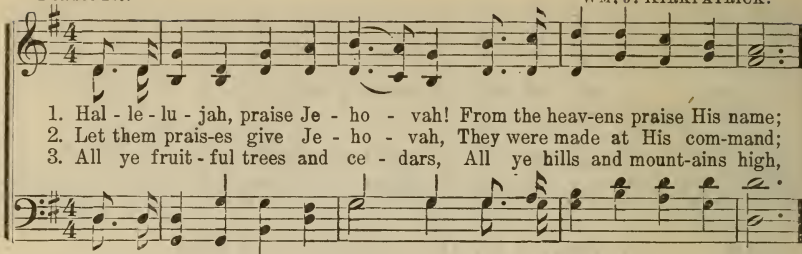
On the field where the brave are fall - ing, There's a place in the ranks for me.
See the flash of the mov - ing lanc - es, And the glit - ter of hel - mets bright.
I must go, for the brave are fall - ing, And the Cap - tain has need of me.



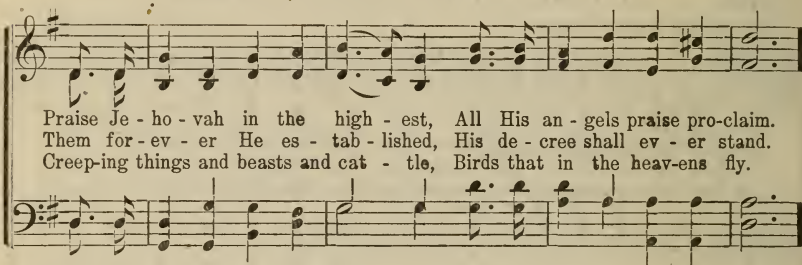
CHORUS.
There's a place in the ranks for me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!)



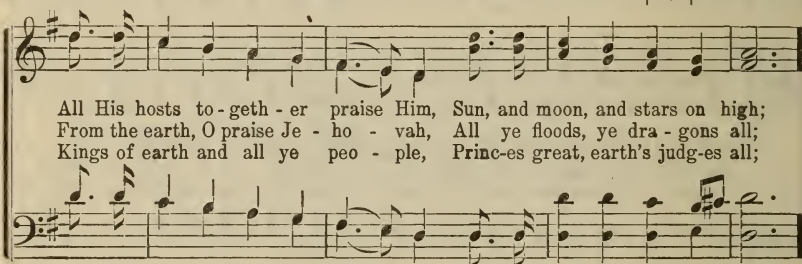
On the field where the brave are fall - ing, There's a place in the ranks for me.



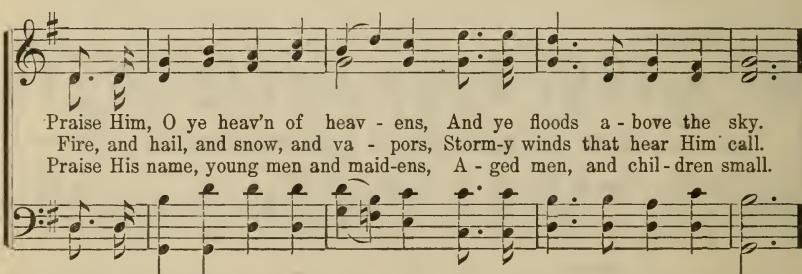
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heav - ens praise His name;
 2. Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com - mand;
 3. All ye fruit - ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mount - ains high,



Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an - gels praise pro - claim.
 Them for - ev - er He es - tab - lished, His de - cree shall ev - er stand.
 Creep - ing things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens fly.

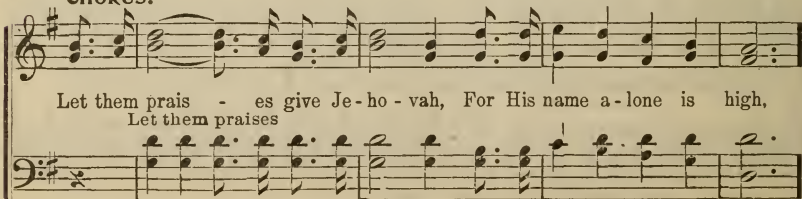


All His hosts to - geth - er praise Him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
 From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra - gons all;
 Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princ - es great, earth's judg - es all;



Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
 Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Storm - y winds that hear Him call.
 Praise His name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men, and chil - dren small.

CHORUS.



Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone is high,
 Let them praises

Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed,
And His glo-ry, And His glo-ry,

pp *p*

ff

And His glo - - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a-bove the earth and sky.
And His glo-ry

180

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CARRY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-ther's died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry mount-ain-side Let free - dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

S. BARING GOULD.
Unison.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian
 3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of

Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a -
 sol - diers, On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the
 tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
 Je - sus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that

gainst the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See His ban - ners go.
 shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise
 bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.

CHORUS. Parts.

On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,....
 On-ward, on-ward,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

may be sung as a Unison, or Duet and Chorus.

D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I've wonder'd oft when I've been told, How Jesus came to die for me,
 2. I've wonder'd why He stooped so low, The shameful cross to si-lent bear,
 3. I've wonder'd why, with all His pow'r, He spake no word of bit-ter-ness,

What made Him leave the heav'nly fold, To suf-fer on the cru-el tree?
 To live obscure, to suffer woe, The odious crown of thorns to wear?
 But met the sad, de-ris-ive hour With pray'r to God His foes to bless?

CHORUS.

But now I know it was His love, it was His love, 'Twas love for
 But now, but now I know it was His love,

man so free-ly giv'n (so free-ly giv'n), That bro't Him from His home a-

Rit.

bove (His home a-bove); He came to show the way, the way to heav'n (to heav'n).

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

Doloroso.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our
 2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the
 3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Hu - man

fa - ces toward the setting of the sun;—Down the valley where the
 la - bors of the wea - ry day are done; One by one, the cares of
 comrade you or I will there have none, But a ten - der hand will

mournful cy - press grows, Where the stream of death in silence onward
 earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up - on the riv - er - brink at
 guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us

CHORUS.

flows.
 last. We are go - ing down the valley, Go - ing down the valley,
 all.

Going toward the setting of the sun, We are going down the valley,

Going Down the Valley.

Rit.

Go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing down the val - ley one by one.

184 When the Evening Shadows Gather.

HELEN L. DUNGAN.

(IN MEMORY.)

J. M. DUNGAN.

1. When the ev - 'ning shad - ows gath - er, And the cares of day are o'er,
 2. Yes, they're gone, but not for - got - ten, For their in - fluence lin - gers still,
 3. For this life is but a va - por, Soon it van - ish - eth a - way,

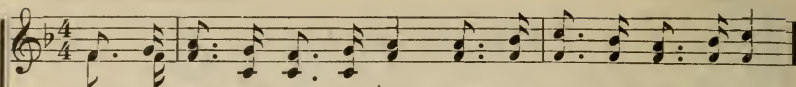
Mem'-ries sweet come steal - ing o'er us Of the dear ones gone be - fore;
 Like a sweet and last - ing per - fume, And our hearts with rap - ture thrill;
 Then will dawn the ra - diant morn - ing Of the bright, e - ter - nal day;

And we hear their voi - ces ring - ing, As God's prais - es they are sing - ing,
 For we know they love us ev - er, Noth - ing can this mem - 'ry sev - er,
 Then with loved ones gone be - fore us We will join the hap - py cho - rus,

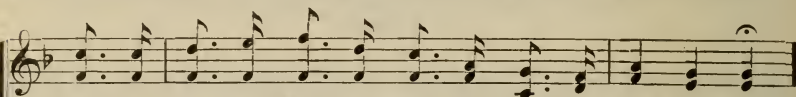
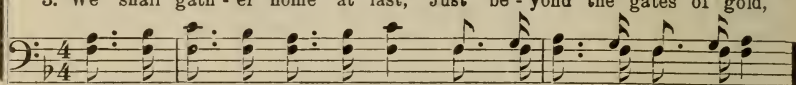
Ev - er to our fan - cy bring - ing, Tho'ts of hap - py days gone by.
 And we'll meet to part, no nev - er, When the Fa - ther calls us home.
 And with Je - sus reign - ing o'er us, We will dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL.

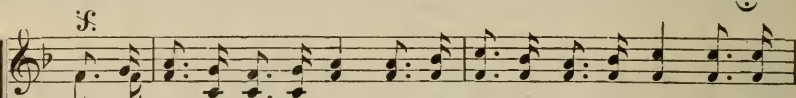
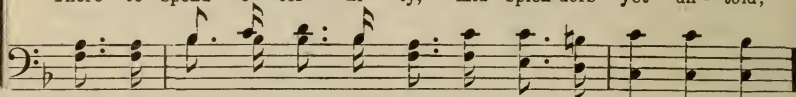
J. H. FILLMORE.



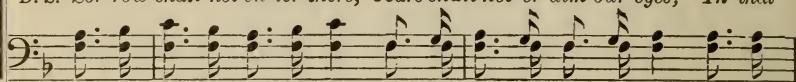
1. There's a land of pure de-light, There's a .cit - y bright and fair,
2. Some sweet day we'll hear Him call, "Come with me, your work is o'er!"
3. We shall gath - er home at last, Just be - yond the gates of gold,



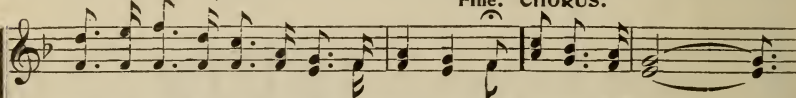
There's a Sav - iour's wel - come smile For all who en - ter there.
 Then we'll glad - ly go to dwell With Him for ev - er - more;
 There to spend e - ter - ni - ty, 'Mid splen-dors yet un - told;



There's e - ter - nal peace and joy In that home be - yond the skies; Where the
 Those we love we'll meet a - gain, O the joy and glad sur - prise! But the
 D. S. Sor - row shall not en - ter there, Tears shall nev - er dim our eyes; In that

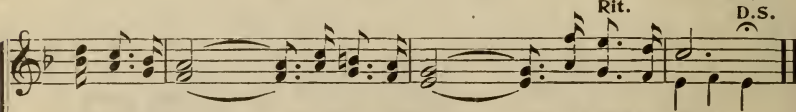
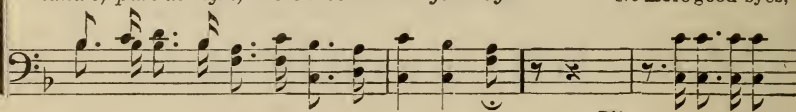


Fine. CHORUS.

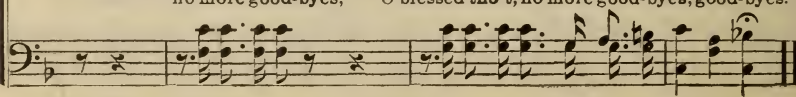


loved ones meet a - gain, There'll be no more good-byes. No more good-byes,
 tho't that's best of all, There'll be no more good-byes.
 land of pure de-light, There'll be no more good-byes.

No more good-byes,



no more good-byes, O bless-ed tho't, no more good-byes.
 no more good-byes, O blessed tho't, no more good-byes, good-byes.

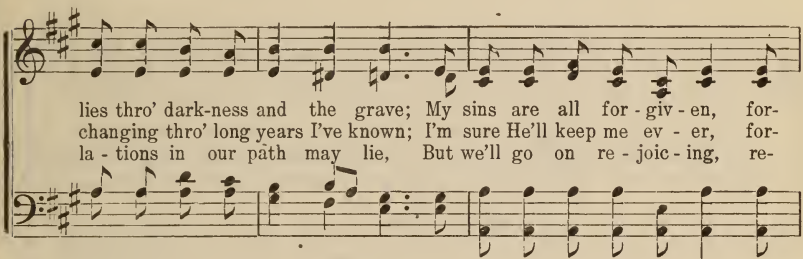


PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

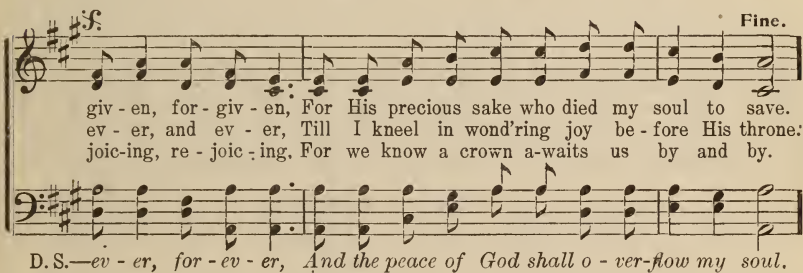
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I'm go-ing home to heaven, bright heaven, sweet heaven, Tho' the pathway
 2. My hopes are fixed on Jesus, my Sav-iour, my Sav-iour, For His love un-
 3. O Christian friends be faithful, be faithful, be faith-ful, Ma - ny tri - bu -



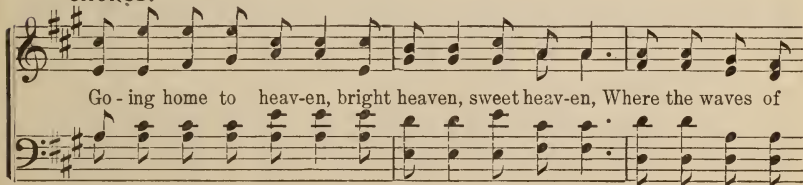
lies thro' dark-ness and the grave; My sins are all for - giv - en, for-
 changing thro' long years I've known; I'm sure He'll keep me ev - er, for-
 la - tions in our path may lie, But we'll go on re - joic - ing, re-



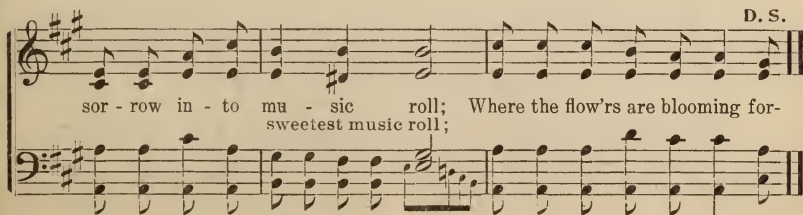
giv - en, for - giv - en, For His precious sake who died my soul to save.
 ev - er, and ev - er, Till I kneel in wond'ring joy be - fore His throne.
 joic-ing, re - joic - ing, For we know a crown a-waits us by and by.

D. S.—ev - er, for - ev - er, And the peace of God shall o - ver-flow my soul.

CHORUS.



Go - ing home to heav-en, bright heaven, sweet heav-en, Where the waves of

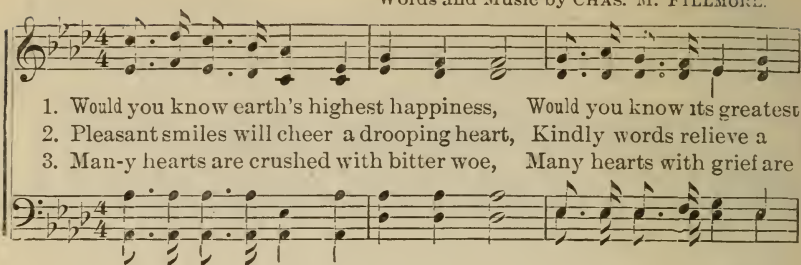


sor - row in - to mu - sic roll; Where the flow'rs are blooming for -
 sweetest music roll;

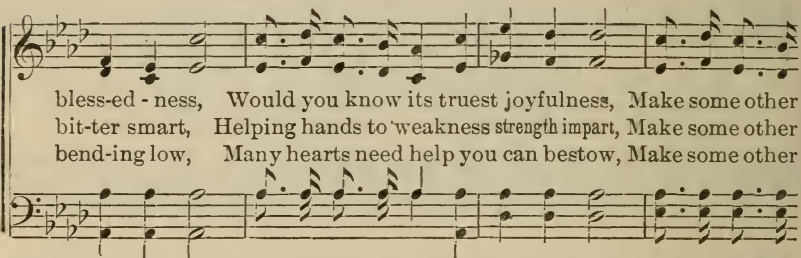
D. S.

187 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

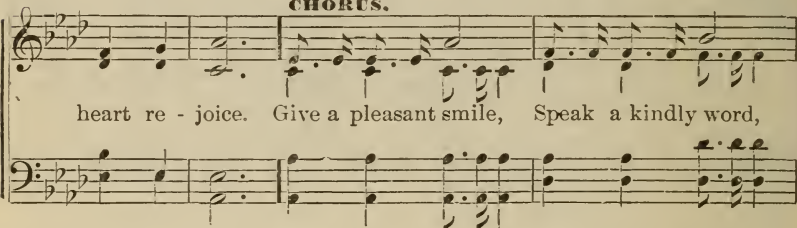


1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest
 2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kindly words relieve a
 3. Man-y hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Many hearts with grief are

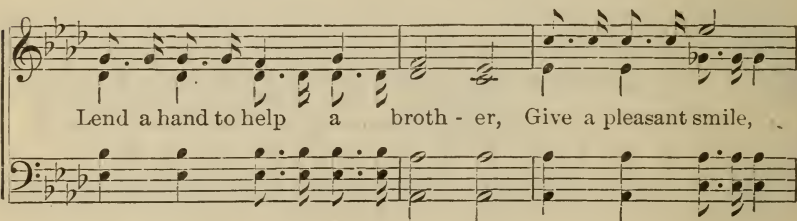


bless-ed - ness, Would you know its truest joyfulness, Make some other
 bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
 bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

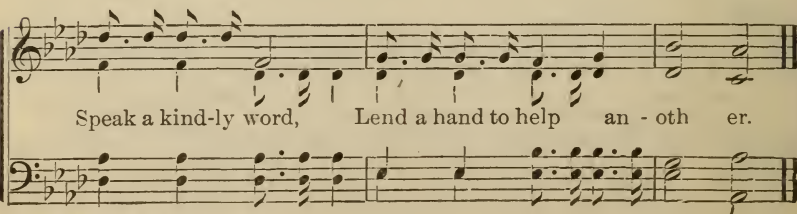
CHORUS.



heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,



Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,



Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth er.

S. W. B.

SAMUEL WM. BEAZLEY.

Marcato: *f*

We are sol-diers pressing on to glo-ry ev-er, Yield-ing to the wi-ley

foe in bat-tle nev-er; Strong to meet the en - e - my of right, We're marching

in the pow'r of Jesus' might (with sing-ing); On we go with banner waving

brightly o'er us, Trusting in our Cap-tain go-ing on be-fore us, Stand-ing

on the promis - es a-lone, We're marching home to glory, marching on.

Soldiers for Jesus.

mf

{ Pleading His ten - der lead - ing, We'll glo - ry in the cross of
 { Stead - y with sa - ber, read - y to strike a blow in Je - sus'

Je - sus with con - fes - sion, Be - liev - ing tru - ly, His love will
 name and nev - er languish, Our strength renewing, the foe pur -

du - ly Be - fore the Fa - ther's throne make lasting in - ter -
 sue - ing, Till sin and Sa - tan from our glo - rious land are

ces - sion; Tho' woe'll betide us, He'll safe - ly guide us In
 ban - ished; Till ev - 'ry na - tion, till all cre - a - tion Shall

paths of right - eous - ness for His own glo - ry
 know that Je - sus Christ the Lord of heav'n is

Soldiers for Jesus.

1

ev - er; By strong en - deav - or, by yield - ing
(Omit)

Cres.

nev - er, We'll con - quer thro' His bless - ed love which naught can

ff 2 ff

sev - er. We're march - ing lead - ing, And now for

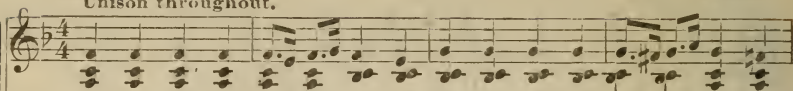
vic - t'ry, For strength and vic - t'ry In Je - sus'

D.C.

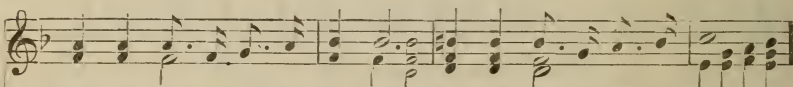
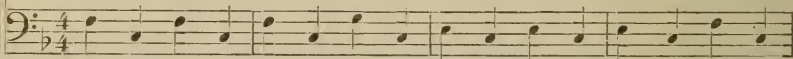
name and for His sake we're hum - bly plead - ing.

PALMER HARTSOUGH,
Unison throughout.

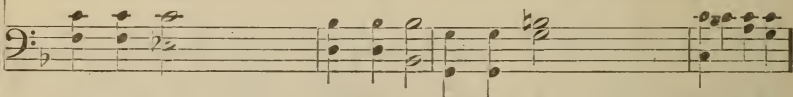
J. H. FILLMORE.



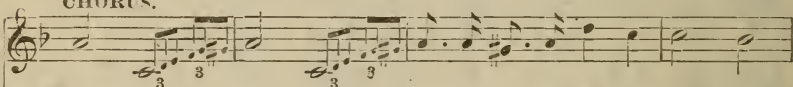
1. Ban-ners waving proudly o'er us, Voic-es swelling loud the cho-rus,
2. To the na-tions slow-ly waking, Lands their i-dol gods for-sak-ing,
3. Join us in our good en-deav-or, On we'll go and fal-ter nev-er,



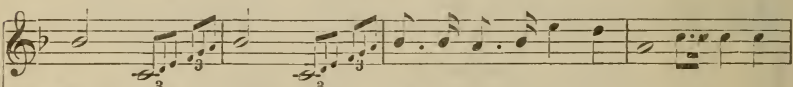
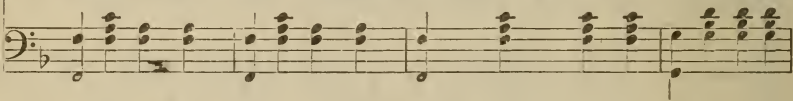
Hope the way makes bright before us, Vic'try, vic'try ours shall be.
 We the light of life are tak-ing, Vic'try, vic'try ours shall be.
 'Tis the cause of God for-ev-er, Vic'try, vic'try ours shall be.



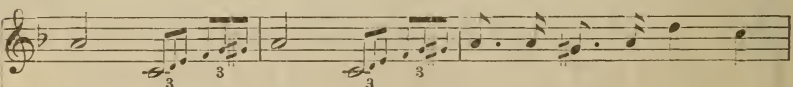
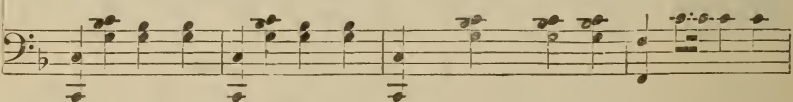
CHORUS.



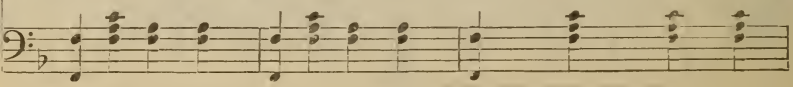
March-ing, march-ing, cheer-i-ly the bu-gle sound-ing,



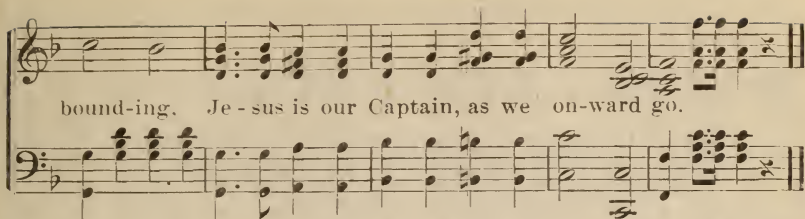
March-ing, march-ing, read-y we to meet the foe;



March-ing, march-ing, light-ly ev-'ry heart is



Victory Ours Shall Be.



bound-ing. Je-sus is our Cap-tain, as we on-ward go.

190

God of Our Fathers.

DANIEL C. ROBERTS.

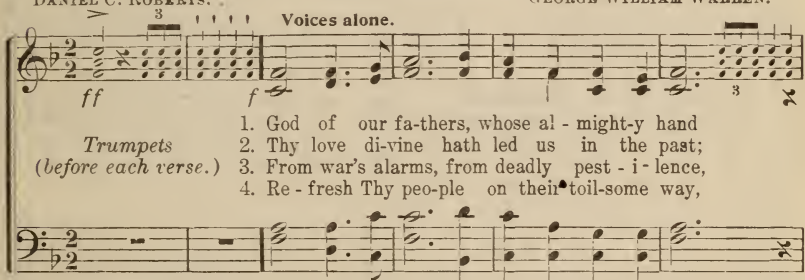
GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN.

Voices alone.

ff *f* *3*

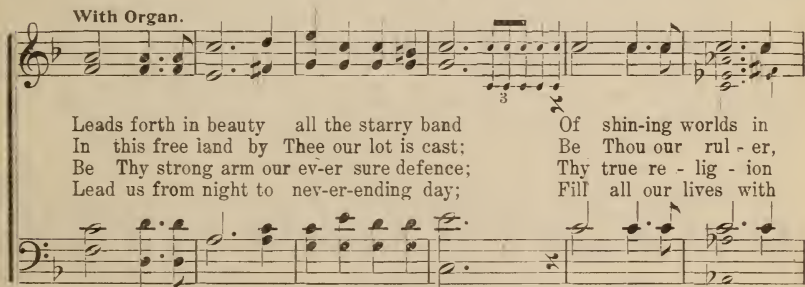
Trumpets
(before each verse.)

1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's alarms, from deadly pest-i-lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,



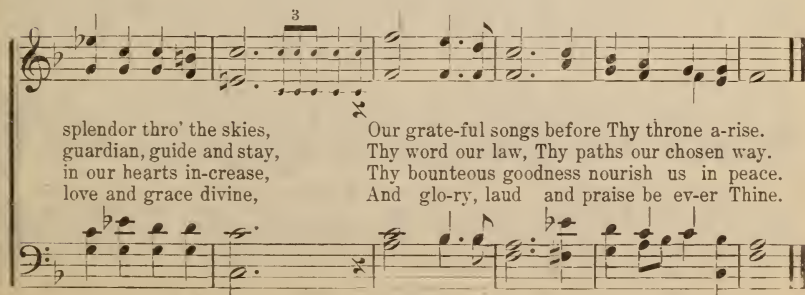
With Organ.

Leads forth in beauty all the starry band Of shin-ing worlds in
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul-er,
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure defence; Thy true re-lig-ion
Lead us from night to nev-er-ending day; Fill all our lives with



splendor thro' the skies,
guardian, guide and stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace divine,

Our grate-ful songs before Thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er Thine.



May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

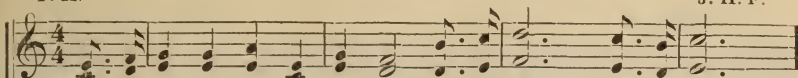
1. O'er the dark and si-lent stream, Comes to us a cheer-ing gleam, Of the
 2. We must hear the sol - emn knell, We must say the sad fare-well, While with-
 3. Soon the evening shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our

light and beau - ty of the far-ther shore, And our loved ones wait, we know,
 in this land of part-ings we a - bide, And our hearts would sink with grief,
 fra - gile bark must launch into the night, But the Hand that led us here,


Fine.
 While we shrink and fear to go, To that sunny land to dwell for ev-er-more.
 Had we not the sweet re - lief Of a Friend that standeth ever at our side.
 Will not fail us in our fear, It will bear us safe-ly to the shores of light.

CHORUS.
 Gold-en harps are loudly ring-ing, o - ver there, Angel choirs
 Golden harps are loudly ringing, over there, Angel choirs

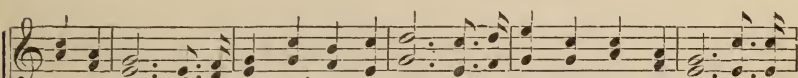
D. S.
 are sweet-ly sing-ing, o - ver there, And our loved ones wait, we know,



1. We should love and help each other, Day by day, day by day,
 2. Let us go in scenes of sor - row, Undismayed, un-dismayed,
 3. How the hand of love can lighten, All our woe, all our woe,

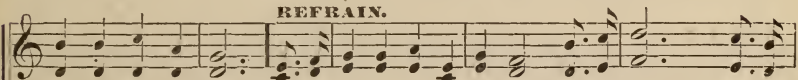


We should raise the fallen brother On the way, on the way, For the road is
 Trouble's hand on us tomor-row May be laid, may be laid, Let us help while
 How the gleam of hope can brighten All be-low, all be-low, Let us do the

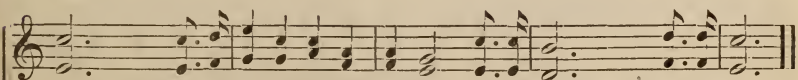


rough at best, As we count each weary mile, Let us cheer the fainting breast With a
 now we can, Ev'ry bur-den to relieve; As we bless our fellow-man So a
 kind-ly deed, Let us speak the loving word; They will spring like precious seed In the

REFRAIN.



tender word and smile.
 blessing we'll re-ceive. We should love Day by day, day by
 gar - den of the Lord. and help each other,



day, We should raise the fallen brother, On the way, on the way.

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, perfect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

CHORUS.

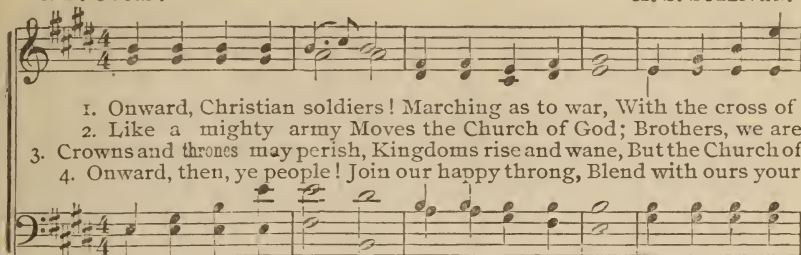
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 goodness, lost in His love.

song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

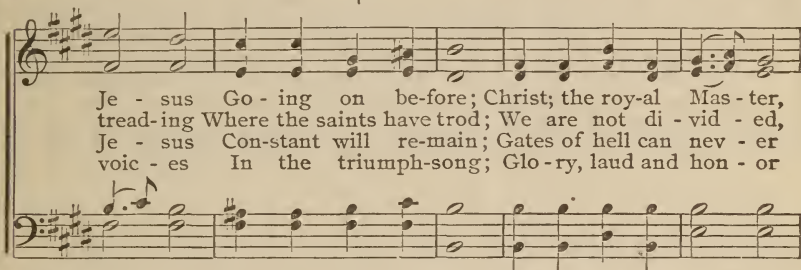
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

S. B. GOULD.

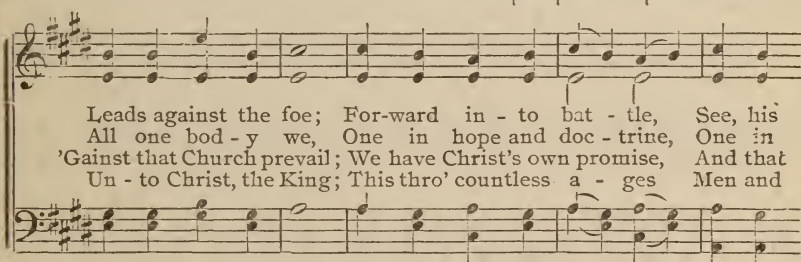
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

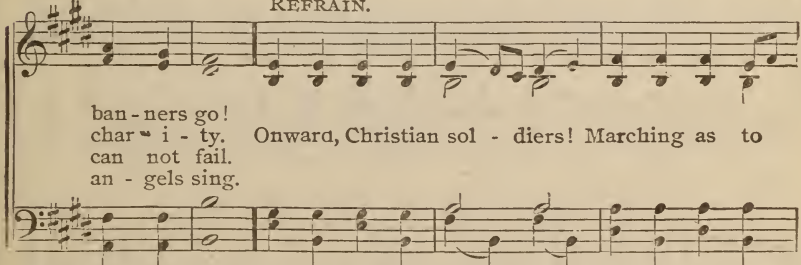


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ; the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the triumph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

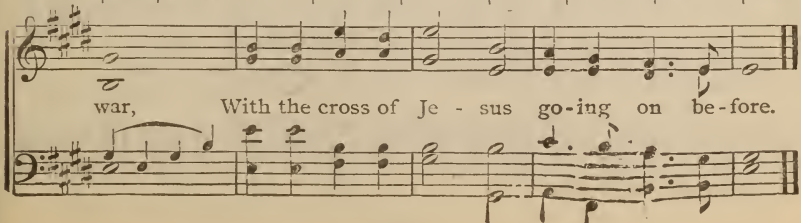


Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
 Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

REFRAIN.



ban - ners go!
 char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to
 can not fail.
 an - gels sing.



war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We praise thee, O God, in thy name we re-joice, We wor-ship be-
 2. We praise thee, O God, for the gifts of thy hand, So free and so
 3. We praise thee, O God, for the light of thy word, The message of

fore thee with the harp and the voice; For fa-vors un-numbered sweet
 pre-cious o-ver all this fair land; Thou giv-est the sun-shine, thou
 mer-cy we in gladness have heard; For Je-sus thy Son, who for

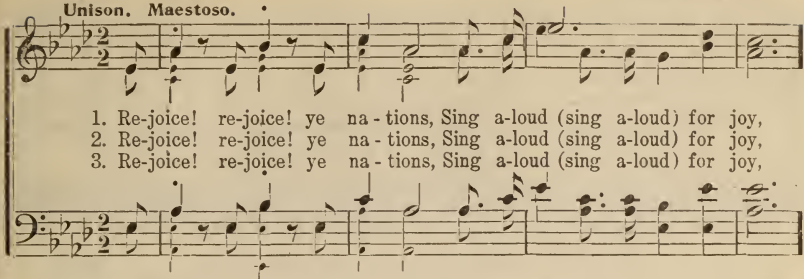
anthems we sing, For bounties unmeasured glad off'rings we bring; Thou
 sendest the rain, Thou glad'nest the pasture, thou rip'nest the grain; The
 sinful man came, For joys of sal-va-tion thro' faith in his name; For

Father, all gracious, who heedest our call, Thou King of all kindness, Thou
 har-vest thou bringest in bil-lows of gold, The glad year thou crownest with
 strength in the conflict vic-to-rious to be, For hope of the glo-ry of

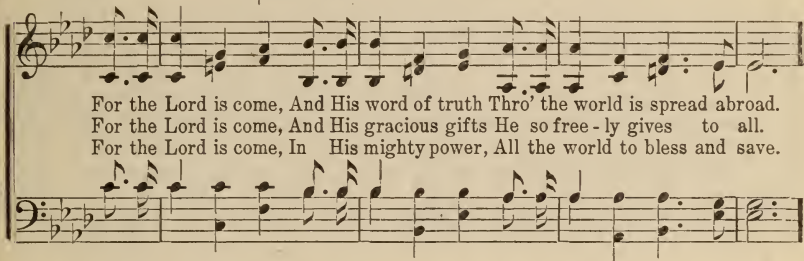
Rit. *p* *f*
 Ru-ler of all. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God.
 goodness untold. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God.
 heaven with thee. We praise thee, O God, we praise thee, O God. A - men.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.
Unison. Maestoso.

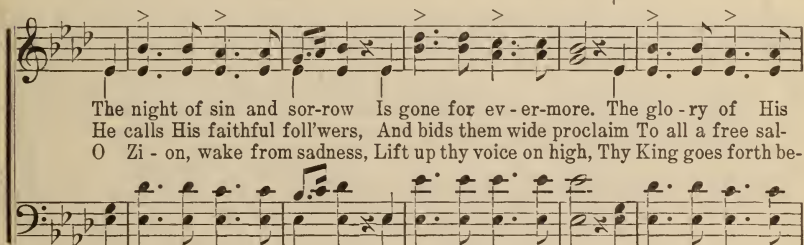
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Re-joyce! re-joyce! ye na-tions, Sing a-loud (sing a-loud) for joy,
 2. Re-joyce! re-joyce! ye na-tions, Sing a-loud (sing a-loud) for joy,
 3. Re-joyce! re-joyce! ye na-tions, Sing a-loud (sing a-loud) for joy,

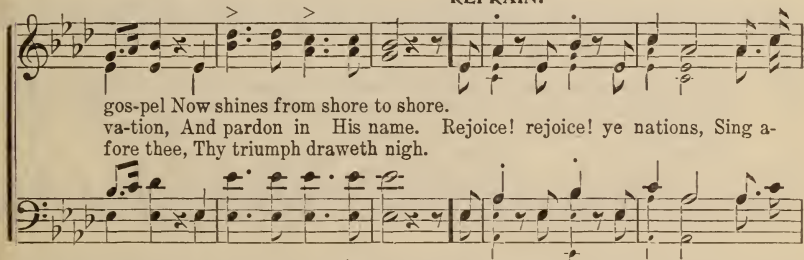


For the Lord is come, And His word of truth Thro' the world is spread abroad.
 For the Lord is come, And His gracious gifts He so free-ly gives to all.
 For the Lord is come, In His mighty power, All the world to bless and save.

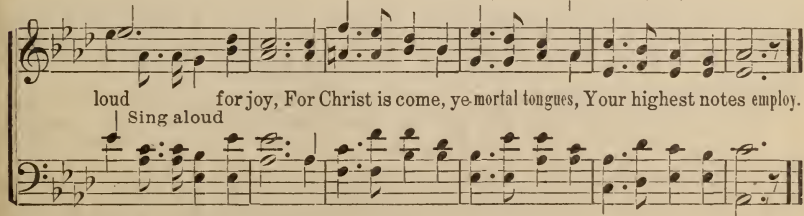


The night of sin and sor-row Is gone for ev-er-more. The glo-ry of His
 He calls His faithful fol-l'wers, And bids them wide proclaim To all a free sal-
 O Zi-on, wake from sadness, Lift up thy voice on high, Thy King goes forth be-

REFRAIN.



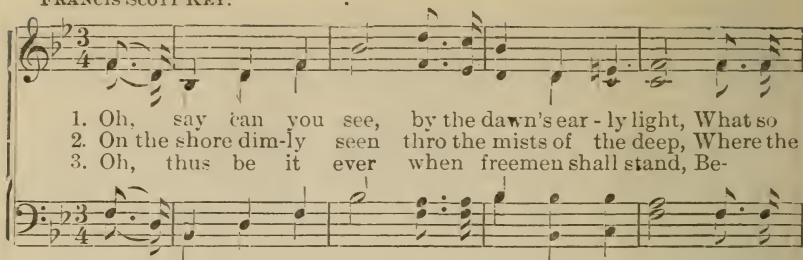
gos-pel Now shines from shore to shore.
 va-tion, And pardon in His name. Rejoice! rejoice! ye nations, Sing a-
 fore thee, Thy triumph draweth nigh.



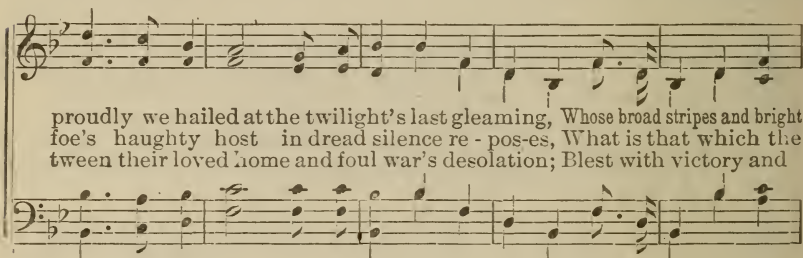
loud Sing aloud for joy, For Christ is come, ye mortal tongues, Your highest notes employ.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

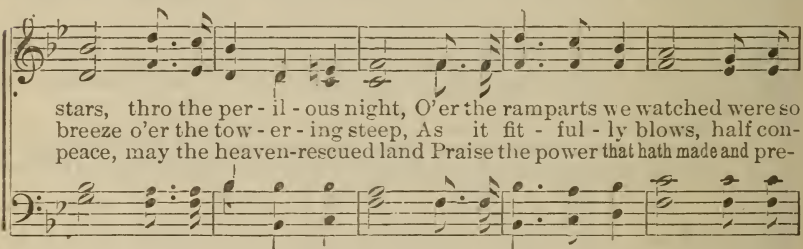
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



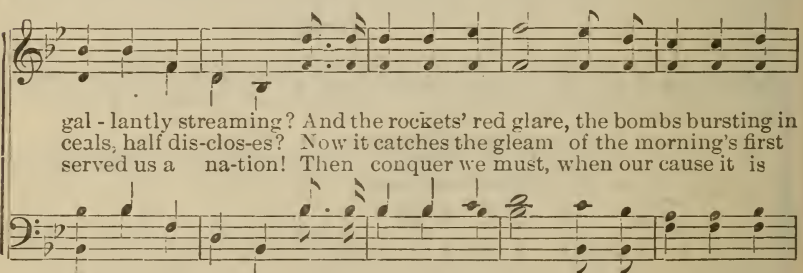
1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
 2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro the mists of the deep, Where the
 3. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand, Be-



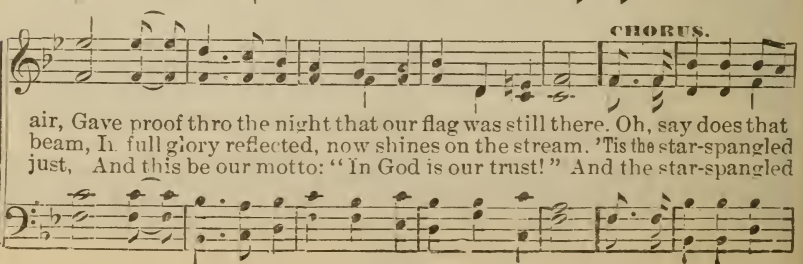
proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright
 foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos-es, What is that which the
 tween their loved home and foul war's desolation; Blest with victory and



stars, thro the per - il - ous night, O'er the ramparts we watched were so
 breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
 peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the power that hath made and pre-

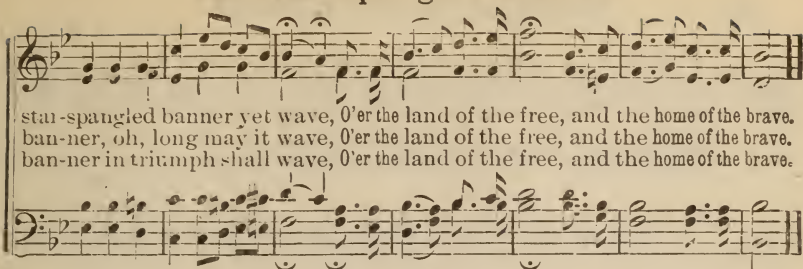


gal - lantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
 ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
 served us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is



CHORUS.
 air, Gave proof thro the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that
 beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled
 just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.



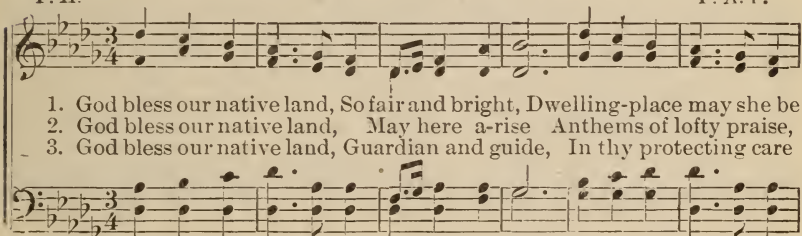
star-spangled banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner, oh, long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in triumph shall wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

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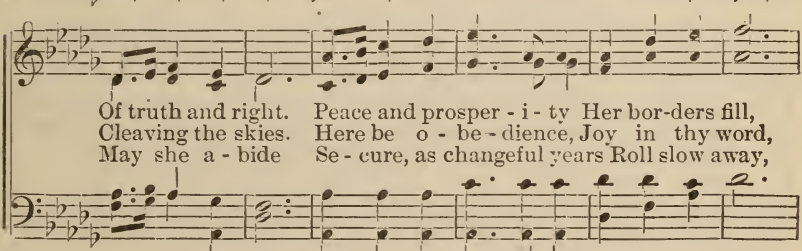
God Bless Our Native Land

P. H.

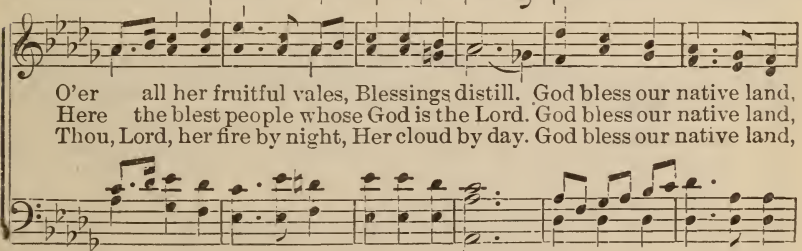
F. A. F.



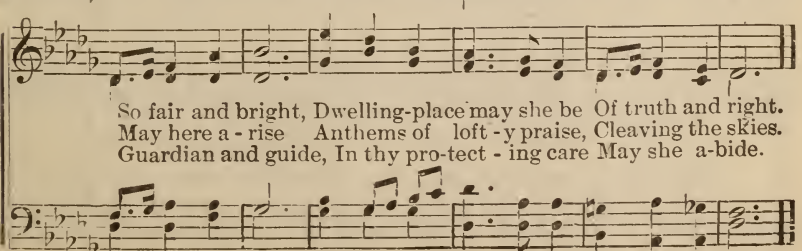
1. God bless our native land, So fair and bright, Dwelling-place may she be
2. God bless our native land, May here a-rise Anthems of lofty praise,
3. God bless our native land, Guardian and guide, In thy protecting care



Of truth and right. Peace and prosper - i - ty Her bor-ders fill,
 Cleaving the skies. Here be o - be - dience, Joy in thy word,
 May she a - bide Se - cure, as changeful years Roll slow away,



O'er all her fruitful vales, Blessings distill. God bless our native land,
 Here the blest people whose God is the Lord. God bless our native land,
 Thou, Lord, her fire by night, Her cloud by day. God bless our native land,



So fair and bright, Dwelling-place may she be Of truth and right.
 May here a - rise Anthems of loft - y praise, Cleaving the skies.
 Guardian and guide, In thy pro-tect - ing care May she a-bide.

Beautiful Flag of Liberty.

J. H. F.

Calore.

1. Beautiful flag of liberty, beauti-ful flag we love, Float afar o'er the
 2. Beautiful flag of liberty, beauti-ful flag we love, O'er the free thou for-
 Float a - far
 O'er the free

land and the sea, Proudly wave in col-ors bright, Thou
 ev - er shalt wave; Fall, ye crowns, ye thrones decay; 'Twas
 o'er land and sea, Proudly wave colors bright, Thou
 for - ev - er wave, Fall, ye crowns, thrones decay; 'Twas

star-ry standard of the no - ble free; Thou beam - est the glory of
 God to thee thy hues e - ter - nal gave; Float on, oh, thou banner of
 stand - ard of the noble free; Thou glory of Co -
 God thy hues e - ter - nal gave; Float on, thou banner

fair Columbia's home, Thou shin - est the light of the lands beyond the foam;
 freedom wide unfurled, Float on, oh, thou symbol of justice, o'er the world.
 lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands be - yond the foam.
 wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym - bol o'er the world.

Con fuoco.

Oh, flag so free, We stand for
 Oh, flag beauti-ful flag, so free, floating so free, We stand, bravely we stand for

Beautiful Flag of Liberty.

thee, When strike the bolts of war, and flash the sabres bright,
thee, bravely for thee,

Thou beam - est the glory of fair Columbia's home, Thou shin - est the
Float on, oh, thou banner of freedom wide unfurled, Float on, oh, thou
Thou glo - ry of Co - lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands
Float on, thou ban - ner wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym -

light of the lands beyond the foam; For thee we stand, thou ensign fair of
sym - bol of justice, o'er the world; For thee we stand, thou ensign fair of
be - yond the foam;
bol o'er the world;

p Coda for last verse.

truth and right. beau - ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty,
truth and right. Oh, flag of lib - er - ty, float on, Oh,

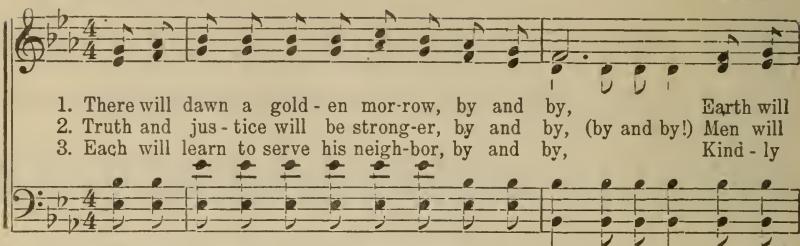
beau - ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty, Beau - ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty.
flag of lib - er - ty,

Rit.

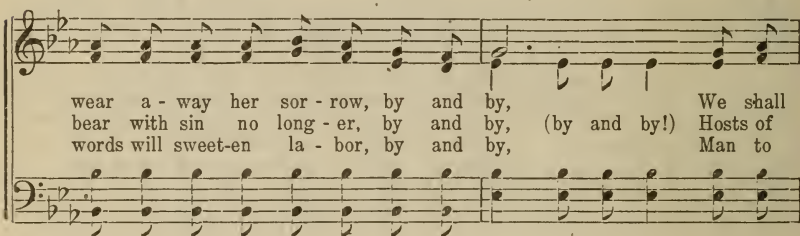
200 There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

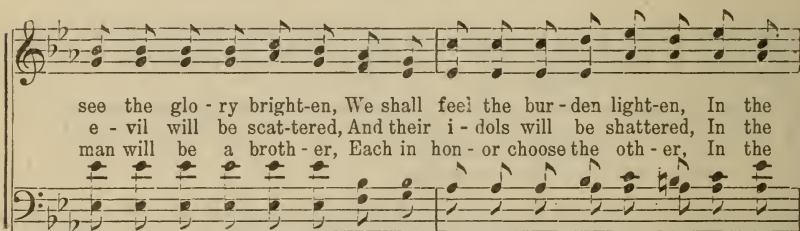
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. There will dawn a gold - en mor - row, by and by, Earth will
 2. Truth and jus - tice will be strong - er, by and by, (by and by!) Men will
 3. Each will learn to serve his neigh - bor, by and by, Kind - ly

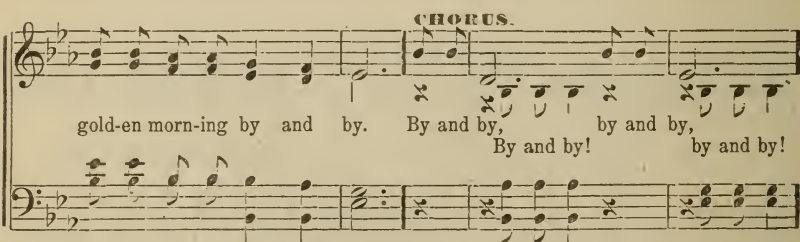


wear a - way her sor - row, by and by, We shall
 bear with sin no long - er, by and by, (by and by!) Hosts of
 words will sweet-en la - bor, by and by, Man to

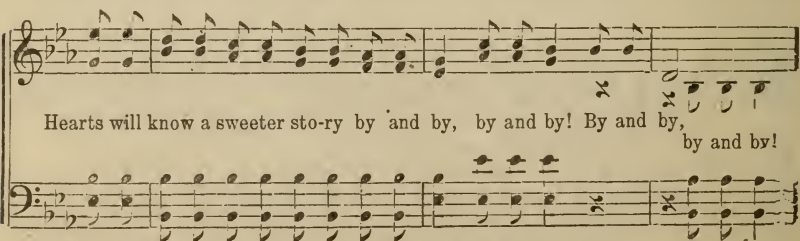


see the glo - ry bright-en, We shall feel the bur - den light-en, In the
 e - vil will be scat-tered, And their i - dols will be shattered, In the
 man will be a broth - er, Each in hon - or choose the oth - er, In the

CHORUS.

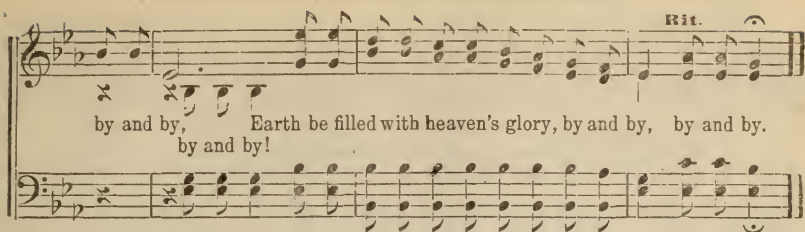


gold-en morn-ing by and by. By and by, by and by, by and by!
 By and by!



Hearts will know a sweeter sto - ry by and by, by and by! By and by,
 by and by!

There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.



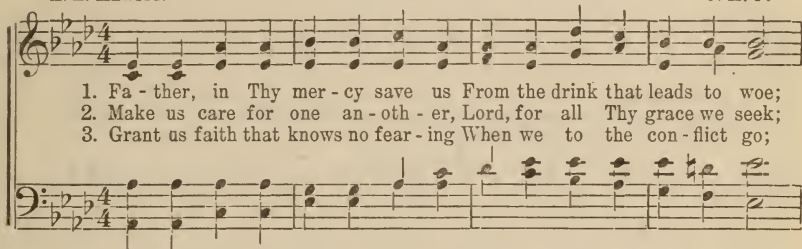
by and by, Earth be filled with heaven's glory, by and by, by and by.
by and by!

201

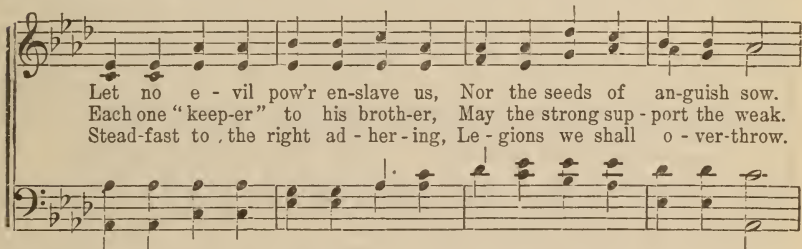
A Temperance Prayer

E. E. HEWITT.

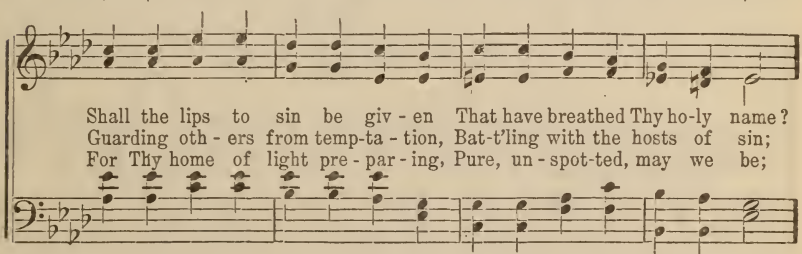
J. H. F.



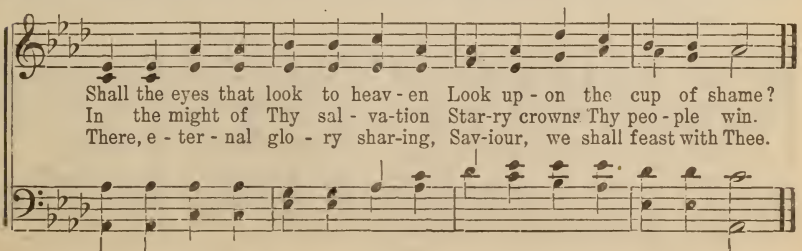
1. Fa - ther, in Thy mer - cy save us From the drink that leads to woe;
2. Make us care for one an - oth - er, Lord, for all Thy grace we seek;
3. Grant us faith that knows no fear - ing When we to the con - flict go;



Let no e - vil pow'r en - slave us, Nor the seeds of an - guish sow.
Each one "keep - er" to his broth - er, May the strong sup - port the weak.
Stead - fast to the right ad - her - ing, Le - gions we shall o - ver - throw.



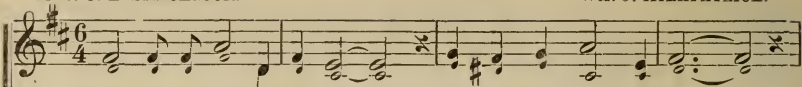
Shall the lips to sin be giv - en That have breathed Thy ho - ly name?
Guarding oth - ers from temp - ta - tion, Bat - tling with the hosts of sin;
For Thy home of light pre - par - ing, Pure, un - spot - ted, may we be;



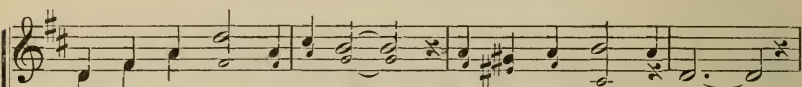
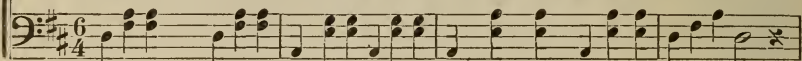
Shall the eyes that look to heav - en Look up - on the cup of shame?
In the might of Thy sal - va - tion Star - ry crowns Thy peo - ple win.
There, e - ter - nal glo - ry shar - ing, Sav - iour, we shall feast with Thee.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

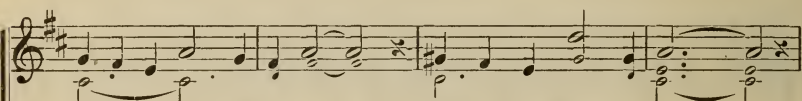
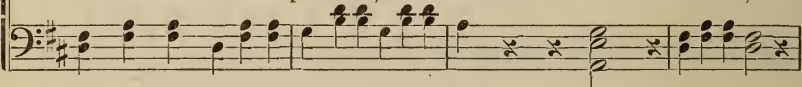
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



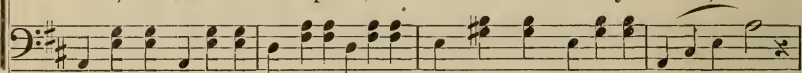
1. Ah, 'tis the old, old sto-ry, Tempted and led a - stray,
 2. Robbing the heart of lightness, Losing the bloom of youth,
 3. But in an old, old sto-ry. Full of a grace di - vine,



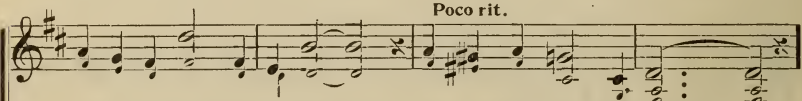
Leaving the path of du - ty, Choosing the e - vil way;
 Dimming the eyes' glad brightness, Stilling the voice of truth;
 There is a-bun-dant par-don, E - ven for sin like thine;



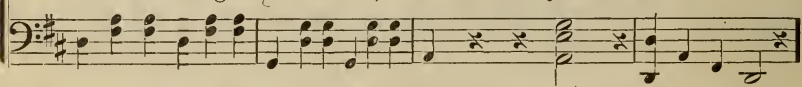
Breaking the hearts of mothers, Slighting the fervent prayers,
 Missing the pride of manhood, Missing a no - ble aim,
 Now, with a contrite spirit, Turn from the ways of sin,



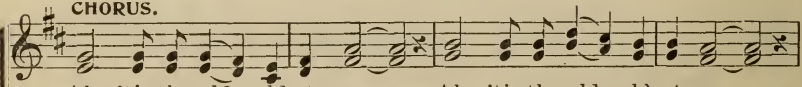
Poco rit.



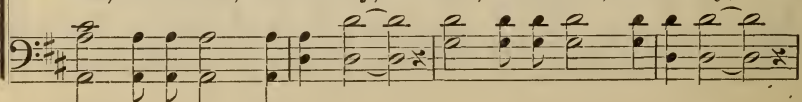
Sowing the seed which bringeth On - ly a wealth of tares.
 Gaining a shipwreck'd nature, Gaining a sul - lied name.
 Knock at the gate of heaven, Entrance thy soul shall win.



CHORUS.



Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Ah, 'tis the old, old sto-ry,
Last chorus.
 Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Yes, 'tis the old, old sto-ry,



Ah, 'tis the Old, Old Story.

Ad lib.

Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Tempted and led a - stray.
 Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Full of a grace di - vine.

203

Brighter Days are Coming.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Moth-er! pray-ing for your way-ward boy, Source of grief, who
 2. Wife! so lone - ly, des - o - late, for - lorn, Vig - il keep-ing
 3. Children! rag-ged, cry - ing for your bread, Praying for a
 4. Brave re-former! battling 'gainst the wrong, Yield not, faint not,

once was pride and joy, Pray on, moth-er, God will hear your cry,
 till the break of morn, Pray on, wife, for God will hear your cry,
 fa-ther worse than dead, Pray on, children, God will hear your cry,
 tho' the foe be strong, Fight on, pray on, God will hear your cry,

Fine. CHORUS.

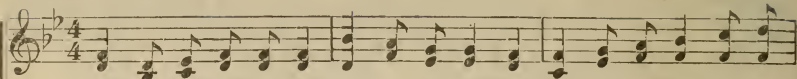
Brighter days are coming by and by. Brighter days are coming,

D.S.

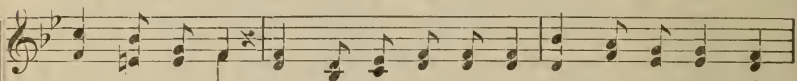
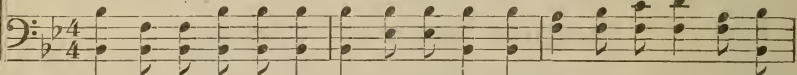
coming by and by; All the clouds will vanish from the darkened sky;

FANNY J. CROSEY.

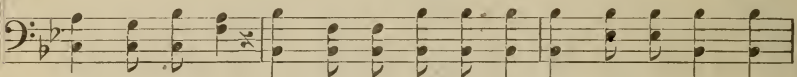
W. H. DOANE.



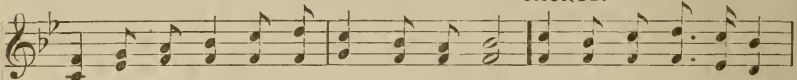
1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie buried that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



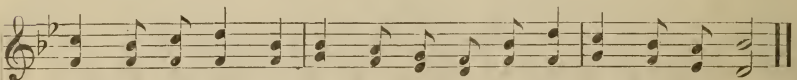
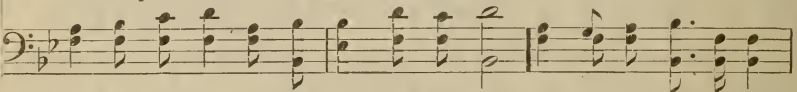
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,
 child to re-ceive, Plead with them earnest-ly. Plead with them gen-tly,
 grace can re-store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



CHORUS.



Tell them of Je-sus, the might-y to save.
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has died.



Care for the dy-ing, Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.



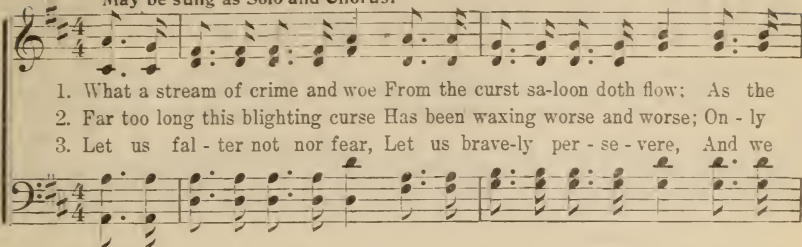
205 In the Name of Christ as King.

Dedicated to Major C. N. Howard, Rochester, N. Y.

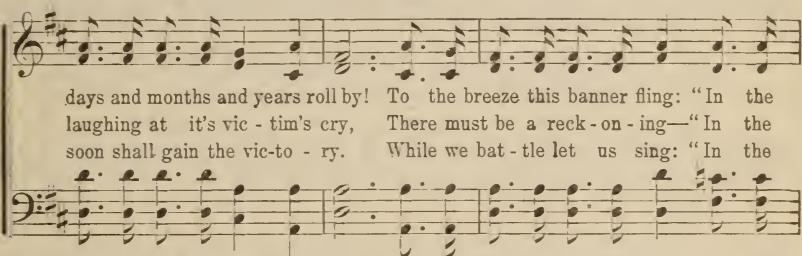
C. M. F.

May be sung as Solo and Chorus.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

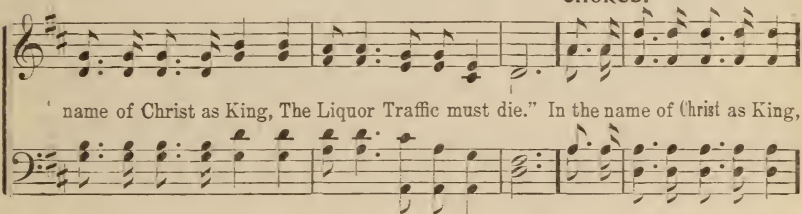


1. What a stream of crime and woe From the curst sa-loon doth flow; As the
2. Far too long this blighting curse Has been waxing worse and worse; On - ly
3. Let us fal - ter not nor fear, Let us brave-ly per - se - vere, And we

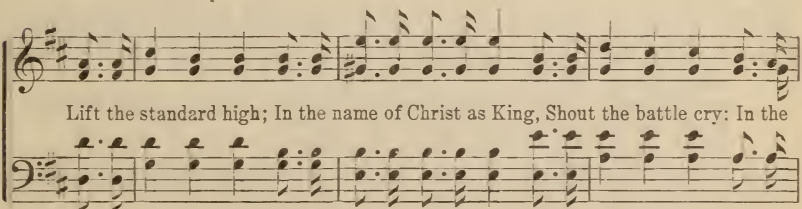


days and months and years roll by! To the breeze this banner fling: "In the
laughing at it's vic - tim's cry, There must be a reck - on - ing—"In the
soon shall gain the vic-to - ry. While we bat - tle let us sing: "In the

CHORUS.

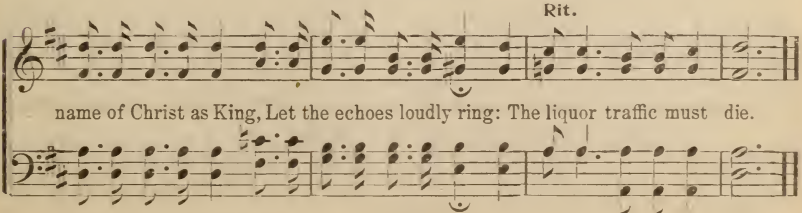


' name of Christ as King, The Liquor Traffic must die." In the name of Christ as King,



Lift the standard high; In the name of Christ as King, Shout the battle cry: In the

Rit.



name of Christ as King, Let the echoes loudly ring: The liquor traffic must die.

H. S. TAYLOR.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the
 2. Oh, the might-y God has spo - ken, For the children whom he
 3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je-ho-vah pass - es

wave, And a path-way thro the sea, And a path-way thro the sea.
 loves, He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
 by, And his glo - ry we will see, And his glo - ry we will see.

And a na-tion is in mo-tion For a land without a slave! Oh,
 Up, O Ja-cob! heed the token, When the fiery pillar moves! Oh,
 For he o-pens and he clos-es With a pow-er great and high, Oh,
 D. S. For the yoke of Rum is bro-ken, And the peo-ple shall be free! Oh,

sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!
 sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee! Ju - bi-lee! ju - bi- lee!
 sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!
 sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!

Ju - bi-lee! come! Sound the silver trumpet, Call the children home.

A. D.

ARTHUR DUFFY.

Rather slow,

1. The temp'rance bells in merry chime, Are ringing
 2. No more saloons with blighting blast, O'er all the
 3. Our hearts are light, our hopes are bright, We're working

in the glad new time; When from the curse of rum set
 land their gloom to cast, But hope and joy shall reign su-
 in the cause of right, A bet-ter day we soon shall

free, Our nation shall forev-er be
 preme, And praise to God be all our theme
 see, A tri-umph great, a vic-to-ry!
 Rit.

CHORUS.

Then sing a bright and glad refrain, Repeat it o'er and o'er a-gain,

And wave your banners, wave them high, The day of triumph draweth nigh.

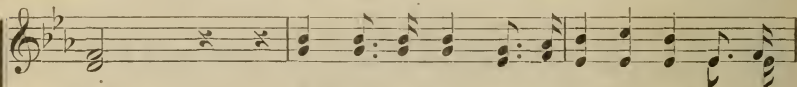
208 The Dead March of the Saloon.

MARY T. LATHROP.

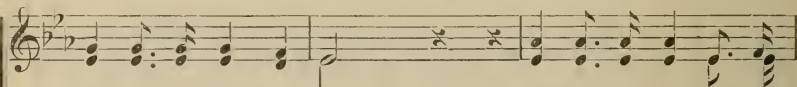
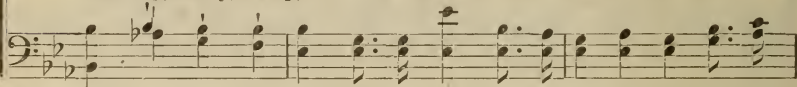
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



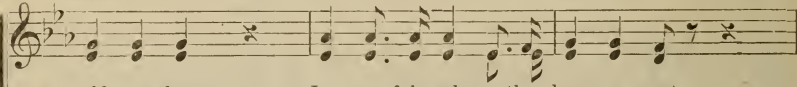
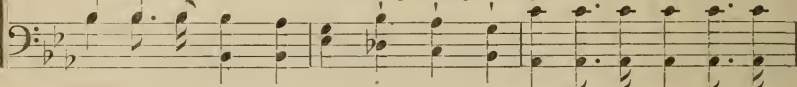
1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way, March the feet of a mil-lion
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom, Out of boy-hood so pure and
3. Tramp, tramp, tramp, hear the onward march Of the val-iant, the good and



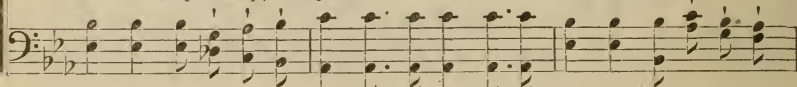
men, If none shall pit - y and none shall save, Where will
fair, O - ver the thoughts of his love and home, Past the
true, Who in the name of the Lord of Hosts Have a
tramp, tramp, tramp,



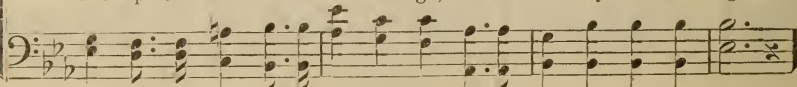
all this march-ing end? The young, the strong, and the
check of a moth - er's prayer, On - ward and swift to a
work they u - nite to - do. Come to the help of the
tramp, tramp, tramp.



old are there, In woe-ful ranks as they hur - ry past
drunkard's crime, O - ver the plea of the wife and child,
just and right; Keep steady on till we win the fight,
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



With not a moment to think or care What the fate that comes at last.
O - ver the ho - li - est ties of time, Reason lost, and soul gone wild.
Lift up the ban-ner and wave it high, For the vic - t'ry now is nigh.



The Dead March of the Saloon.

CHORUS.

pp *mp*

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, What a
They are rushing mad-ly on,
(Last verse.) To the rescue one and all, Hear the
tramp, tramp, tramp,
fear - ful, ghast-ly throng; Rouse, cit - i - zens, rouse, And shout the
drunkard's pleading call:
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
bat - tle cry: "Close the vile saloon, and let the State go dry."
tramp, tramp, tramp,

209

Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

I. PLEYEL.

1. Native Land, our country bright, Land where shines the gospel's light.
2. Native Land, thy shores we love, Plains so fair, and hills a - bove.
3. Native Land, as years shall roll, Yield thee still to His con-trol,
Land where dwells the noble free, Na-tive Land, we sing of thee.
Truth thy rock, and God thy King, Na-tive Land, of thee we sing.
Guid-ed by His high be - hest, Na-tive Land, be great and blest.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH.

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - ery heart }
prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.
sing

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns: He comes to make his blessings flow,
Let men their songs employ; Far as the curse is found.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
Repeat the sounding joy. And makes the nations prove
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, The glories of his righteousness,
Nor thorns infest the ground; And wonders of his love.

211 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

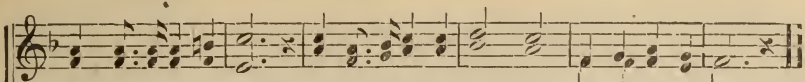
WORK SONG.

LOWELL MASON.

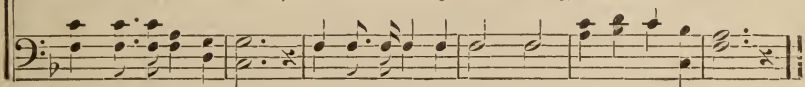
1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro the morning hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sunset skies; While their bright

dew is sparkling; Work mid spring flowers; Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with labor--Rest comes sure and soon. Give every fly-ing mo-ment
tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth,

Work for the Night is Coming.



Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

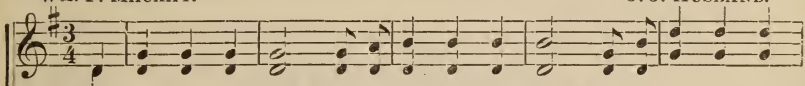


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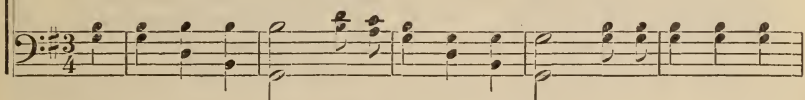
We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY.

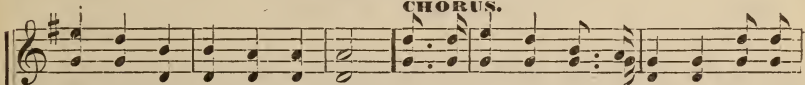
J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be



CHORUS.



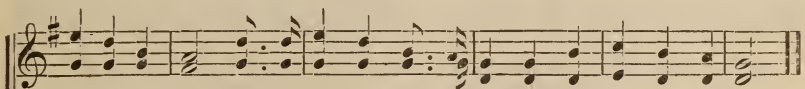
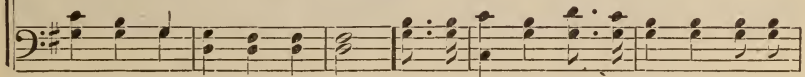
died, and is now gone a - bove.

Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-

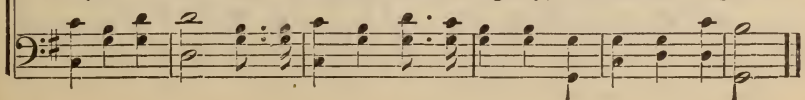
sins, and has cleansed every stain.

sought us, and guided our ways.

re - kin-dled with fire from above.



lu-jah! A-men. Hal-le-lu-jah! thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.



RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour di-vine
 2 May thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;

{ Now hear me while I pray; }
 { Take all my guilt a-way; } Oh, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.
 { As thou hast died for me, }
 { Oh, may my love to thee } Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distress remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

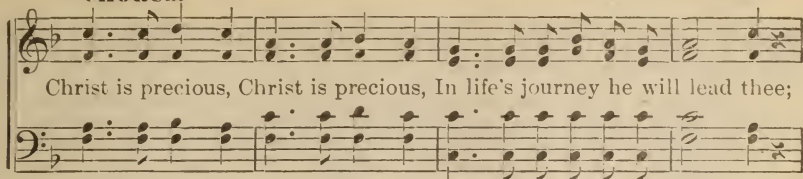
J. H. F.

1. Oh, the precious love of Je - sus, Growing sweeter day by day,
 2. But we can not know the full - ness Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
 3. Come and taste the love of Je - sus, At his feet thy burdens lay;

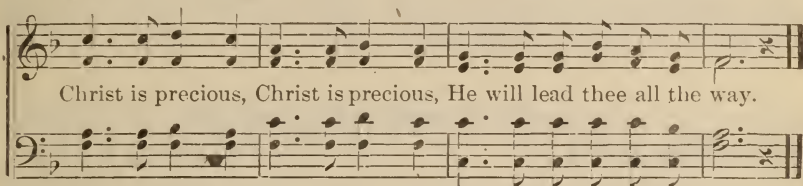
Tu - ning all my heart so joy - ous To a heavenly mel-o - dy.
 Till we see and know his glo - ry, In the heavenly home above.
 Trust him with thy grief and sorrow, Bear this joyful song a - way.

Christ is Precious.

CHORUS.



Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey he will lead thee;



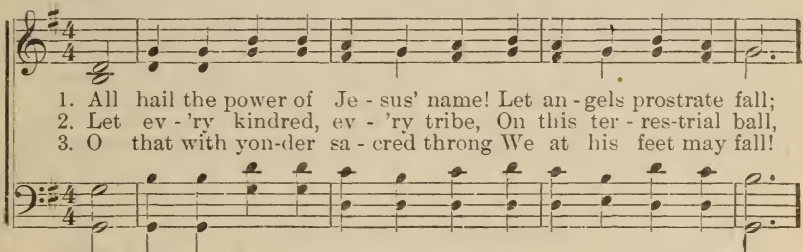
Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

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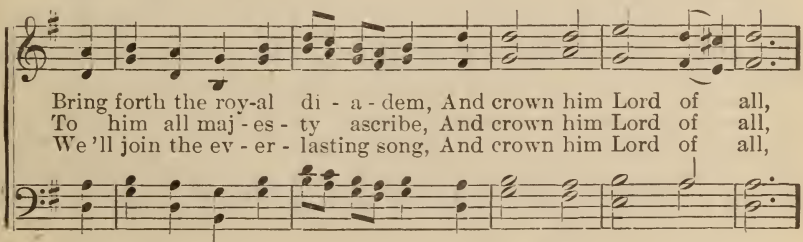
All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.

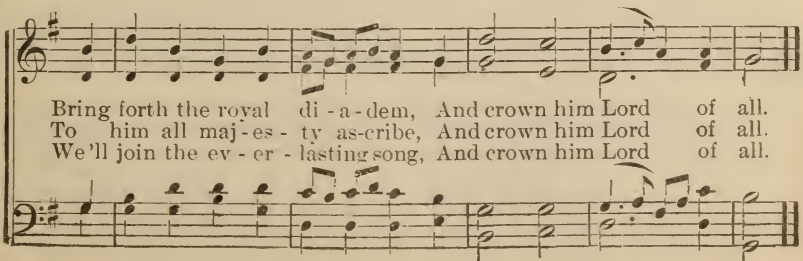
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all,



Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADEBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt;
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 With fears within, and foes without—O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find—O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
 Has broken ev'ry barrier down,
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high his royal
 2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus—Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will

ban - ner, It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory, His army
 conflict, In this his glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve him," Against un-
 fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gospel armor, And, watching

Stand Up for Jesus.

shall he lead, Till ev'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
numbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be never wanting there.

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Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me,

That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my
In mer-cy given; An - gels to beck-on me Near - er, my

God, to thee! Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

MRS. E. M. HALL. All.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small: Come to me—I'll
 2. For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—Je-sus died my
 3. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Jesus died my
 4. And when, before the throne, I stand in him complete, "Jesus died my

CHORUS.

be thy stay; Find in me thine all in all.
 soul to save, And bless-ed be his name. Je - sus died for me,
 soul to save," Shall rend the vaulted skies.
 soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.

All to him I owe-- Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

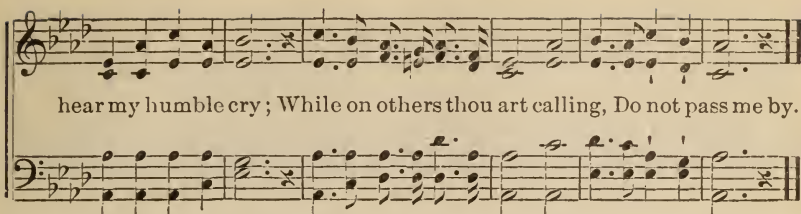
W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour; Hear my humble cry; While on
 2. Let me at thy throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief, Kneel-ing
 3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face: Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort More that life to me, Whom on

CHORUS.

oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep contri-tion; Help mine unbelief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
 wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
 earth have I be-side thee? Whom in heaven but thee?

Pass Me Not.



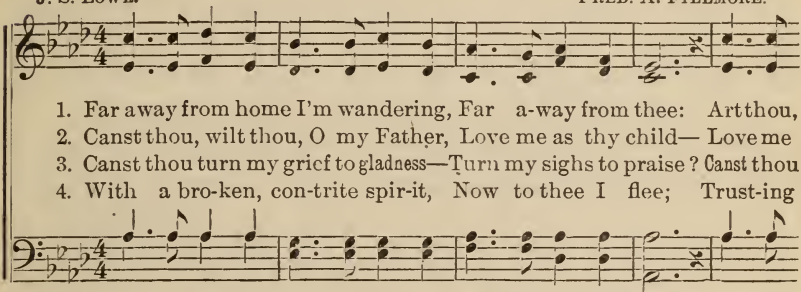
hear my humble cry ; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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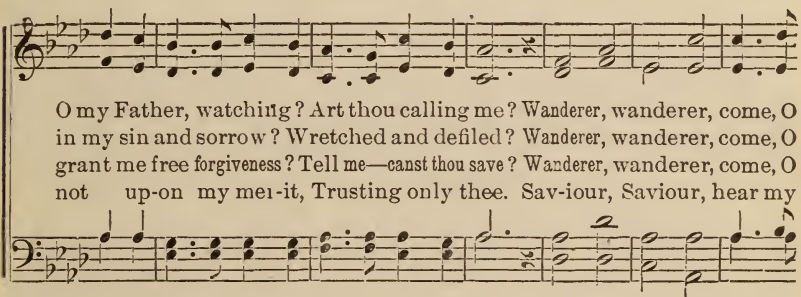
Come, O Come to Me.

J. S. LOWE.

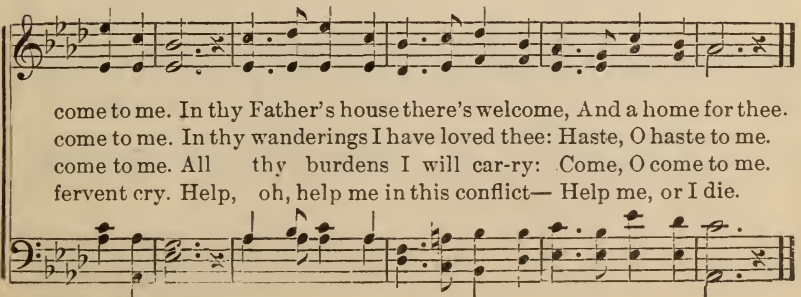
FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Far away from home I'm wandering, Far a-way from thee: Art thou,
2. Canst thou, wilt thou, O my Father, Love me as thy child— Love me
3. Canst thou turn my grief to gladness—Turn my sighs to praise? Canst thou
4. With a bro-ken, con-trite spir-it, Now to thee I flee; Trust-ing



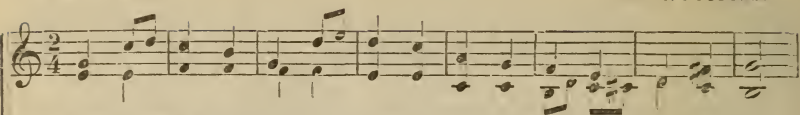
O my Father, watching? Art thou calling me? Wanderer, wanderer, come, O
in my sin and sorrow? Wretched and defiled? Wanderer, wanderer, come, O
grant me free forgiveness? Tell me—canst thou save? Wanderer, wanderer, come, O
not up-on my mei-it, Trusting only thee. Sav-iour, Saviour, hear my



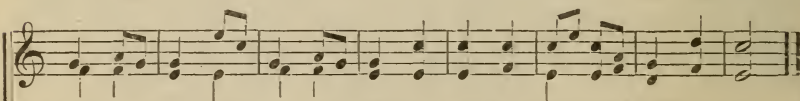
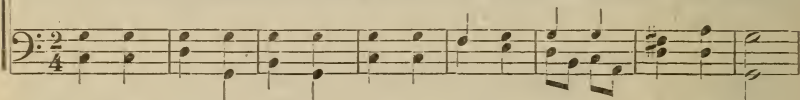
come to me. In thy Father's house there's welcome, And a home for thee.
come to me. In thy wanderings I have loved thee: Haste, O haste to me.
come to me. All thy burdens I will car-ry: Come, O come to me.
fervent cry. Help, oh, help me in this conflict— Help me, or I die.

F. W. FABER.

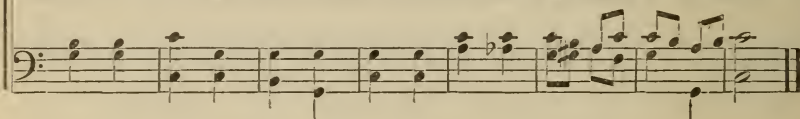
LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sinner, And more gra-cies for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;

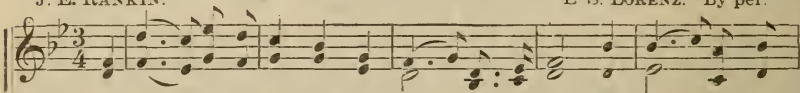


There's a kind-ness in his justice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in his blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

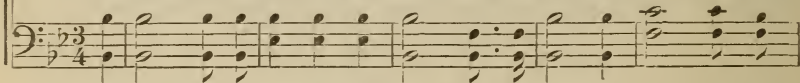


J. E. RANKIN.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.



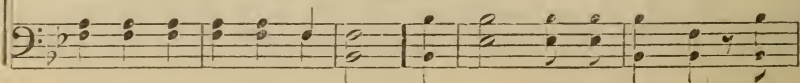
1. So ten-der, so precious, My Sav-iour to me; So true and so
2. So pa-tient, so kindly Toward all of my ways; I blun-der so
3. Of all friends the fairest And tru-est is he; His love is the
4. His beau-ty, tho bleeding And circled with thorns, Is then most ex-



REFRAIN.



gracious, I've found him to be.
 blindly—He love still re-pays. How can I but love him? But
 rar-est That ev-er can be.
 ceeding, For grief him adorns.



How Can I but Love Him?

love him, but love him? There's no friend above him, Poor sinner, for thee.

224 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

ISAAC WATTS.

S. J. VAIL.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross ap-pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

'Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - ma-zing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
When God's own Son was cru-ci-fied For man the creature's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self away—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me;

Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind: Bless God, sal - va-tion's free.

Coming to the Cross.

W. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e-vil reigned within;
 Ref.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal-ra-ry;

I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
 Now thy message comes to me, "I will cleanse thee from all sin."
 Humbly at thy cross I bow, Seek-ing thy sal-va-tion now.

By permission.

3 Here I give my all to thee,
 Friends and time and earthly store,
 Soul and body, thine to be—
 Wholly thine for evermore.

4 Gladly I accept thy grace;
 Gladly I obey thy word;
 All thy promises embrace,
 Oh my Saviour and my Lord!

Rest in Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

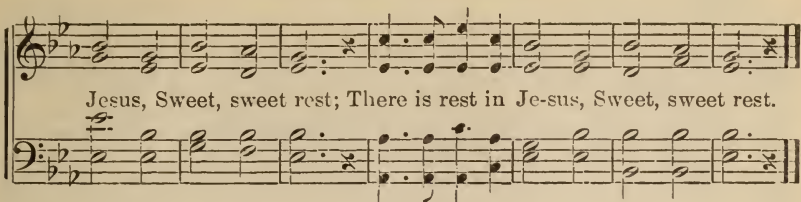
W. H. DOANE.

1. Come with all thy sor-row, Wea-ry wandering soul!
 2. He, thy strength in weak-ness, Will thy ref-uge be;
 3. Come in faith be-liev-ing, To his will re-signed;
 4. See the door of mer-cy! Wouldst thou en-ter there?

REFRAIN.

Come to him who loves thee—He will make thee whole.
 Cast on him thy bur-den—He will care for thee. There is rest in
 Ask, and he will give thee; Seek, and thou shalt find.
 Knock and he will o-pen; Lo! the key is prayer.

Rest in Jesus.



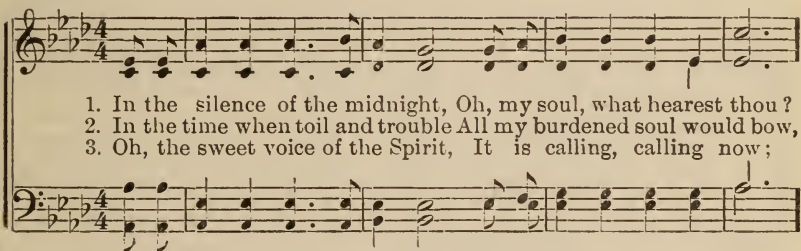
Jesus, Sweet, sweet rest; There is rest in Je-sus, Sweet, sweet rest.

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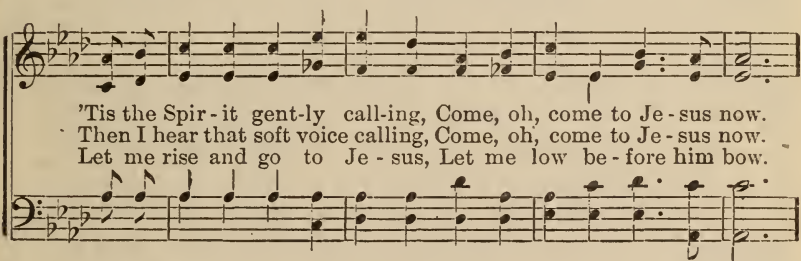
'Tis the Spirit Gently Calling.

P. H.

J. H. F.

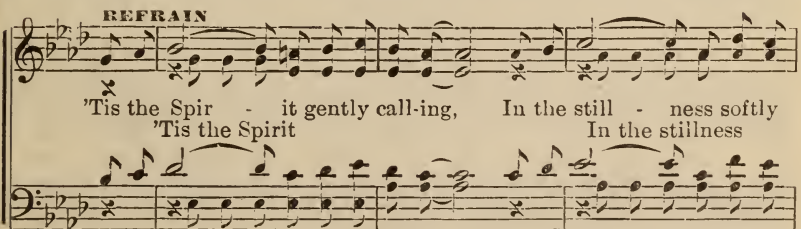


1. In the silence of the midnight, Oh, my soul, what hearest thou?
2. In the time when toil and trouble All my burdened soul would bow,
3. Oh, the sweet voice of the Spirit, It is calling, calling now;

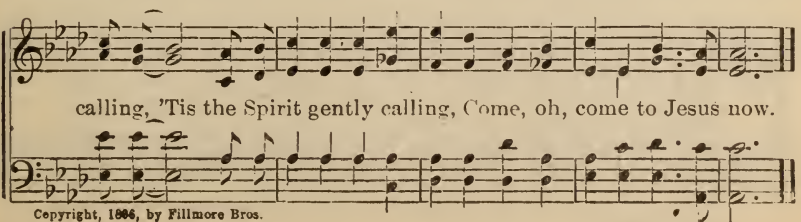


'Tis the Spir - it gent - ly call - ing, Come, oh, come to Je - sus now.
Then I hear that soft voice calling, Come, oh, come to Je - sus now.
Let me rise and go to Je - sus, Let me low be - fore him bow.

REFRAIN



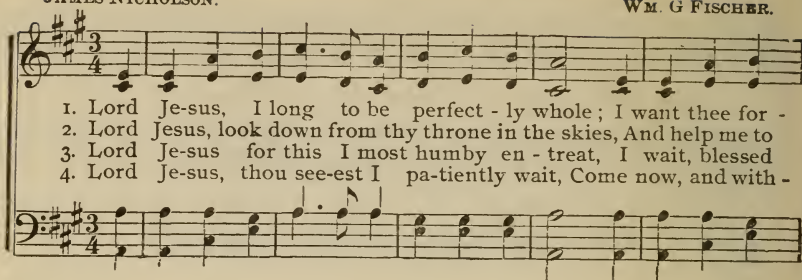
'Tis the Spir - it gently call - ing, In the still - ness softly
'Tis the Spirit In the stillness



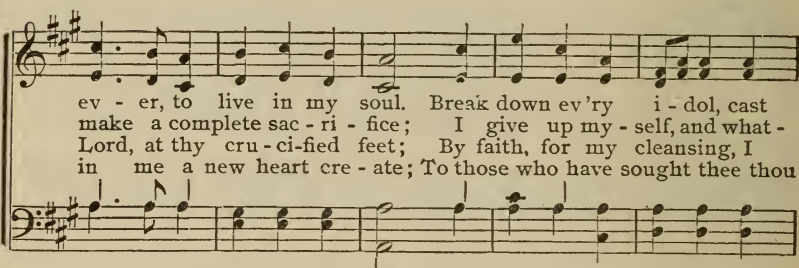
calling, 'Tis the Spirit gently calling, Come, oh, come to Jesus now.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

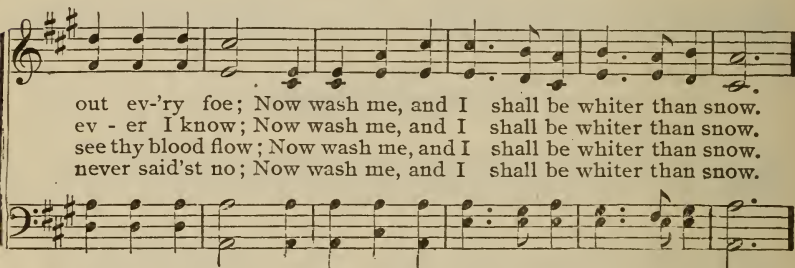
WM. G FISCHER.



1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be perfect - ly whole ; I want thee for -
 2. Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je-sus for this I most humbly en - treat, I wait, blessed
 4. Lord Je-sus, thou see-est I pa-tiently wait, Come now, and with -

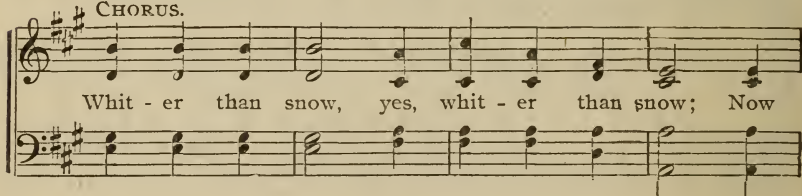


ev - er, to live in my soul. Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast
 make a complete sac - ri - fice ; I give up my - self, and what -
 Lord, at thy cru - ci-fied feet ; By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate ; To those who have sought thee thou

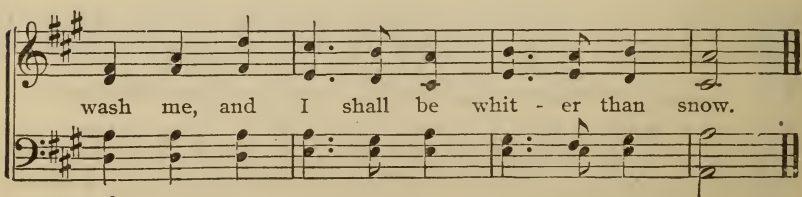


out ev'ry foe ; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 ev - er I know ; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 see thy blood flow ; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 never said'st no ; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow ; Now



wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are passing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has promised, Promised for

you and for me; See at the portals he's waiting and watching,
 you and for me; Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
 you and for me; Tho we have sinned he has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

Watching for you and for me.
 Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,

Ye who are weary, come home; Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly,

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith - ful and
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the
 5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en to Him
 He hath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in.
 We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

Je - sus, great - est, high - est. I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

S. LONGFELLOW.

HORTON.

XAVIER SCHNYDER.

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me—
 2. I, the dis - o - bedient child, Wayward, pas-sion-ate and wild;
 3. I, who spurned his loving hold; I, who would not be controlled;
 4. To my Fa-ther can I go? At his feet my-self I'll throw;
 5. See! my Fa-ther waiting stands See! he reach-es out his hands;

I, who strayed so long a - go; Strayed so far, and fell so low?
 I, who left my Father's home, In for-bidden ways to roam.
 I, who would not hear his call; I, the wil-ful prod-i-gal.
 In his house there yet may be Place—a servant's place—for me.
 God is love; I know, I see, Love for me—yes, e - ven me.

WM. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

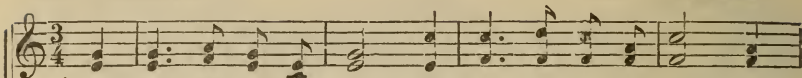
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged be-

Fine.

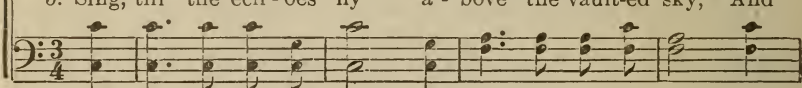
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.
- 3 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

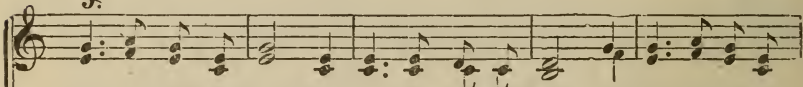
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 And when this lispings, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save.



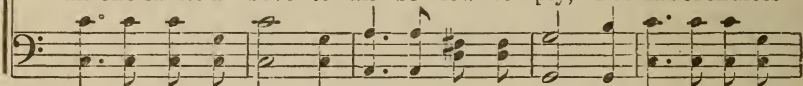
1. O! spread the tidings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O! bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



S.

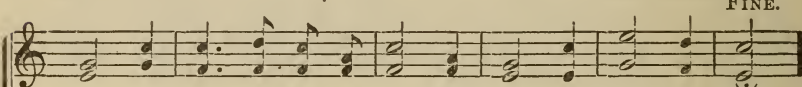


ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes abound; Let ev-'ry Christian
 hushed the dreadful gale and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
 wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of endless

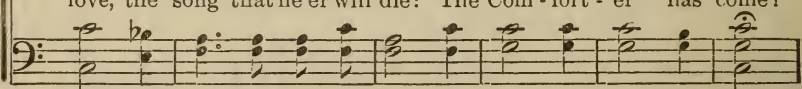


D. S. Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's prom-ise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings

FINE.

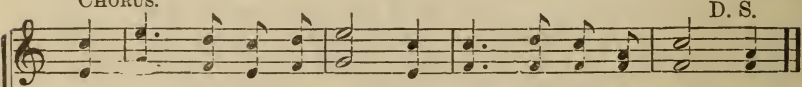


tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hails the day ad - vanc-es fast; The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of triumph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - ageshine? The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!



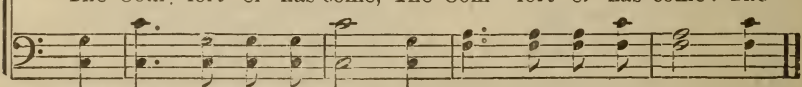
round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



D. S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



J. BOWRING.

RATHBUN.

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance, streaming, Adds more luster to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro all time a - bide.

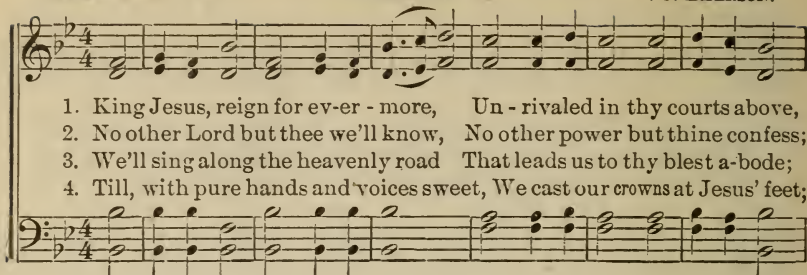
ISAAC WATTS.

DUKE STREET.

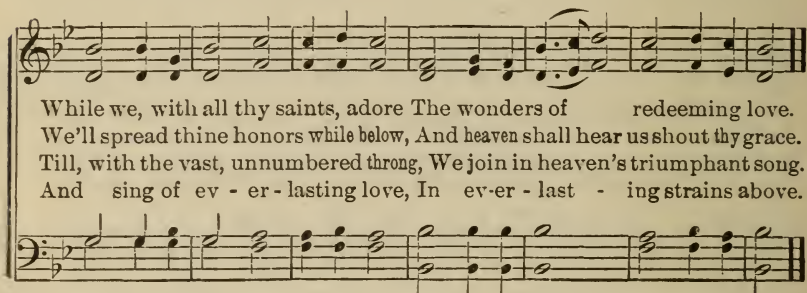
J. HATTON.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;
 2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head;
 3. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
 4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
 5. Let ev - ery creature rise and bring Pe - cu - liar honors to our King;

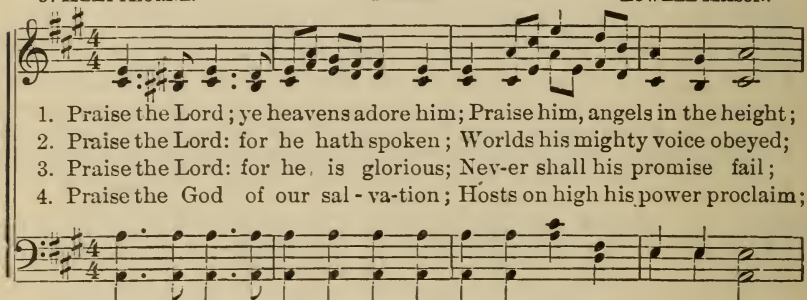
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their early bless - ings on his name.
 The weary find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An - gels descend with songs a - gain, And earth repeat the loud A - men!



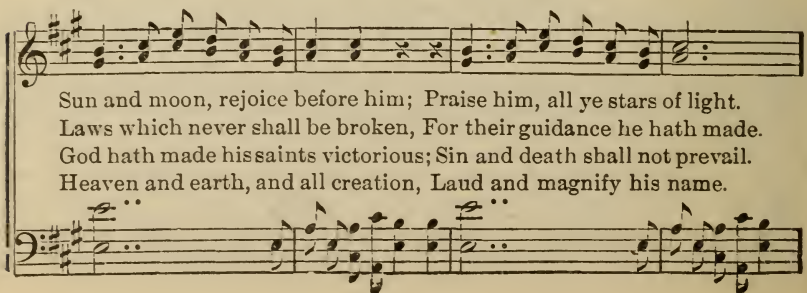
1. King Jesus, reign for ev-er - more, Un - rived in thy courts above,
2. No other Lord but thee we'll know, No other power but thine confess;
3. We'll sing along the heavenly road That leads us to thy blest a-bode;
4. Till, with pure hands and voices sweet, We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet;



While we, with all thy saints, adore The wonders of redeeming love.
 We'll spread thine honors while below, And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.
 Till, with the vast, unnumbered throng, We join in heaven's triumphant song.
 And sing of ev - er - lasting love, In ev - er - last - ing strains above.



1. Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore him; Praise him, angels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord: for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
3. Praise the Lord: for he is glorious; Nev-er shall his promise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high his power proclaim;



Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
 Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance he hath made.
 God hath made his saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Heaven and earth, and all creation, Laud and magnify his name.

Praise the Lord.

REFRAIN. A - - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men, A - men.

238 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

Fine.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - erything to God in prayer!
D. S. All because we do not car - ry Ev - erything to God in prayer!

D. S.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LABAN.

LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on - thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 Oh, may it all my powers en - gage, To do my Master's will.
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me; Lest by base de -
 2. With for - bidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid
 3. Should thy mēcy send me Sorrow, toil and woe; Or should pain at -
 4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al I depart from thee; When thou see'st me waver, With a
 treasures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth -
 tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy
 turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro that

In the Hour of Trial.

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.
 sem-a - ne, Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
 hand to see: Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
 mor-tal strife, Jesus, take me, dy - ing, To c-ter-nal life.

241

Thy Will be Done.

E. E. REXFORD.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Father, in need I come to thee, And this shall be my earnest plea:
 2. Help me to always keep in sight The love that guides me to the light;
 3. Help me to do for thine and thee Whatever work thou giv-est me;

Fine.

Give me a spir - it like to thine, And make thy work and purpose mine.
 The star of faith the bea - con be That guides me o'er life's stormy sea.
 Faithful in all things to the last, Be heaven the prize when earth is past.
 D. S. Not my will, Father, this I pray, Thy will be done by me each day.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Not my will, Father, but this I pray, Thy will be done by me each day;

MARGARET MACKAY.

REST.

W. M. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
 2. Asleep in Je-sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet;
 3. Asleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-premely blest!
 4. Asleep in Je-sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref uge be!

A calm and un - dis-turbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes!
 With holy con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its venom'd sting!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose. | 6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep. |
|--|--|

J. H. NEWMAN.

LUX BENIGNA.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on. The night is
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to
 3. So long thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home: Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet, I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

Lead, Kindly Light!

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

244 My Saviour, as Thou Wilt.

JANE BORTHWICK. Tr.

JEWETT.

C. M. VON WEBER.

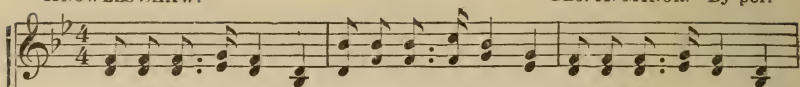
1. My Saviour, as thou wilt—Oh, may thy will be mine! Into thy hand of love
2. My Saviour, as thou wilt—Tho seen thro many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Saviour, as thou wilt—All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign. Thro sor - row, or thro joy, Conduct me
 Grow dim or dis-ap-pear; Since thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed
 I gladly trust with thee: Straight to my home above I trav-el

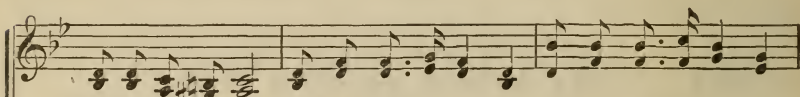
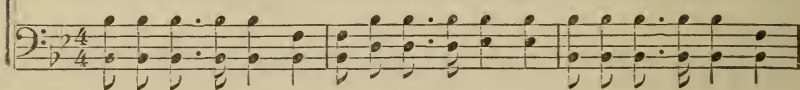
as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
 oft a-lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!
 calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done!

KNOWLES SHAW.

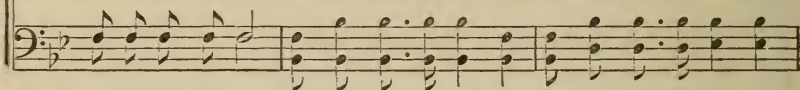
GEO. A. MINOR. By per.



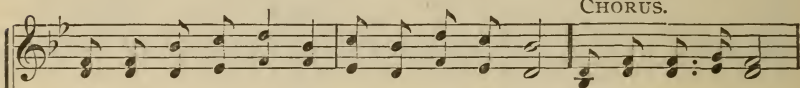
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our



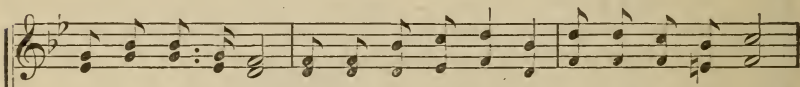
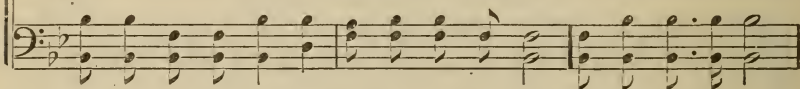
and the dewy eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
spirit often grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,



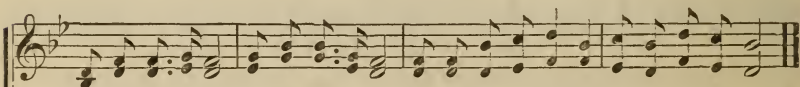
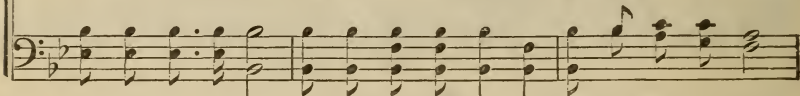
CHORUS.



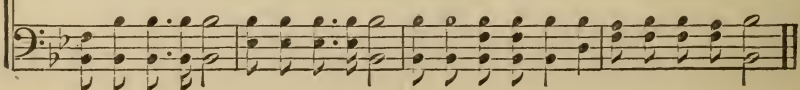
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing,
bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.



JOHN FAWCETT.

DENNIS.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. Here we must oft - en part, In sor - row and in pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

J. B. HERBERT. By per.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make his face to shine up -

on thee, And be gracious un - to thee; The Lord lift up his

Rit e dim.
 coun - tenance up - on thee, And give thee peace. A - men.

The "Amen" may be omitted or the long meter Doxology may be sung in its stead.

ORDERS OF SERVICE.

SERVICE No. 1.

1. Song. School standing.
2. *Superintendent*: "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him."
School: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."
3. Song.
4. Responsive Reading.
5. Song.
6. Prayer.
7. Read the Lesson Responsively.
8. Song.
9. Class Study.
10. Song.
11. Reports, Announcements, etc.
12. Closing Song and Benediction.

SERVICE No. 2.

1. Song. All standing.
2. Lord's Prayer in Concert.
3. Song.
4. Responsive Reading of Lesson.
5. Song.
6. Prayer by Superintendent, or a Teacher or Officer.
7. Class Study.
8. Song.
9. Reports, Announcements, etc.
10. Song and Benediction.

SERVICE No. 3.

1. Song. School standing.
2. Invocation.
3. Responsive Reading.
4. Song.
5. Reading of Lesson Responsively.
6. Song. All standing.
7. The Lord's Prayer in Concert.
8. Song.
9. Class Study.
10. Song.
11. Reports, Announcements, etc.
12. Song and Benediction.

SERVICE No. 4.

1. Song. All standing.
2. *Superintendent*: "I was glad when they said unto me, Come, let us go unto the house of the Lord."
School: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."
3. Song.
4. Responsive Reading of the Lesson.
5. Song. All standing.
6. Prayer.
7. Study of Lesson.
8. Song.
9. Reports, Announcements, etc.
10. Song.
11. Repeating of Lord's Prayer.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

READING No. 1.

(Psalm 1.)

Blessed is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the
Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day
and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by
the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its
season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither;

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so;
But are like the chaff which the wind
driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand
in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of
the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the
righteous:

But the way of the wicked shall
perish.

READING No. 2.

(Psalm 19.)

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his
handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowl-
edge.

There is no speech nor language;
Their voice can not be heard.

Their line is gone out through all the
earth,
And their words to the end of the
world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for
the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming
out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to
run his course.

His going forth is from the end of
the heaven.

And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the
heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, re-
storing the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure,
making wise the simple.

The precepts of the Lord are right,
rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is
pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, endur-
ing for ever:

The judgments of the Lord are true,
and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than
gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the
honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant
warned:

In keeping of them there is great re-
ward.

Who can discern his errors?

Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from pre-
sumptuous sins;

Let them not have dominion over
me: then shall I be perfect,

And I shall be clear from great
transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the
meditation of my heart be accept-
able in thy sight,

O Lord, my rock, and my Redeemer.

READING No. 3.

(Psalm 23.)

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall
not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of right-
eousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the val-
ley of the shadow of death, I will
fear no evil; for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff, they comfort
me.

Thou preparest a table before me in
the presence of mine enemies:

Thou hast anointed my head with
oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall fol-
low me all the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the
Lord for ever.

READING No. 4.

(Psalm 119, in part.)

Wherewithal shall a young man
cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to
thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought
thee:

O let me not wander from thy com-
mandments.

Thy word have I laid up in mine
heart,

That I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord:

Teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared
All the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy
testimonies,

As much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts,
And have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes:
I will not forget thy word.

READING No. 5.

(Psalm 34 in part.)

I will bless the Lord at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord:
The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces shall never be confounded.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints:
For there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

READING No. 6.

(Prov. 4:10-19.)

THE TWO PATHS.

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings;
and the years of thy life shall be many.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom;
I have led thee in the right paths.

When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened;
and when thou runnest, thou shall not stumble.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go;
keep her; for she is thy life.

Enter not into the path of the wicked,
and go not in the way of evil men.

Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it,
and pass away.

For they sleep not, except they have done mischief;
and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.

For they eat the bread of wickedness,
and drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the just is as the shining light,
that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The way of the wicked is as darkness;
they know not at what they stumble.

READING No. 7.

(Prov. 4:20-27.)

WISDOM AND HEALTH.

My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings.

Let them not depart from thine eyes;
keep them in the midst of thine heart.

For they are life unto those that find them,
and health to all their flesh.

Keep thy heart with all diligence;
for out of it are the issues of life.

Put away from thee a froward mouth,
and perverse lips put far from thee.

Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

Turn not to the right hand nor to the left;
remove thy foot from evil.

READING No. 8.

(Prov. 6: 12-19.)

WORTHLESSNESS.

A naughty person, a wicked man
walketh with a froward mouth.

He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh
with his feet, he teacheth with his
fingers;

Frowardness is in his heart, he de-
viseth mischief continually; he sow-
eth discord.

Therefore shall his calamity come
suddenly; suddenly shall he be bro-
ken without remedy.

These six things doth the Lord hate:
yea, seven are an abomination unto
him:

A proud look, a lying tongue, and
hands that shed innocent blood,

A heart that deviseth wicked imagi-
nations, feet that be swift in run-
ning to mischief.

A false witness that speaketh lies, and
he that soweth discord among
brethren.

READING No. 9.

(Prov. 8: 1-17.)

WISDOM'S CRY.

Doth not wisdom cry? and under-
standing put forth her voice?

She standeth in the top of high
places, by the way in the places of
the paths.

She crieth at the gates, at the entry
of the city, at the coming in at the
doors:

Unto you, O men, I call: and my
voice is to the sons of man.

O ye simple, understand wisdom: and
ye fools, be ye of an understanding
heart.

Hear; for I will speak of excellent
things: and the opening of my lips
shall be right things.

For my mouth shall speak truth; and
wickedness is an abomination to
my lips.

All the words of my mouth are in
righteousness: there is nothing fro-
ward or perverse in them.

They are all plain to him that under-
standeth, and right to them that
find knowledge.

Receive my instruction, and not sil-
ver; and knowledge rather than
choice gold.

For wisdom is better than rubies;
and all the things that may be de-
sired are not to be compared to it.

I wisdom dwell with prudence, and
find out knowledge of witty inven-
tions.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil;
pride, and arrogancy, and the evil
way, and the froward mouth, do
I hate.

Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom:
I am understanding: I have
strength.

By me kings reign, and princes de-
cree justice.

By me princes rule, and nobles, even
all the judges of the earth.

I love them that love me; and those
that seek me early shall find me.

READING No. 10.

(Matt. 5: 3-10.)

BEATITUDES.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for
theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for
they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall
inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger
and thirst after righteousness: for
they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they
shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for
they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they
shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted
for righteousness' sake: for theirs
is the kingdom of heaven.

READING No. 11.

THE GOOD CONFESSION.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. (Matt. 10: 32, 33.)

But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. (Rom. 10.)

READING No. 12.

(I. Cor. 13.)

A PSALM OF LOVE.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

READING No. 13.

(Rom. 12: 9-21.)

PRACTICAL PRECEPTS.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

READING No. 14.

THE TWO WAYS.

See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil;

In that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments, and his statutes, and his judgments, that thou mayest live and multiply: and the Lord thy God shall bless thee in the land whither thou goest to possess it.

But if thine heart turn away, so that thou wilt not hear, but shall be drawn away, and worship other gods, and serve them:

I denounce unto you this day, that ye shall surely perish, and that ye shall not prolong your days upon the land, whither thou passest over Jordan to go to possess it.

I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live:

That thou mayest love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayest obey his voice, and that thou mayest cleave unto him: for he is thy life, and the length of thy days: that thou mayest dwell in the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give them. (Deut. 30: 15-20.)

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it

fell not; for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. (Matt. 7: 13, 14, 24-27.)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. (Eccl. 12: 1.)

READING No. 15.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. (Prov.)

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night, till wine inflame them. (Isaiah 5: 12.)

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. (Gal. 6: 7, 8.)

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